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No.
482

This Scrap book was compiled by
Edward F. Underhill -

Property of Annie Allen Folger

und May 12. 1895

On Keroabolic Writing.



I HAVE frequently been asked by all sorts and conditions of men, from bankers to bricklayers, how in thunder I think of all the things I write, and it is a question that I have never been able to answer. It seems to me to be about as absurd a question as it would be to ask an architect how he makes plans for houses that invariably cost twice the amount of his estimate, or to ask a locomotive engineer how he runs a train at a certain rate of speed.

I have never been able to learn, paradoxical as it may appear, just how I do think of these things, because I have never been able to discover that I have a method or system. As the ragpicker wanders about collecting antiques of every description from wayside barrels he eventually fills his bag with objects which, while apparently valueless to the layman, are to him a source of revenue and joy, in the same way a writer travels about in quest of ideas, which he jots down in his notebook, to be used when his provisions run out.

These ideas and scenes and situations never strike ordinary people as being worthy of more than a passing smile. But when they see them in type they laugh, and wonder how any one could have seen anything of literary value in them. Imagination, fancy and a cold, calculating business eye are the great things that conduce to success, and without them it is only possible to write of such scenes as come under one's observation and to depend upon description and a fidelity to facts for success.

A man in the throes of delirium tremens suggests snakes to the layman, but to the high priest it suggests more. He wonders what effect these snakes would have upon the sufferer if he were a professional snake-charmer, and then he sits down and writes a comic scientific article which ultimately puts shekels in his pocket and codfish in his larder.

Perhaps one of the greatest hardships of the profession is experienced by him whose spirit is cast down by what he calls the caprices of editors. For the editor who likes aphorisms doesn't care for dialogues, while the editor who would rather have dialogues than an advance of salary abominates verses. There is no accounting for these preferences. It is like one man's detesting corned beef and going into raptures over terrapin, and another man's detesting terrapin and going into raptures over corned beef.

There was once published in this city two papers whose editors were very fond of verses relating to babyhood. One liked poems about live babies and the other preferred his dead. I have frequently killed babies to suit one and brought them to life to please the other and to cause him to smile upon me with the tender sunshine of a check! I have taken serious poems that were returned by the great magazines and put what is known as a comic snapper on the end and sold them to comic papers.

On one occasion I offered a poem with an anti-climax to the editor of a paper with which I was connected. He was quite indignant, and told me I was throwing myself away.

"The idea," he exclaimed, "of writing verses like these for the sake of making the 'button-bursting' effect of a goat eating an iron barrel-hoop at the end!" So at his suggestion I eliminated the goat and introduced a hamadryad wandering in the covert by a plashing rill, sprinkled a little Greek color over the opening verses, sold it to one of the leading magazines for a V, and bought the baby a new dress.

I think I can do more writing in the

summer than at any other season of the year, if there isn't too much fun going on. For at this time I leave the city and pitch my tent on the silver sands of Siasconset-in-the-Sea. At Siasconset any one with a sense of humor can write. A half-hour's conversation with any native is as good as a chapter from "Rabelais." These old fellows were formerly whalers, and they sit around the grocery store even in summer when there is no fire in it and talk of the old days of whaling with childish glee—telling the same stories over and over and finding in them always a new and fresh delight.

There is one man down there who stopped catching whales to trap lobsters for the summer visitor. It was an awful come-down from whales to lobsters, it seems to me, but the old whaler doesn't agree with me, because he makes more money now. These stories are all better than any which an ordinary genius can invent, and it is only necessary to jot them down for further use.

One man tells a story of having caught a whale with a lasso off the coast of Chili. He has told it so often that he really believes it now in all its outrageous details.

The air of Siasconset makes one so lazy that he thinks he is on a South Sea Island sipping green monkey consommé and eating cocoanuts under a spreading palm. After the dip in the forenoon and a roasting on the sand, which is an Arabian night, and a good fish dinner, one is only in trim to lie in the hammock or play tennis in the afternoon. If I find any ideas I write them down in my note-book for future cash and glory, for there is no use in trying to write them out to a detailed and logical conclusion.

But I find ideas enough to keep me going half the winter. In fact, it is there I wind my mental clock, down there on the silvery sands of Siasconset-in-the-Sea—the fairy land of Massachusetts. Every native is a tree from which I pluck goldcondas of luscious literary plums, to be dried and canned for winter consumption. It is down there that I usually write all my Christmas matter, for the orders for this kind of work pour in about the 1st of July, when the white green-lined umbrella is unfurled upon Broadway and the epicure tries a plate of corned beef to match the cabbage-leaf in his hat.

I am fond of writing when I feel like it, but the trouble is I don't feel like it as often as fate compels me to go at it. But there is one thing certain. According to my way of looking at things, it is much more congenial than a commercial pursuit, and I wouldn't exchange my wings of freedom for the ball and chain of business if I could make ten times as much out of the latter.

At the same time I wouldn't mind having about, well, say, half a million dollars out at 5 per cent. I would then write a great deal better than I do at present, and also a great deal less frequently, which would be a godsend, no doubt, to the great reading public as well as to

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.



POSTAL CARD - ONE CENT.

United States of America

THIS SIDE IS FOR THE ADDRESS ONLY.

FIFTY MILES OUT IN THE OCEAN.

Picturesque cottages fully furnished for housekeeping at Siasconset, or "Sconset" the natives of Nantucket Island call it. Rents \$110. to \$225. the season.

Gorgeous sunsets. The ocean seen in calm and storm. Cool breezes bear the healthful properties of the ocean. A season's stay equal to a long sea voyage, though passed on land amid the comforts of a home.

A light porous soil and no stagnant waters. Malarial patients from the mainland leave 'Sconset cured.

In eleven years ten cases of diphtheria on the Island; in 'Sconset none. Hay fever and asthmatic patients always relieved and sometimes cured.

Too cool for mosquitos; they go for a warmer climate. Sleep for the sleepless. Dormant appetites become active.

The favorite summer outing for many clergymen, professors, teachers, literary men and artists.

A paradise for brain-workers, tired business men, convalescents, children and tots.

The Island of long lives. Death comes between 70 and 100 years to 56 per cent. of its people. Average duration of life 64 years; elsewhere 28 to 34.

Average highest temperature: July, 71 degrees; August, 68. Not above 75 seven days during the season.

Surf bathing unsurpassed. The beach three to five minutes walk from the cottages. Temperature of the water 70 degrees--the warmest on the coast. One life lost within the memory of man.

Life out-of-doors under awnings on the beach, driving or wandering over moors redolent with the perfume of wild flowers, lawn tennis, golf, croquet, baseball and other healthful sports. In-doors social gatherings, rest and comfort. Evening entertainments at intervals.

A chapel for services, Protestant and Catholic. Medical aid always at hand.

Table supplies delivered at houses. Meats and groceries of the best quality. Fish fresh caught, often in sight of visitors. Poultry, eggs, milk and vegetables produced on adjacent farms.

Table board at hotels and boarding houses if wanted. Telegraphic communication with the mainland. Frequent daily trains between 'Sconset and Nantucket.

Write for circular with description, maps and views of 'Sconset and ground plans of the cottages.

E. F. UNDERHILL, 108 Fulton St., N. Y.

(Over)

\$100 TO \$225 FOR THE SEASON

PICTURESQUE SEASIDE COTTAGES, fully furnished for housekeeping, at SIASCONSET, Nantucket Island

Fifty miles out in the ocean, the surf beating on the sands at one's feet. The MOST WHOLESOME SPOT on the American side of the Atlantic

NO LAND BREEZES. The air laden with the health-giving properties of the ocean. The houses built on the greensward. No dust. A light and porous soil. Stagnant waters are unknown.

A HEALTH RESORT, UNEQUALED. Malaria never originated on the Island. Those coming with it leave cured. Only ten cases of diphtheria in eleven years on the Island. In 'Sconset not one.

NO MOSQUITOS. SLEEP and APPETITE welcome those who suffer from INSOMNIA and NERVOUS PROSTRATION and all who want rest. Others with HAY FEVER and ASTHMA often find relief and are sometimes cured.

THE LAND OF LONG LIVES. 56 per cent of the deaths occur beyond the three score years and ten. Average duration of life 64; elsewhere, from 28 to 34

A PARADISE FOR CHILDREN. HARDLY EVER A HOT DAY. Average highest temperature in July and August, 68 to 71 degrees

DELIGHTFUL BATHING. TEMPERATURE of the SURF 68 to 70 degrees, the WARMEST on the COAST. Only one life lost within the memory of man

Table supplies excellent. Two daily mails. Telegraphic communication with the mainland. Frequent trains between 'Sconset and Nantucket

MEDICAL REFERENCES

NEW YORK, Drs. C. F. MacDonald, E. C. Spitzka, W. B. Neftel, H. H. Tinker, S. M. Roberts, C. L. Allen, M. T. Bissell and A. Sturmdorf. BROOKLYN, Drs. Richmond Lennox, Lawrence Coffin and A. C. Brush. PHILADELPHIA, Drs. Harrison Allen and C. A. Oliver. BOSTON, Dr. F. H. Martin. ST. LOUIS, W. O. Glascon. COLUMBUS, E. F. Wilson. WASHINGTON, C. Bispham. JERSEY CITY, J. C. Parsons. PROVIDENCE, E. Y. Bogman. LOUISVILLE, J. Thruston and J. M. Bloom. NORTHAMPTON, C. C. Seymour. ROCHESTER, John Reid. ITHACA, B. G. Wilder. EDWARDSVILLE, Ill. S. T. Robinson. SWARTHMORE COLLEGE, Spencer Trotter. Each of the above families has passed one or more and some many seasons at Siasconset. Send for circular with full description of the place, maps and views and ground plans of the houses. EDWARD F. UNDERHILL, 108 Fulton St. New York.

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You must have cases to which the quiet and climatic conditions and surroundings described are especially adapted. If you will send me names I will mail circulars, or I will call on you if you wish. E. F. U.

That the statements on the reverse of this card are trustworthy, reference may be had to the following medical gentlemen, each of whom has passed at least one, and some many seasons at Siasconset:

NEW YORK, Drs. C. F. MacDonald, E. C. Spitzka, W. B. Neftel, H. H. Tinker, S. M. Roberts, C. L. Allen, M. T. Bissell and A. Sturmdorf. BROOKLYN, Drs. Richmond Lennox, Lawrence Coffin and A. C. Brush. PHILADELPHIA, Drs. Harrison Allen and C. A. Oliver. BOSTON, Dr. F. H. Martin. ST. LOUIS, Dr. W. O. Glascon. COLUMBUS, Dr. E. F. Wilson. WASHINGTON, Dr. C. Bispham. JERSEY CITY, Dr. J. C. Parsons. PROVIDENCE, Dr. E. Y. Bogman. LOUISVILLE, Drs. J. Thruston and J. M. Bloom. NORTHAMPTON, Dr. C. C. Seymour. ROCHESTER, Dr. John Reid. ITHACA, Dr. B. G. Wilder. EDWARDSVILLE, Ill. Dr. S. T. Robinson. SWARTHMORE COLLEGE, Dr. Spencer Trotter.

Dr. Allen McLane Hamilton of New York authorizes me to say that he knows the climatic conditions of Siasconset to be specially favorable for the recovery of patients suffering of nervous disability, and that he has often recommended them to pass the summer there.

I also refer to the following owners of cottages: AUBURNDALE, Mrs. E. P. Walker. BOSTON, G. F. Mitchell, G. A. Sawyer, C. H. Davis, T. F. Galvin, W. A. Wood. BROOKLYN, C. B. Swain, W. H. Starbuck. BRYN MAWR, Mrs. J. S. Baldwin. CONCORD, N.H. F.S. Streeter. CHARLESTOWN, Mass., Mrs. A. F. Richards. DETROIT, H. K. White, W. J. Chittenden, George Jerome, Mrs. E. W. Rice, Mrs. M. Farquhar. DUNKIRK, Mrs. J. A. Brooks. HARTFORD, Conn., Misses Burbank. HUDSON, Wis., Hon. W. Phipps. KNOXVILLE, Ill., Miss Hitchcock, Mrs. Jackson. MILWAUKEE, Hon. J. C. Spooner. NEW YORK, W. J. Flagg, E. P. Smith, B. Galland, Mrs. L. S. Furniss, Mrs. Julia A. Mather, Knight Neftel, Mrs. M. Roberts, H. W. Riddell, W. M. Barrett. PHILADELPHIA, Dr. H. Allen, Mrs. H. B. Sharp, Mrs. A. H. Nelson, Dr. C. A. Oliver. ROCHESTER, A. B. Lamberton, W. W. Webb, Mrs. H. B. McGonegal. SCRANTON, Pa., Hon. L. A. Watres. WASHINGTON, D. C., W. Ballantyne, J. Ormond Wilson. WATERBURY, Conn., J. W. Smith.

(Over)

I shall esteem it a favor if you will deliver this card or send it out in one of your letters, in the hope that it may entice a tenant to 'Sconset during the present season.

In short, please put it where you think it will do the most good. E. F. U.

'SCONSET IN A NUTSHELL.

On a bluff on the southeast corner of Nantucket Island, 50 miles at sea. Real name Siasconset. Natives economical. To save breath bite off first syllable. Hence, "Sconset," in Nantucket talk; Siasconset on the Maps. Two hundred houses, big and little. Many in the old village begun 100 to 200 years ago by squatters---fisher-folk---long forgotten. First, a single room. Added to. In two to four generations took final shapes. Shingled on sides as well as roofs. Many new houses built in same style. Old ships' sidelights set in front doors; pretty peep-holes for those within. Gables and sides set off with ships' figureheads---big and little; carved stern-pieces, quarter-boards; and wheels; all taken from wrecks; old oars and anchors; harpoons and lances; whales' ribs, jaw-bones and pieces of backbones set up for outside decoration. Funny names for the houses.

Inside, little room; big accommodation. Sailors make the most of space. Six to nine rooms.

Antique furniture, with modern improvements applied. Ancient pictures and ornaments. Big comfort; little care.

Funniest and cleanest place on the seashore. Grassy, unpaved streets; some not 50 feet long, yet named for prominent Islanders, dead and living.

Old whale boats and dories on the grass. Children---boys and girls---play sailor.

No dust. Scarce any noise by day. At night the "Murmuring Sea," a lullaby for the little ones, a cadence for youth, a soothing monotone for maturity and old age.

The ocean seen from the fringe of surf on the beach to the "Rips;" outside the Rips to the horizon. Now-and-then a savage, tumultuous sea. Change welcome.

Gorgeous sunsets. Sunrise never seen by visitors. Don't get up until breakfast; even then under protest.

Moonlights such as lovers like. Minute flashes from lighthouse on Sankaty Head. Glassy ponds in view.

Cool breezes with the health-giving properties of the ocean. Double blankets for comfort at night.

Life cut-of-dogs, under awnings on the beach or in hammocks; saunters or rides over moors laden with perfumes of wild flowers; lawn tennis; croquet; golf; baseball; cycling; straw rides in odd-shaped Nantucket box wagons or carts; "squaintums." Indoors, social gatherings; evening entertainments; games; music; and dancing.

Plain woollens worn. No purple and fine linen; no display. No interest in latest fashions.

A season's stay like an ocean voyage, without sea-sickness; creaking of ship's timbers; clanking of machinery; collision in fogs, or danger on a leeshore.

Average highest temperature, July 71; August, 68. Actual highest 76 to 82---say a half-dozen days a year. Between May and October, four months of September climate.

Too cold for mosquitos. Strong winds and cold nights. They hie to a warmer clime. Hieing better than dying. Hence mosquitos cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.

R E S T in three story and French roof capital letters.

Rest for men; for women; rest even for the wicked. No wickedness. Can't be wicked in 'Sconset.

One lonesome policeman. Paid by the job. Jobs scarce. On dress parade on the coming and leaving of trains. Most important duty, collecting dog tax.---50 cents for male dog, \$2.00 for female. Naturally sympathetic; his lofty spirit revolts at this unjust discrimination.

Inshore waters, 70 degrees, warmest on the coast. A safe beach for bathers. One life lost in the memory of man.

Water cool, pure, and soft as the rainfall; lifted from wells forty feet deep. A light porous soil. No stagnant waters. Malaria sometimes brought by visitors; never taken away; patient's cured. In eleven years ten cases of diphtheria on the Island. In 'Sconset not one. Asthmatic and hay-fever patients always helped. Sometimes good-by each to the other.

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A haven for brain workers, overwrought business men invalids and convalescents. A paradise for children. Tots let loose upon the grassy streets and lanes, or on the beach, sure to turn up at meal time; sometimes sooner. A bite, then out again.

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Ministers come. Cease the cure of souls; begin the cure of bodies---their own. Parishioners left behind for comfort to elders; or deacons; or classleaders; or trust to spiritual home treatment.

Teachers come; also scholars. Neither afraid of the other. A restful summer's picnic for both. Go home strong and frisky.

Professors also find their way to this promised land of comfort; college professors; professors of music; professors of art; yes, and professors of religion.

Judges and lawyers come. Leave law behind---common law; statute law; codes. Don't bother about recent decisions. Better business; talk fish; also eat them---blue-fish; and scup; and plaice; and swordfish; and perch and eels. Get around lobsters; and clams; and quahaugs. Don't stop at eating. Troll for blue fish, or haul them in from the beach. Wrestle with sharks. Sometimes tell whoppers like unto other amateur fishermen. Vacation over, leave. Heads clear and bodies strong.

Statesmen come. Statecraft forgotten. Politicians sometimes come. Keep shady. Stay awhile and leave.

A pretty little chapel. Sunday services. High church; low church; and Broad church; orthodox and heterodox; all dwell together in unity. Catholic service also, under the same roof. Mutual toleration easy. No disputations on matters theological. Folks can't rest and fight over abstractions. One minister after another caught by trustings and "landed" in the pulpit. Hearers can't guess his faith unless his vestments suggest it. Then, sometimes uncertain. Beliefs overlap. Hard to tell where one ends and another begins. Concerts and lectures in chapel week day evenings.

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Journalists get off a letter or two---never more. Mun- ketrick of Puck, says if he starts a paragraph with a laugh, half the time he ends it with a snore; must work on the installment plan to preserve the "unities," whatever they are. I don't know. He won't tell me.

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Then the "girl bachelors." (Term elastic; means self-sustaining single women; may include widows.) Chip in; hire a house; have a good time; go home.

Two hotels. No liquors sold. Must go or send for it to Nantucket. Eight miles off. Serious matter. Hesitation. The man who hesitates is saved.

Several boarding houses; livery stables; and horse taverns.

Medical aid for emergencies. Emergencies scarce.

Two daily mails keep the world in touch with 'Sconset. World grateful. Wire communication with the ends of the earth. Earth rejoices.

A postmaster in petticoats; efficient; popular. A man behind the window would invite an earthquake. Invitation indefinitely postponed.

Table supplies excellent---meats, groceries and provisions of best quality. Fish often caught in your sight. Poultry, eggs, milk and vegetables brought from 'Sconset farms. Coal and wood delivered.

Route of travel from New York, Fall River Line; from Boston, Old Colony branch, N. Y. N. H. & H. R. R. Each connects with Nantucket steamers. A pocket railroad to 'Sconset---the Nantucket Central---fearfully and wonderfully made. Will get you there every time. N. Y. or Penn., Central couldn't do it.

If you want to know anything more about 'Sconset, write for circular, with maps and views, and ground plans of houses.

EDWARD F. UNDERHILL,
108 Fulton Street, New York

PUT THIS CARD WHERE IT WILL DO THE MOST GOOD.
MORE COPIES IF WANTED.

GIVE THIS TO ONE WHO NEEDS A
SEASON OF REST AT THE SEASIDE

EDWARD F. UNDERHILL,
(without malice aforethought)
presents his respects to

Mr. Underhill asks a considerate reading of this card. It has been sent to thousands of his acquaintances. He does not expect everyone who receives it to go to 'Sconset. "More's the pity." He does hope that attention will be called to that ancient fishing village which, within twenty years, has become 'The Comfort Capital of the Coast.

Wardens Car 1000

June 1895

EDWARD F. UNDERHILL, to each friend, to whom these PRESENTS shall come, GREETING:

If you are good-natured now, you'll be better natured when you read the solemn words beginning on the next page.

"But the print is so fine," you say? Would'nt you you rather read lively matter in the finest print than heavy reading in the largest? I could'nt tell you all I want to in circus bill type.

"The funniest looking circular I ever saw," you say? Of course it is. "It looks as if written on a baby typewriter," you add. Right again. A part of a deep laid scheme to make you read it and not chock it into the oblivion of the waste basket.

Hire a boy to read it to you, if the print is too fine for comfort. In these times boys come cheap. A nickel is often a godsend to the average kid. (But good times are coming in spite of the crookedness of politicians and the doleful prophecies of calamity howlers.)

What does all this rigmarole mean? you ask. I'll tell you, and you may shout it through trumpets and fog-horns until its echoes are heard at the ends of the earth; I Have Pretty Seaside Cottages To Let At Siasconset, the Comfort Capital of the Coast.

I want you to know of them; and your wife too; also your daughter; likewise your daughter's husband (present or prospective); furthermore, your man servant and your maid servant; and the stranger within your gates. I want you to tell it in Gath and yawp it in the streets of Askalon.

So much for an introduction. Wipe your spectacles, turn over the leaf and read of

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EDWARD F. UNDERHILL,
108 Fulton Street, New York

2000 June 1891 5

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Hire a boy to read it to you, if the print is too fine for comfort. In these times boys come cheap. A nickel is a godsend to the average kid, as things are now. But there is no telling when he would raise on you. Any minute the walking delegate may come along and tell him to quit work unless you put up a dime; for good times are coming. The tricks of wicked politicians and the doleful prophecies of calamity howlers can't stop it.

"What does all this rigmarole mean?" you ask. I'll let you know in a minute. Then I want you to tell your wife; also your daughter; likewise your daughter's husband (present or prospective); furthermore your manservant and your maid-servant, and the stranger within your gates. And tell it in Gath; yawp it in the streets of Askalon; shout it through trumpets; thunder it from the mouths of fog-horns until its echoes are heard at the ends of the earth.

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Clamart - 14. July *June 1892*

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Apr 20 + 21

THE DEADLY PARALLEL IN SEASIDE COTTAGES.
SLASCONSET, Nantucket Island; rents \$110 to \$225; ocean breezes only; no dust; temperature of surf 70; air seldom over 76; average, 68 to 71; no mosquitoes; a wide beach; rest infectious; no fashion or display.
NEW-JERSEY AND LONG ISLAND; rents \$250 to 1,000; frequent hot land breezes; temperature often in the nineties; mosquitoes galore; a narrow beach; city life translated to the shore, display, excitement and little rest. Send for circulars. **UNDERHILL, Downing Building, New York.**

A SUMMER'S LIFE IN A COTTAGE BY THE SEA—At Slasconset, Nantucket Island; six to nine furnished rooms; no hot days; malaria or mosquitoes, \$115 to \$190 the season. Write for circular to **UNDERHILL, Downing Building, New York.**

BRAIN REST OUT IN THE OCEAN, in healthgiving salt air. "That tired feeling" goes; a sleepy feeling comes. Extinct appetites become active. No mosquitoes. The air seldom above 76 degrees; the surf 70. Life passed mostly out-of-doors—bathing, resting under awnings on the beach, or wandering over moors redolent with perfume of wild flowers. Indoors, quiet rest and comfort. You don't believe all this? Write **UNDERHILL, Downing Building,** or circular telling the story of Slasconset, Nantucket Island. Cottages fully furnished for housekeeping, \$110 to 225.

SCONSET BY THE SEA—Reduced rents for furnished cottages on Nantucket Island; 6 to 9 rooms; \$100 to \$150 the season; surf bathing; no hot days, malaria or mosquitoes. Address for circular, **UNDERHILL, Downing Building.**

SCONSET BY THE SEA—A few pretty furnished cottages left, 6 to 9 rooms, 50 miles at sea, at Slasconset, Nantucket Island; surf bathing; no hot days, malaria or mosquitoes; \$120 to \$150 the season. Write **UNDERHILL, Downing Building, city.**

DO YOU WANT THE SEA AIR, undisturbed by the creak of ships' timbers, the clank of machinery, the roll of a vessel, without fear of collision in fogs or of wreck on a lee shore; where life out-of-doors in the coolest days or in pretty cottages with all the comforts of a home, or laying in the warmest surf on the coast, entice appetites and induce sleep; where malaria and mosquitoes are unknown and the average duration of life is 64? Go to Slasconset, Nantucket Island; furnished cottages, 6 to 9 rooms; \$200 the season. Write **UNDERHILL, Downing Building, city,** for circular.

SUMMER RESORTS.
DO YOU WANT THE SEA AIR, undisturbed by the creak of ships' timbers, the clank of machinery, the roll of a vessel, with no fear of collision in fogs or of wreck on a lee shore; where life out-of-doors in the coolest days or in pretty cottages with all the comforts of a home, or laying in the warmest surf on the coast, entice appetites and induce sleep; where malaria and mosquitoes are unknown and the average duration of life is 64? Go to Slasconset, Nantucket Island; furnished cottages, 6 to 9 rooms, \$110 to \$200 the season. Write **UNDERHILL, Downing Building, city,** for circular.

ON THE "BEAUTIFUL ISLE OF THE SEA" is Slasconset with the purest and coolest air, the warmest surf bathing, beautiful sunsets and the vast ocean seen in calm and storm. Life is passed out-of-doors or in unique cottages. Mosquitoes cease from troubling and the weary are at rest. Sound sleep and active appetite greet the tired out business men and invalid. Yes, "Sconset," as the natives call it, is the choicest corner of Nantucket Island, 50 miles out in the ocean. Write **UNDERHILL, Downing Building, New York,** for circular telling all about the place, its pretty cottages with six to nine rooms fully furnished for housekeeping, at from \$110 to \$200 the season.

"A SUMMER'S LIFE IN A COTTAGE BY THE SEA"—A grand scheme, let your house on Long Island, New Jersey or Connecticut, furnished, to a city family, plenty glad to pay \$300 to \$500 for it until October. Take a pretty cottage, 6 to 9 rooms, out in the ocean, at Slasconset, the choicest spot on Nantucket Island; \$115 to \$190 the season; purest and coolest air; warmest surf; soundest sleep; and most aggressive appetite; bright days and brilliant sunsets; now and then a boisterous storm in contrast; the most wholesome spot on the coast; more than half the people die between 40 and 100 years. Write **UNDERHILL, Downing Building, city, for circular with full description.**

ASK YOUR DOCTOR THIS CONUNDRUM! IF with this debilitating heat, in addition to your ailment, your recovery would not be assured by passing the season in a pretty little seaside cottage, 50 miles out in the ocean, where there are no hot days, always cool nights, sound sleep, aggressive appetite, quiet surroundings, refined society, and excellent surf bathing. He will say "Yes." Write **UNDERHILL, Downing Building, City,** for circular, describing Slasconset, Nantucket Island, with its cottages, six to nine rooms, at from \$115 to \$190 rent.

SEASHORE.

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Exc. Ann., N. Y. June 18, 1890

THEY CALL IT 'SCONSET

A REMARKABLE CIRCULAR TELLING
OF A NANTUCKET RESORT.

Lots of Information Crowded Into a Comparatively Small Space—A Quaint Old Island Village That May Have a Room

Mr. Edward F. Underhill of this city has prepared a remarkable circular descriptive of Siasconset, a resort on Nantucket Island. In an introductory paragraph he says that he wants the reader to know of Siasconset, "and your wife, too; also your daughter; likewise your daughter's husband (present or prospective); furthermore, your man servant and your maid servant, and the stranger within your gates. I want you to tell it in Gath and yawp it in the streets of Askalon."

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A haven for brain workers, overwrought business men, invalids and convalescents. A paradise for children. Tots let loose upon the grassy streets and lanes, or on the beach, sure to turn up at meal time; sometimes sooner. A bite, then out again.

The Island of long lives. Death comes to more than half of its people between 70 and 100 years. Average length of life, 64 years; elsewhere 28 to 31. Most wholesome spot on the West Atlantic.

Doctors come to 'Sconset to dodge patients for the season. Sometimes followed up. Patients come to get rid of doctors for good. Usually disappointed. All right, if they could take 'Sconset air home with them. A fortune for the man who can pack, ship and deliver it to fill the demands on the mainland.

Ministers come. Cease the cure of souls; begin the cure of bodies—their own. Parishioners left behind go for comfort to elders; or deacons; or class leaders; or trust to spiritual home treatment.

Teachers come; also scholars. Neither afraid of the other. A restful summer's picnic for both. Go home strong and frisky.

Professors also find their way to this promised land of comfort; college professors; professors of music; professors of art; yes, and professors of religion.

Judges and lawyers come. Leave law behind—common law; statute law; codes. Don't bother about recent decisions. Better business; talk fish; also eat them—bluefish; and scup; and plaice; and swordfish; and perch and eels. Get around lobsters; and clams; and quahaugs. Don't stop at eating. Troll for bluefish, or haul them in from the beach. Wrestle with sharks. Sometimes tell whoppers like unto other amateur fishermen. Vacation over, leave. Heads clear and bodies strong.

Statesmen come. Statecraft forgotten. Politicians sometimes come. Keep shady. Stay awhile and leave.

A pretty little chapel. Sunday services. High arch. Low Church and Broad Church, orthodox and heterodox, all dwell together in unity. Holy service also, under the same roof. Mutual toleration easy. No disputations on matters theological. Folks can't rest and fight over abstractions. One minister after another caught by trustees and landed in the pulpit. Hearers can't guess his faith unless his vestments suggest it. Then sometimes uncertain. Beliefs overlap. Hard to tell where one ends and another begins. Concerts and lectures in chapel week day evenings.

Literary men and authors come. Wonder why they can't work. Give all sorts of excuses except—laziness.

Journalists get off a letter or two—never more. Munkittrick of *Puck* says if he starts a paragraph with a laugh half the time he ends it with a snore; must work on the instalment plan to preserve the "unities," whatever they are. I don't know. He won't tell me.

Artists must work. Can't monkey with time and opportunity. Hire cheap boys to keep them awake.

Then the "girl bachelors." (Term elastic; means self-sustaining single women; may in-

7th Ave News June 18/91
SIASCONSET.

QUAINT OLD NANTUCKET

Preparing to Celebrate Two Important Events in Its History.

ELABORATE FESTIVITIES PLANNED

Two Hundredth Anniversary of the County's Incorporation and Centennial of the Change of the Town's Name.

NANTUCKET, Mass., June 29.—The denizens of this primitive and picturesque old town are just now in a bustle of excitement over the prospective celebration of two important events or epochs in its history. The first of these is the two hundredth anniversary of the incorporation of the County of Nantucket, which occurred on June 22, 1695; the second is the centennial of the change of name of the town from Sherburne to Nantucket, which was effected on June 8, just a century later. The object of this dual

celebration, which begins July 9, has been lucidly set forth by the gentlemen composing the Committee of Arrangements. "It is proposed," they say in their circular to the scattered sons of old Nantucket, "to make the celebration of three days' duration, so that the peculiar characteristics of the island town and county, stretching far back into the mazes of two and a third centuries, shall be photographed upon the dial plate of our own time, that we may view our ancestors in their heroic lives and personal sacrifices as they actually were and do honor to the heritage bequeathed to us."

In fulfillment of the wide and somewhat exacting pledges here outlined, the committee proposes to exhibit the wigwam of the aborigines, the squantum of the ancients, the clambake, the roasted ears of corn, and the diversified mechanisms of the whale fishery. There will also be an illustration of the sheep-shearing festivals which the early settlers so keenly enjoyed, besides whaleboat races and other diversions peculiar to the times long gone by. A banquet, a grand ball, literary and historical exercises, illuminations, bicycle races, civic and military parades, and numerous band concerts will be interspersed, with the view of bringing the commemorative celebration literally "up to date."

The visitor to Nantucket to-day finds it extremely difficult to realize that this little island settlement, cut off from the rest of the world, and sitting, lonely and isolated, away out in the stormy Atlantic, was once the third town in wealth and population in Massachusetts, only Boston and Salem outstripping and outranking her on these two points. Everywhere he sees evidences of decadence and industrial collapse. The wharves where once whaling and trading ships crowded and jostled each other, and where hardy sailors swarmed like ants in a hill, are now deserted. The snug harbor, in which the tall masts of sloops, packets, and schooners erstwhile pierced the foggy atmosphere, is given up to a fleet of little pleasure boats, which can be hired at a moderate price for sailing and fishing excursions along shore. These are manned by bronzed tars who in the days of Nantucket's maritime glory trod the decks of ships whose "keels vexed every sea." Many of the skippers, as they sit lazily at the tiller, can tell of voyages which they made to the Orient, of whaling trips in the Pacific, and of thrilling adventures in the great ports of the Atlantic Ocean. Such narratives are given in a sadly reminiscent tone, in perfect keeping with the atmosphere of decay which everywhere prevails.

Leaving the wharves, or, more properly speaking, the places where the wharves once stood, the observant tourist will find further evidence of Nantucket's departed glory and prestige. Many of the streets are overgrown with a copious crop of grass; some are paved with a rough cobblestone, others are merely segregated paths of loose sand, with deep and ever-changing ruts; all are dusty and dirty, especially during the dry season. The houses are old, quaint, and sadly out at elbows. The fact that in the old portions of the town the residences are huddled together would give the impression that everybody who built wanted to be as near the water front as possible. Street after street, lane after lane, and alley after alley can be found with not a single unoccupied building lot. Large and small houses stand side by side; they all, or nearly all, have the long, sloping roofs peculiar to the structures erected by the early settlers in New-England. They are all shingled from ridge pole to sill. Many of them

have a peculiar inclosure on the roof, known as "walks," or lookouts. Undoubtedly these were designed to give the occupants a view of the harbor and of the waters of the Sound. Some of the ship owners and ship masters of past generations built rather pretentious dwellings, following the styles and patterns which they had seen in foreign lands. Many of these are of the Grecian style of architecture; they seem strangely out of keeping with their surroundings.

There is a new part of the town which is almost exclusively peopled by the Summer residents. The houses which one finds in this section are of the modern pattern. The bay window, the French roof, and the graceful lines bespeak the wealth and taste of their owners. Green lawns, with flourishing flower beds and concrete walks, all inclosed by natty fences, impart an air of smartness which is as agreeable to the senses as it is inharmonious with the tumble-down conditions prevailing in the neighborhood. The late Charles O'Connor of New-York was one of the pioneers among the Summer sojourners of Nantucket. When he fully realized the healthfulness of the place, he built a fine house upon a high hill overlooking the harbor and the town, and became a permanent resident. He often said that the island was far more desirable as a Winter than it was as a Summer resort. That this estimate is not violently extravagant may be proved by a reference to the Government meteorological reports, which show that the climate is mild and temperate in the Winter months, owing, no doubt, to the close proximity of the Gulf Stream. The resident Nantucketers declare that on several occasions it has been impossible to secure a pound of ice from the fresh-water ponds which abound on the island. This was the case in the Winter of 1893. Last season some ice was obtained, but it was thin, and the crop was inadequate for the needs of the town. So strong has the conviction grown that Mr. O'Connor's opinion as to the advantages of Nantucket as a Winter resort is correct, that steps have been taken to form a syndicate with the view of erecting a large sanitarium for the proper care and housing of invalids who may desire to avail themselves of the saline breezes and the temperate atmosphere which surround the island.

The business portion of the town is somewhat contracted and circumscribed. Indeed it is confined, in a degree, to a single street. This is wide and well lighted at night; shade trees abound in plenty, and the stores present a fairly smart appearance. At the head of the street is the bank. On either side as you go down toward the harbor are meat markets, drug stores, dry and fancy goods stores, and several establishments in

which souvenirs are conspicuously displayed. At the lower end of the street is the Custom House, a spacious building of a dull red color with white trimmings. The collector enjoys a sinecure. There is nothing to collect, for Nantucket has no commerce with the rest of the world. No ships enter or clear. The only business done in the establishment is that conducted by the meteorological office. The old-whalers and retired captains of trading ships may be found daily in groups in a room in the Government building or on the sidewalk, chatting, spinning yarns, and going over the old experiences when Nantucket was a great shipping port, and when her sail lofts, ropewalks, and teeming docks were the centres of activity and enterprise. They look like relics of a past age and seem to realize that they are sadly misplaced in the economy of

existence. On many of the streets which converge on the main thoroughfare are to be found diminutive shops where lovers of fancy goods, knick-knacks, bon bons, and are tempted by fascinating window displays of the stock within. There is also a hotel in this portion of the town, which occupies a considerable section of the street on which it is situated. It consists of six different houses in addition to the hotel proper or main house. The others are called annexes or cottages. This establishment is open during the entire year, and it is the only first-class hotel on the island of which this can be said. The others are merely Summer resorts.

Nantucket, in the past, was cut off from the rest of the civilized world. She was practically isolated. In stormy and foggy weather, and when there were adverse winds, communication with the mainland was infrequent. Sometimes the inhabitants would hear nothing of what was occurring elsewhere for weeks. The arrival of

a whaler or of a trading packet on such an occasion was the signal for a rush to the wharf, nearly the whole population making a pilgrimage to this coveted centre of intelligence. When the Captain had communicated his stock of information, the town crier started out, bell in hand, or with a sonorous fish horn, and repeated the tale to the gaping villagers. This custom prevails to-day. There are three criers who give notice, in due season, of passing events, auctions, the sitting of the court, any strange or untoward circumstance of which the people might not have knowledge. But the necessity of such a means of spreading intelligence has been dissipated by the introduction of steam and electricity. Nantucket is in unbroken communication with the rest of the world through the Government cable; the daily papers printed in New-York and Boston, in Providence and New-Bedford, are on sale regularly on





Birthplace of Abiah Folger.
The mother of Benjamin Franklin.

the day of publication. In Summer two boats arrive and depart daily, and in Winter there is one each way every day. These touch at Martha's Vineyard and Wood's Holl, their northern terminus being New-Bedford. Passengers leaving New-York by the Sound line boats or by the late evening trains can reach here by noon next day. Travelers from Boston have two available trains daily, the first landing them at noon and the second at 6:30 in the evening.

The trip from Boston is over a picturesque stretch of country. The trains pass through Quincy, Weymouth, Braintree, Brockton, Bridgewater, Middleborough, and Wareham, all thriving and historic spots. The run from Buzzard's Bay Station affords an opportunity to see the new and fashionable resort which has grown up around the President's stately Summer residence. Secretary of State Olney has a house further down on the bay, at Falmouth. Joseph Jefferson's stylish cottage looms up from among the trees, and shares in the common interest manifested by the tourists. Then there is Marion, across the water, where Phil Sheridan died, and where the Cleveland's initiated their New-England sojourn. It is a favorite resort for Richard Watson Gilder and his family.

At Wood's Holl the steamer is taken, and the sail across the Sound to Cottage City begins. The scenery is magnificent. One sees here the beginnings of New-England's settlement. The Elizabeth Islands, which lie away to the westward, were the first to yield to the spade of the pioneer. A glimpse of the famous harbor of Vineyard Haven, with its deep fringe of forest trees, is afforded, and soon the pier at Cottage City, with its background of handsome houses, is reached. To the northward on the mainland one can readily see Falmouth Heights, and, stretching away to the eastward are the shores of Cape Cod. After leaving Martha's Vineyard, the steamer passes Edgartown and Cape Page Light-house, on Chappaquiddick Island. Soon the sight of land is lost, and the tourist finds himself in the waters of the broad Atlantic. The distance from Cottage City to Nantucket is about thirty miles, and the run is usually made in two and a half hours.

The island of Nantucket is rich in natural beauties and picturesque localities outside of the town. In driving about with old residents and guides the visitor will be struck by the variegated landscape and the odd names of the places over which he travels. He will come across nooks and indentations on the ocean side and on the bay side which preserve their Indian titles and their ancient customs and traditions. On the east shore he will find Wauwinit with its magnificent ocean view and its celebrated fishing grounds. This is the headquarters of the ferocious shark, and shark fishing challenges the courage and grit of the native Nantucketer as well as of the Summer tourist. Further north, at the head of the harbor, is the little hamlet of Coskata, and away up on the same line is Nauma Head, the extreme end of the island. On the other side of the harbor is a sandy strip or fringe called Coataue, which divides the harbor from the waters of the Sound. Opposite Coataue are the little settlements of Monomoy, Shawitemo, Quaise, Pocomo, and Poplis. These are favorite resorts for tourists in the Summer.

But the most popular and picturesque spot is Sconset or 'Sconset, as it is called by the natives. 'Sconset is about eight miles from the town. It is situated on the ocean, and no spot on the north Atlantic equals it in picturesque grandeur. At present the only way open for travel is a sandy highway, which runs directly across the island.

and. A portion of the railroad has been washed away by the heavy seas that sometimes break over the beach, and an inland location has been adopted which will prevent the possibility of such disasters in future. 'Sconset was originally a collection of diminutive fishing huts. These huts are still standing. They are grouped together, in close order, along narrow lanes, called by courtesy streets. They give one the idea of a batch of dwarf houses, erected by mischievous elves, in which to hold their revels. But the Summer resident has invaded this quaint and unique spot also. Handsome cottages have been built on the high sandy bluffs overlooking the ocean. Here the lovers of sea bathing, bluefishing, and salt breezes enjoy the magnificent view which is only limited by the boundaries of the horizon. To the north is Sankaty Head with its famous flash light, visible for thirty miles out at sea. Here it was that Bartholomew Gosnold touched with his little craft in 1602, discovering the island of Nantucket. The strip of coast from 'Sconset to Sankaty and Sachata has been the graveyard of many a sturdy craft forced upon the sandy beach by the fierce southeasterly storms which rage with unchecked fury in this latitude.

On the road to 'Sconset the aged jehu will point out many old landmarks. The road itself is a curiosity. It consists of a series of deep ruts in the sand, which change as frequently as do the channels of the Upper Mississippi. Old Indian villages and settlements are numerous. The ancient abodes of the first white settlers are to be seen

either fairly preserved or in absolute ruin. The birthplace of Abiah Folger, who was the mother of Benjamin Franklin, is pointed out with reverence and pride. Then the old Jethro Coffin house, which is the oldest dwelling on the island, is shown, and you are told that this was erected in 1686. It was built of good native oak, and is in excellent preservation. It is at present unoccupied. On a hill above the Coffin house and to the southward stands the old mill, with its rude and crude arms. This has been standing there for over two centuries. It is one of the curiosities of the island.

If Nantucket is rich in scenic beauties and full of queer houses, haunts, and streets, it is also well supplied with quaint characters. There are probably more old men in the place than there are in any other spot of its size in the United States. It is not uncommon to meet men of ninety years and over engaged in active pursuits. A stage driver who never misses a trip is ninety-three. Another is eighty-five, and men of seventy-five and thereabout are regarded as of middle life. These ancient mariners speak of their fathers, grandfathers, and great-grandfathers in most familiar terms. The Collector of Taxes is seventy-eight, and he is one of the most nimble and energetic men in the town. His wife is eighty-four and he complains that she has been slightly indisposed of late. Whenever you meet an old Nantucket tar, you are apt to find him smoking or chewing. Occasionally he will drop into the little beer-shop near the Custom House for his glass of grog. He loves to spin yarns about the days when Nantucket was a great shipping port, and when her hardy sons were pushing her commerce and spreading her prestige in every known sea. He admits with keen regret that these glories have departed, never to come again. The discovery of petroleum in Pennsylvania helped to kill the whaling industry, and the adoption of steam in ocean commerce retired the slow-going packet. So the Nantucket veteran of the sea rails against modern progress as the assassin of maritime enterprise.



The Jethro Coffin House.
Built in 1686.

Almost everybody in Nantucket is a direct descendant of the early settlers. They are all related to each other. There are few foreigners here. The Macys, the Coffins, the Starbucks, the Folgers, the Swaines, the Barnards, the Colemans, the Bunkers, and the ubiquitous Smiths were among the pioneer white settlers of over two centuries ago; their names are found in abundance on the tax lists to-day. There is little crime in Nantucket; the policeman has not much to do; the quaint old jail is rarely occupied, and the court docket is never crowded. Tramps and paupers are rarities on the island; bolts and bars are not employed to fend against the house-breaker. The people are honest, simple, and kindly in their relations with strangers. Yet the community is not conspicuous for its devotion to religion. There are more churches on the island than are needed to accommodate the worshippers.

Hotel Mail No. 4, June 24/13

A neat and attractive little pamphlet is at published by Edward F. Underhill of 108 he Fulton Street, in which the attractions of 'Sconset are elaborately set forth in a humorous style. The print of the pamphlet is a clever imitation of miniature type-writing.

A CHANGE OF NAME.

It Took Place One Hundred Years Ago.

When Town of Sherburne Became Nantucket.

Centennial Celebration on the Island.

The Programme Covers Three Days.

Main Events in the History of Nantucket.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

NANTUCKET, June 23, 1895. The people of this happy, healthful island,—“a ship at sea that neither rocks nor rolls,”—are about to attempt an elaborate centennial celebration.

For three days, commencing Tues-

day, July 2, the town will blush with pride, and define, for the benefit of visitors, the word hospitality and illustrate its Nantucket usage. The event will prove expensive, but that doesn't figure in the calculations. The town will also demonstrate how closely the past has wrought its memories into the present.

Nantucket people are all at sea, so to speak; many of the men folks are sail-

ors, and more of them have quit the ocean to spend their advancing days ashore in comfort after a life of roving that has carried them to nearly every port built down to the shores of the watery world. These islanders were never stingy in small things nor timid in grand projects. The elaborate programme of events should prove it:

Nantucket is said to be quaint. In fact, that term is untiringly affixed to Nantucket by common consent. Visitors exclaim: “Oh, how old-fashioned everything looks!” So it does, to a degree, but Nantucket of today is but the caking of the old hull. The situation of the present is simply a reminiscence of the past. When the town was well to do, say 100 years ago, it was modern and up to date.

Summer visitors are arriving on the wave-swept shores just about a century too late to find a hustling, bustling community, spick, span, with money to burn and whale oil for the millions.

Nantucket took a stroke of financial paralysis, suffered severely, and went out of business.

At one time she carried a chip on her shoulder, and took odds from no municipality, and Nantucket was good enough for Nantucketers.

We all know of merchants who have built up a good business and prepared to settle down in comfort—then lost all, and have been obliged through necessity to begin anew and wear old clothes while recuperating.

It was so with this island. She failed in the whaling industry, and the fates left her financially prostrate.

Now, as a summer resort where mankind may go to sea and yet remain on land amid most salubrious conditions, Nantucket is for a second time becoming famous with glowing prospects of complete success. The charm of the situation to strangers may be summed up in a paragraph: The commingling of the past, its memories and almost pathetic monuments, with the quiet, every day life of its people, much as if they, too sometimes think of what might have been.

There are two sides to Nantucket's shield, however, as the annual tide of happy cottagers and tourists can attest. As a resting place for worn out business men and tired mothers; a field of fun and frolic for the younger people, and the Mecca of the fisherman and gunner, she is supreme.

Speaking of fishing, the man who goes to Nantucket to try his luck need never break the commandments. The fishing grounds never begot fairs, and the customary tussle with big “finnies” so exhausts the devotee of the pastime that he is too tired when he gets ashore to be other than a peaceable man. Those “strawberries of the ocean,” clams, that pass their infancy and youth in the white sands where the tide ebbs and flows; bluefish, the terriers of the rips; scup, tautog, bass, and, lastly, sharks, great lumbering fellows that eat whole lambs (when they get them),

are all to be had for the trouble of seeking. The sharks are harmless to bathers, but they attain tremendous proportions.

If a man loves boat sailing it will do him a world of good to make a trip in one of the fleet of local catboats. Slippery pieces of wood they are, and large at that. The queen of the harbor is about 40 feet long, with a sail as large as 50 bed sheets. From this great single sticker the boats drop in the scale to the smart little 12-footers that the sun-burned boys jockey about the inner harbor and drive almost on edge out among the channel buoys, where, years ago the great rusty whale ships were pontooned over the bar by “camels.”

Siasconset, the up-to-date community on the ocean side, founded by fishermen and now a high-class resort for summer residents, is about eight miles from Nantucket, and it is worth one's time to journey across lots to this patchwork of little cottages.

In writing of this portion of the island, Mr. S. A. Drake says: “At every mile is a stone. They are painted white; in one place I noticed the bone of a shark stuck in the ground for a landmark. The village is an odd collection of one-story cottages, so alike that the first erected might have served

as a pattern for all others. Iron cranes projected from the angles of the houses, on which to hang lanterns at nightfall in place of street lamps. Fences, neatly whitewashed or painted, inclosed each householder's possession, and in many instances blooming flower-beds caused an involuntary glance at the window for their guardians. On many houses were the names of wrecks that had the



MAIN STREET, NANTUCKET.



STRAIGHT WHARF, NANTUCKET.



MILL HILL, NANTUCKET.

seeming of gravestones overlooking the sands that had entombed the ships that were them. In one front yard was the carved figure of a woman that had been flipped by the foam of many a sea. Fresh from the loftier buildings and broader streets of the town, this seemed like one of those miniature villages that children delight in. The sand is coarse-grained and very soft. The waves that came in here projected themselves fully 40 feet up the escarpment of the bank. Bathing here is, on account of the undertow and quicksands, attempted with hazard, and ought not to be attempted except by the aid of ropes."

No case of malaria has been known to originate on the island of Nantucket. The winds all blow from the sea, and briskly, too; people eat well, live well and sleep well, three of the chief requisites longevity.

Some of the Indian heirlooms to Nantucket of the present are villages or hamlets and, perhaps, the worst part of the bequest is the names attached to the localities. Among them are Tucknuck, Quaise, Polpis, Quidnet, Coatue, Wauwinet.

Among the points of interest are Mitchell's birthplace, Lucretia

Voted to raise by taxation.....	\$35,000
State tax.....	1,815
Total.....	\$36,815
Polls.....	1,708

Amount to be assessed on property.. \$35,107
Rate—\$11.80 per \$1000.

A great deal of work is being done in anticipation of the coming celebration. Arches are being erected over principal streets, entertainments are being arranged and it is the secret ambition of the people to give to visitors an eye-opener in the line of centenaries.

Bartholomew Gosnold discovered Nantucket in 1602. He landed near Sankaty Head, and a tribe of Indians were on hand to greet the discoverer. The island became a part of the state of New York in 1664, and was ceded back to Massachusetts in 1683. Thomas Mayhew owned the island in 1641, it being deeded to him by Lord Sterling. In 1660 Mayhew deeded it to Thomas Macy and nine

others for the consideration of £80 and two beaver hats. After the new owners of the land had looked about a little, they associated themselves with 10 other men, and the 20, with their families, settled there. At the date of this settlement there were about 1500 Indians on Nantucket. In 1821 the last full-blooded Nantucket died, and 33 years later the last half-breed passed away. In 1665 the Indian chieftain, King Philip, left his chair on Mt. Hope and voyaged to Nantucket. One year later the first mill for grinding corn was put in operation.

In 1671 the first town was incorporated, and in 1673 it was renamed Sherburne. It was then a part of New York, and it was not until 1795, after it had been deeded back to Massachusetts, that the name Sherburne was changed to Nantucket. It is this event in the history of the island that is to be celebrated.

Mott's early home, Old Mill, Historical rooms, Athenaeum, Old North Vestry, oil houses, wharves and the cliffs and beaches. In fact, pretty nearly all portions of the island are of interest.

The valuation of the town for 1895 follows:

Resident personal property.....	\$1,009,808
Non-resident personal property.....	14,210
Total personal property.....	\$1,023,818
Resident real estate.....	1,353,860
Non-resident real estate.....	683,349
Total.....	\$3,061,027
Exempt by statute.....	54,576
Assessed valuation, 1895.....	\$3,006,451
Assessed valuation, 1894.....	\$3,006,229



CLIFF BATHING BEACH, NANTUCKET.

The whaling industry got its first foothold in Nantucket in 1678, and the natives sought and captured the "right" whale with great success. The first sperm whale was taken in 1712. At the inception of the business, shore boats only were made use of. These diminutive craft were but the forerunners of a remarkable fleet of ships and new class of seamen. The sperm whale of 1712 revolutionized the methods previously in vogue. Big ships were sent out, and for years they were constantly increasing in bulk and numbers. The adventure-some spirit of the islanders seemed perfectly adapted to the risky business of killing whales on the high seas. The knowledge that the sperm whale was more prolific in oil caused the fleet of shore boats to diminish in numbers, and their crews left them to go in the large vessels. In 1715 there were six sloops engaged in the business. In 1730 there were owned in Nantucket 25 whalers. In 1726 the shore boats captured 86 whales, and then it seemed as if all hands went away to foreign seas. Davis strait was visited by a Nantucket whaler in 1732, and 13 years later a shipload of oil was sent direct to England.

A foreign trade soon grew with France, Spain, Russia, ports on the shores of the Mediterranean, and with China. Cargoes of oil and bone were the sole articles of export, and the ships brought home valuable miscellaneous cargoes, shaping, to some extent, commerce of the nation.

When the British assailed the farmers in Lexington, at the outbreak of the revolution, Nantucket whalers numbered 150. They were manned by 2000 men, and the yearly production was 30,000 barrels sperm oil and 4000 barrels of whale oil. The ships had pushed their keels into every sea in every corner of the world; their officers had navigated uncharted oceans and visited strange lands; their sailors were famous for their courage and endurance and their captains noted because of their pluck, skill and brains.

These pioneers sailed straight into the Pacific ocean and brought home tidings and bearings of new islands. In the icy oceans they fought against ice and death, yet they were ever ready to start anew when home had been reached.

Those were busy days in Nantucket.

Along the water front were cooper shops, ropewalks, oilhouses, warehouses ship chandleries, spar yards, in fact, every accessory necessary to carry on the volume of business. Buildings that have now gone to ruin, yet still standing, show in a degree what those days of long ago produced. Decayed wharves, where once tiers of ships were hauled up and barrels of oil were slung from the reeking hold of a vessel just in from a cruise across a half-dozen other vessels to the pier, and marked by rotted spiles that worms and time have eaten and corroded.

The war brought trouble enough to Nantucket and her shipping. At its close the ship Bedford carried a cargo of oil to London, and from her truck

the national flag flew for the first time in any British port.

During the 1812 war nearly one-half of the ships hailing from the island were captured by cruisers. But the industry soon recovered footing, and in 1820 there were 72 whale ships and a considerable fleet of schooners and other craft. The business constantly increased, and vessels were built to supply the demand. In model and rigging the later craft showed great superiority over the forerunners in the industry. It is true they were very slow and cumbersome in comparison with the clipper of this latter part of the 19th century, but they served their purpose and were honestly put together. The year 1842 showed a tonnage of 36,000.

Kerosene knocked Nantucket's future into smithereens. The discovery and subsequent general use of petroleum snuffed the industry as with a cyclonic gust. The decline in the value of whale products killed the business of hunting the leviathan, and in 1869 the last

whaler went out over the bar, and with her departed Nantucket's commercial prestige.

Hard luck seems to have been rubbed into Nantucket. In the revolutionary war 1600 islanders were killed. Years before pestilence carried away nearly one-third of the Indian population. In 1840 nearly 10,000 people lived on Nantucket, while today the population is

about 3000. She has had three big fires. Property to the amount of \$1,000,000 went up in smoke in 1846. This conflagration, it is said, had a deal to do with the decadence of the town. When the territory was rebuilt the entire character of the locality was changed.

Nantucket—the name of the town is

and and county—is 110 miles southeast of Boston, 27 miles from the mainland, in the midst of the ocean. To the south and east stretch sand bars for many miles, most deadly obstructions to commerce. Away out on Davis New South shoal is a lightship, a warning to vessels coming in from across the sea and a guide to shipping bound north and south.

From Martha's Vineyard to Nantucket the distance is about 20 miles.

History says the Norsemen named the island in the 11th century, yet there has been considerable controversy as to whence the name originated. Some say the name Nantican was applied to the island by the Norse discoverers; others claim it is a corruption of the Indian appellation.

The town of Nantucket stands on the west coast upon a spot called "Wesco" by the Indians, and signifying white stone. A nearby bluff retains the English name Sherburne.

Death may be said to be out of a job on Nantucket island. The average length of life is 64 years, and the man who dies before he is 80 years old usually unreels the thread of life because of accident rather than disease.

In the year 1692 Massachusetts had two towns by the name of Nantucket. This condition caused confusion, and in 1795 the people of Nantucket town requested the Legislature to change the name to that of the island—Nantucket.

At a town meeting held April 16, 1795, it was voted that application be made to the General Court requesting the change. At a subsequent meeting, held May 6, Micajah Coffin was chosen representative to the General Court, and the following petition went through its proper channels.

The petition of Micajah Coffin in behalf of

the town of Sherburne, in the county of Nantucket, shows that the inhabitants of the said town, at a legal town meeting on the 16th day of April last passed, voted that application be made to the General Court, requesting that the name of the said town be changed and called Nantucket.

Your petitioner therefore prays that leave may be given to bring in a bill for that purpose.

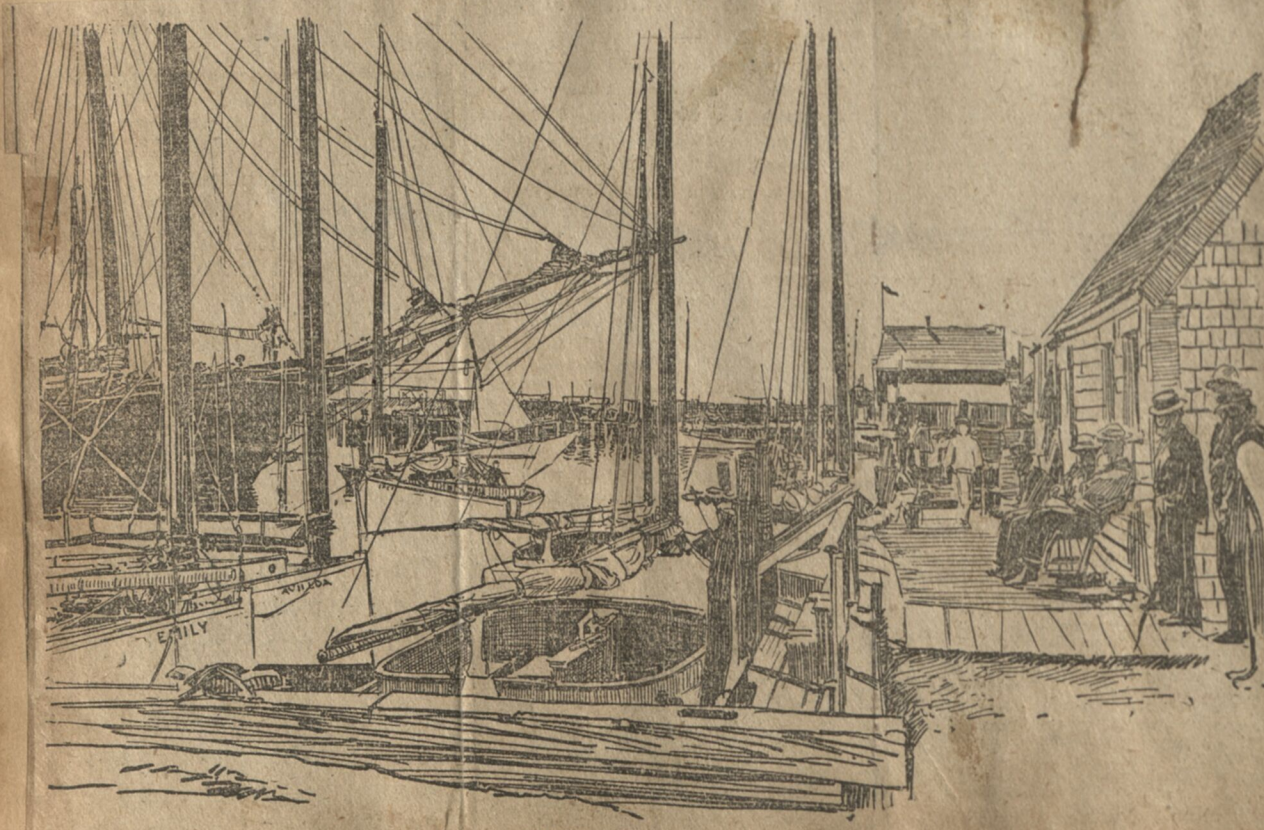
MICAJAH COFFIN.

The original petition is in the State House in Boston. There seemed to be no opposition, and June 5, 1795, both branches of the General Court passed the following act:

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in General Court assembled, and by the authority of the same, that the town of Sherburne, in the county of Nantucket, from and after passing this act shall be called and known by the name of Nantucket, and the inhabitants of said town of



OLD COFFIN HOUSE, BUILT IN 1686.



WAITING FOR A BREEZE.

Nantucket shall be bound to perform all duties and also shall enjoy all the rights, privileges and immunities which they would have been held to perform or might have enjoyed had not the name of said town been changed from the name of Sherburne. And all officers in the said town shall hold and exercise their offices respectively in the same manner they would have done had not the name of the said town been altered.

The bill was engrossed and signed by the Governor June 8, 1795, and the change of name was then complete.

The more important events that have transpired on the island since 1800 follow:

The Methodist Society organized in 1800, when the population was 5617.

The Pacific Bank and two insurance offices were established in 1804, and five years later the Unitarian Society was formed with Rev. Seth F. Swift as pastor. The population had increased by 1200 souls.

In 1820 the population was 7266, there were 72 ships in the whale fishery and two years later the last Indian was buried.

Two public schools were established in 1827, and the Coffin school was opened.

The new North Meeting House was erected in 1834, and the Athenaeum was incorporated.

In 1836 a great fire wrought disaster.

Another fire, doing damage to the amount of \$300,000, marked the year of 1838, and the high school was opened.

In 1839 the Trinity (Episcopal) Church was erected, and the population had reached 9712.

Another great fire occurred in 1846, and whaling began to decline.

In 1854 gas was lighted for the first time on the island.

The population had fallen to 4123 in 1870, and in 1872 two steamboats a day, in summer, ran to the island, which had begun to be a summer resort.

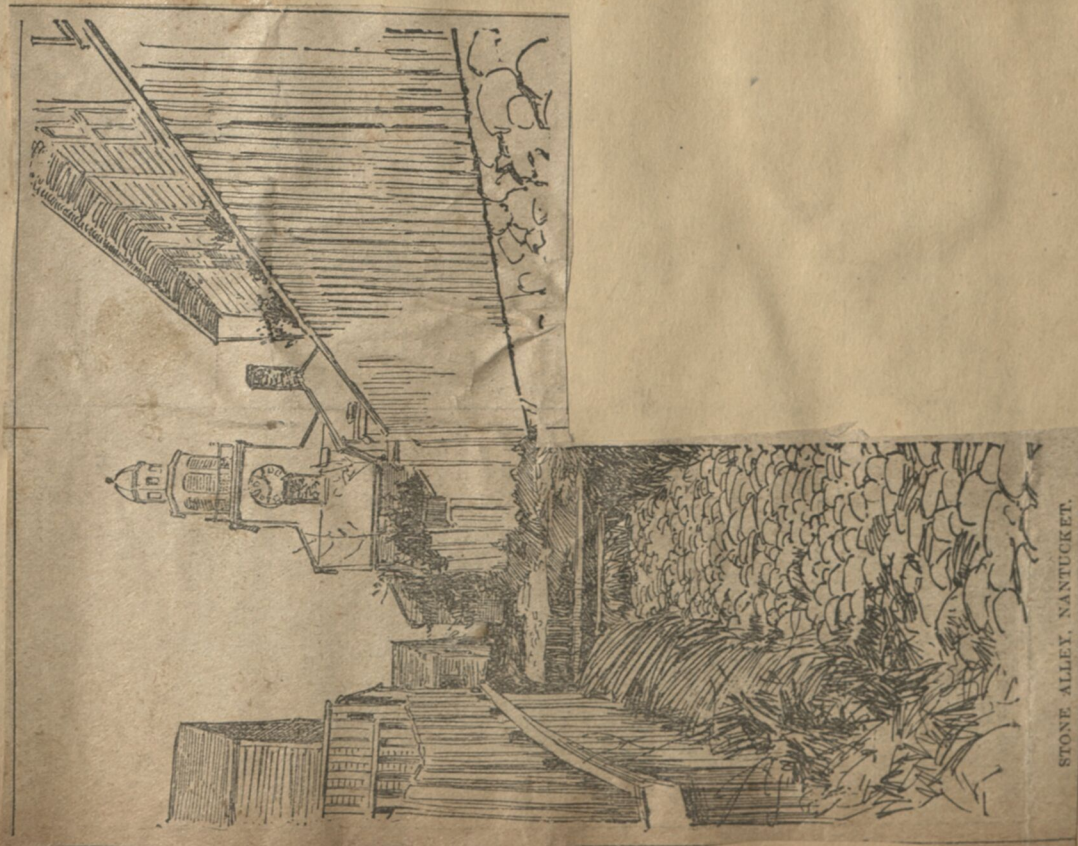
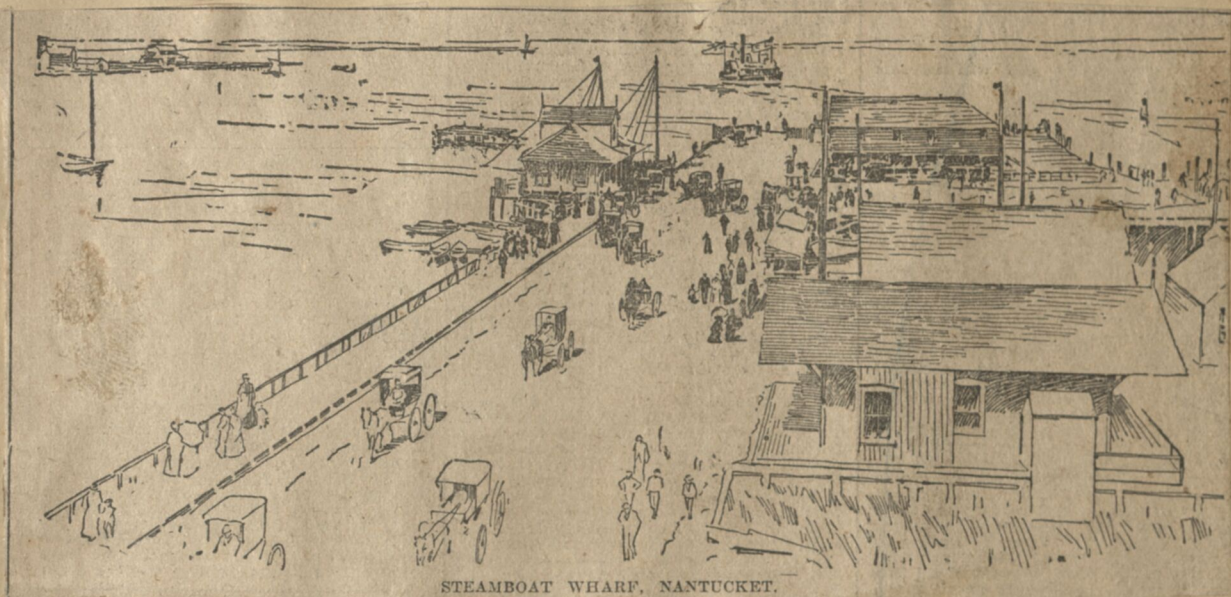
The year 1876 was marked by steam communication between Nantucket and Wauwinet.

A water supply was established in 1880, and the Nantucket railroad was built.

Six years later a cable was laid to the mainland, the N. & C. C. Steamboat Company was consolidated with the N. B. V. & N. Steamboat Company.

Aug. & Murro May 11/95

Mr. Edward F. Underhill is doing some unique advertising of his real estate in 'Seonset, through the New York press and by postals, appealing through the latter to physicians in and about New York to consider the climatic conditions of the little hamlet as a place for brain rest for overworked patients.



16 Dramatic Mirror 24.
July 13-91

A SIASCONSET IDYL.

Slowly, very slowly, along the grassy bluff that overlooks the sea, a young man and a maid are walking. He is taller by a head than she, but you would hardly notice that—he stoops so to look into her eyes.

It is the close of a July afternoon, and they have before them a stretch of sand and a limitless sweep of blue, blue water. They are leaving the cottages behind them; mere dots, they seem, of brown and white and red.

They pause, and she seats herself, while he stretches his length at her feet. Then for long, the awe and the wonder of love upon them, they are silent. Light, violet clouds are drowning in the Western gold, and overhead a wandering voice "sings the day into the evening." The girl's eyes are very thoughtful, and always they gaze far out to sea.

Look! He raises himself upon one knee, and takes her hand. Now the girl's eyes meet his, frankly and without fear.

"I love you." All the life of his soul throbs through it, and the hand held captive trembles. Then a question is breathed in her ear, so softly even Echo could not hear it.

"I will." Suddenly, she bends forward and kisses him on the brow. "My knight," she murmurs, "my king!" Her words, the organ-roll of ocean and his low reply, mingling almost, make a tender fugue.

Here let us leave them, in the rich but quiet evening light; while for me—who have a poet's foolish fancy—the waves advance more eagerly upon the shore, lave it more lovingly, fall back more reluctantly.

ROBERT STODART.

Times Herald Chicago
June 30/91

IN OLD NANTUCKET.

TO CELEBRATE ITS CENTENNIAL

A Quaint and Historic New England Town That Clings to the Customs of Early Days—Its Appearance and Unique Characters.

NANTUCKET, Mass., June 29.—History allots only an inferior place to Bartholomew Gosnold among the adventurous discoverers to whose pluck and daring America is so deeply indebted. While the world sings the praises of Lief Ericson, Columbus, Vasco da Gama and Americus Vespulius, Gosnold must rest content with the limited encomiums of the local chronicler. His fame shines with rush-light faintness beside that of the Pilgrims who came to Plymouth in 1620; of the Cabots, who explored the Newfoundland coast and who claim to have discovered New England a century earlier; of Drake, who shared in the glories attaching to the discovery of California, and of Alexander McKenzie, who pushed through British Columbia to the Pacific in the closing years of the eighteenth century.

It was in 1602 that Gosnold, while cruising in the troubled waters south of Cape Cod, sighted Sankity Head, the highest point of land on the little Island of Nantucket. As dim tradition records this incident, the hot

rays of the sun had just "burned out" a heavy bank of fog, and as the sky and sea were thus clarified, a high sand bank was made out to the westward, rising, as it appeared, several hundred feet above the ocean's level. The sloping surface, reflecting back the piercing sunlight, presented the appearance of a wall of gold, whose dazzling refulgence almost blinded the intrepid but astonished navigator. Upon this historic spot now stands Sankity head light, whose intermittent flashes can be seen thirty miles out at sea, warning the daring mariner of his proximity to treacherous shoals and dangerous currents.



Street in Siasconset.

It readily appears that Gosnold was not very favorably impressed with the value or importance of his discovery, for we find no trace of any effort or attempt on his part to acquire possession. But he reported what he had seen to other nomads of the sea, and in time the news reached England, for Nantucket was included in the royal grant of lands to the Plymouth colony. The first individual title acquired was through letters patent issued by Lord Sterling to Thomas Mayhew. This was in 1641, or nearly forty years after Gosnold's discovery of Sankity. Mayhew entered into negotiations with the Indian tribes, and bought for "£5 and a beaver hat" some of the most valuable portions of the island. In 1659 he sold his patent and his title deeds to a sort of land syndicate for "the sum of £80 and two beaver hats."

The "promoter" of this scheme was Thomas Macy, who associated with him in the purchase Tristram Coffin, Richard Swaine, Peter Coffin, Stephen Greenleaf, William Pyle, Thomas Barnard, Christopher Hussey and John Swaine. Mayhew retained one share, and thus the island became the property of ten men, who were known as the original purchasers or proprietors. Every deed recorded in the county must, to be valid, run back without a single break or flaw to the Mayhew transfer.

Each of the original proprietors was permitted to name one "associate," who, upon certain terms and conditions, might acquire a portion of his land, the object being to induce colonists to settle on the island. The ten selected were Tristram Coffin, Jr., John Smith, Robert Pike, Robert Barnard, Thomas Coleman, Edward Starbuck, Nathaniel Starbuck, Thomas Look, James Coffin and Thomas Mayhew, Jr. These twenty men were sturdy Englishmen of what is commonly known as the lower middle class. They were farmers, tradesmen, fishermen and artisans. They established a community which has lived through many trying vicissitudes for over two centuries and which preserves and presents to-day many of the sterling qualities and queer characteristics of its founders.

The first town was incorporated in 1671. Two years later the name was changed from "Nantuckett" to Sherburne. Prior to this, or in 1661, the island had been detached from the jurisdiction of the Massachusetts Bay colony and placed under the control of the province of New York. In 1665 or 1686 a petition was sent to the Governor of New York praying for the erection of Sherburne into a town under the royal patronage and for the establishment of a form of government in harmony with the system prevailing in other portions of the province. In the records now in possession of the town clerk here there is a huge parchment about two and one-half feet square containing the governor's proclamation incorporating the town and appointing trustees and magistrates. The document bears date of 1687, with the signature of Governor Thomas Dongan, and the attestation of the clerk of the provincial privy council. It is remarkably well preserved.

In 1693 the island was transferred once more to the jurisdiction of Massachusetts upon petition of the colonists and settlers, most of whom had come from Salisbury, Salem, Boston and other sections of the bay state colony. In June, 1695, the county of Nantucket was incorporated, and just 100 years later the name of the town was changed from Sherburne to Nantucket. To properly commemorate these two important events in the history of the island, it is proposed to hold a mammoth celebration on July 9, 10 and 11, to which all Nantucketers and all descendants of Nantucketers, wherever they may be, are invited. The committee of citizens having the affair in charge intend to reproduce in miniature the habits, customs, industries, sports and achieve-

ments of the early settlers and their descendants, and to give a sort of panoramic picture illustrating, in outline, the varied history of the place. The whale fishing methods of the pioneers, the sheep shearing, the clam bakes with corn roasts, the boat racing and other characteristic diversions will be given as an historic background for the more modern amusements, such as baseball, band concerts, bicycling, military and civic parades and a general illumination.

When the white settlers secured a foothold on the island the Indian population numbered 1,500. There is not an Indian or the descendant of an Indian to-day within the jurisdiction of the county. In 1763 a plague or pestilence of the most virulent nature set in, and nearly 300 of the dusky denizens of the place succumbed to its deadly influence. Oddly enough not a single white person fell a victim to its ravages. In 1821 the last full-blooded Nantucket Indian died; and in 1855 the last half-breed went to the happy hunting grounds of his tribe. There is no record



A NANTUCKET CAP'N.

of any wars or violent encounters between the white settlers and the aboriginal population. The transfer of the land from savage to civilized ownership was accomplished by peaceable means. Whether the shrewd English pioneers dealt fairly and equitably with their dusky neighbors in these transactions, or whether they took advantage of their congenial simplicity, is not disclosed in the permanent archives of the town. That the noble red man occasionally chafed under the stringent ordinances passed by the trustees chosen under Dongan's proclamation is attested by a number of recorded petitions addressed to the great and general court at Boston for relief from real or fancied exactions and grievances. Cattle were seized and confiscated for trespass, and fines were imposed for other infractions of the rather rigid code framed by the white men for the protection of their property rights and franchises. The Indians protested that they were not cognizant of the existence of these regulations, but they were met by the rather dogmatic, and essentially English response, viz.: that ignorance of the law constituted no defense or justification, and so gradually the aborigines lost their lands and their property, and became virtually vassals of the newcomers; then they were decimated in numbers and reduced in stature and in physique, until finally they disappeared altogether as a tribe. This has been the common and unvarying fate of the New England Indian in his contact with Anglo-Saxon settlement and civilization.

Nantucket has the most homogeneous population to be found in any community of its size in the United States. Practically there are no foreigners here. A few Portuguese fishermen have settled in a cove down

by the harbor; perhaps there are half a dozen Irish families, and a little colony of negroes occupy dilapidated cottages among the sand banks up by the old windmill. The traders, the fishermen, the storekeepers, the owners and drivers of carriages, the proprietors of the soil, the landlords, the town officials, school teachers, doctors, lawyers and even the policemen or constables, are the direct descendants of the first settlers or of those who came here in the early colonial times.

An atmosphere of dullness and decay pervades the place. The streets in most of the thickly settled sections display a wealth of grass which properly belongs, but cannot be found, in many of the outlying stretches, where huge patches of sand glisten in the sun like bald spots on the arid and parched landscape. The dwelling houses which are unaccountably built in closely crowded groups are, for the most part, constructed of wood and shingled from foundation to ridge pole. They are of varying sizes from the low, squat shanty to the two-story structure with its long sloping roof and its "walk" or observatory on top. One cannot help feeling that the dimensions of these primitive dwellings were determined by the quantity of lumber which their builders could procure. There is a general family likeness in the houses, which is forced upon the mind of the tourist; but the absence of order or symmetry in location and design is a constant and unrelenting source of bewilderment. Large houses obscure and elbow out of view their smaller neighbors, and little houses obtrude themselves in a bumptious and self-assertive way among the larger and more pretentious structures. The feeling is forced upon you as you wander among the lanes and streets and alleys of the old town, and contemplate the quaint and queer architectural melange, that some giant juggler, in a bygone age, had shaken up a lot of secondhand houses in a huge dice box and thrown them into Nantucket there to find a permanent and abiding lodgment wherever the chances of the game might locate them.

Down by the wharves where once hundreds of whaling and trading ships crowded each other, and where masters and mates and sailors hurried and bustled and swore, the evidences of decay and dismantlement are



THE OLD WINDMILL.

everywhere present. Nantucket has no commerce. No ship ever sails from here or arrives from a foreign or domestic port. The whaling industry which flourished from 1710 to 1842, is absolutely dead. In 1730 twenty-five vessels were owned on the island and engaged in ocean whaling. In 1775, when the war of the revolution broke out, the number had increased to 150. These gave employment to over 2,000 men, and the yield in that year aggregated 30,000 barrels of sperm and 4,000 barrels of whale oil. The hardy and adventurous Nantucket whalers were familiar figures in every port on the Atlantic Ocean; their keels plowed the waters of almost every known sea. They carried their oil to Europe and the orient, and brought back rich cargoes of teas, silks, wines, fruits and other commodities which were hitherto unknown to the isolated inhabitants. Trade flourished; prosperity, thrift and peace everywhere abounded, and the population grew by leaps and bounds.

During the revolutionary war a number of Nantucket ships were seized by the British cruisers and confiscated. The hardy sons of the old English settlers enlisted freely in the continental armies and fought valiantly and bravely in the cause of American independence. Sixteen hundred able-bodied Nantucketers lost their lives in this struggle. Later, in the war of 1812, their whaling and trading fleets were again decimated by capture on the high seas. They had forty ships afloat when the declaration of war was issued. But even this last disastrous experi-



ence did not dampen their ardor or dwarf their spirit of enterprise. In 1820 they had a fleet of seventy-two whale ships besides a large number of brigs, schooners and sloops engaged in general trade, and twenty years later the number of whaling vessels reached eighty-six. Of course the population increased and decreased with the rise and decline of the shipping interests. In 1775 when the revolutionary war began there were 4,545 souls living in Nantucket. In 1784 the number was 4,270. When we take into account the loss of 1,600 men in the war, these figures show wonderful recuperative ability. The highest point was reached in 1840 when the census showed 9,712 inhabitants. The discovery of gold in California induced a large number of adventurous spirits to emigrate to the Pacific coast; then for some unknown reasons the stock of whales decreased, or they shifted their quarters, and lastly petroleum was discovered and the demand for whale oil decreased. These fortuitous circumstances killed the whaling industry of Nantucket and reduced the resident population to about 3,000 or 3,200, at which figure it stands to-day.

Nantucket Island is of irregular triangular form; it is sixteen miles long from the "cut-off" at Smith's Point on the west to Sankaty Head, and from four to five miles long. From the town to Sconset, or, as it is colloquially called, Sconset, the distance is about eight miles, over a slightly rolling sandy plain. A strip of land runs northward to Nauma, or Sandy Point, which affords a delightful view of the ocean and of Nantucket shoals. The harbor is extended for a stretch of six miles in this direction, and on its shores are the quaint settlements of Quaise, Pokomo, Polpis, Coataue and Wauwinet. What is known as the head of the harbor is separated from the ocean by a narrow sand bar called the "Haul-over," from the fact that boats of light draught can be brought over it, thus saving a long sail around Great Point. Three sides of the island are washed by the waves of the Atlantic Ocean, while on the other are the waters of Vineyard Sound. The proximity of the gulf stream makes the climate temperate at all seasons of the year. It is a fact that in several winters, among them the winter of 1894, a sufficient quantity of ice could not be procured from the numerous fresh water ponds to supply the wants of the population in summer. Last year the ice was not of sufficient thickness to allow harvesting. The climate here is wholly different from that prevailing in the rest of New England. It approximates quite closely to the climate of eastern Maryland. This is shown by the character and quality of the wild flowers that grow in both sections.

For several years the advantages and attractions of the island as a summer resort have drawn to its shores hundreds of tourists. Charles O'Connor, the famous New York lawyer, came here some fifteen years ago to spend a few weeks. He was so charmed with the place that he built a handsome residence on the cliff overlooking the bay and made it his permanent home. Before his death he left \$6,000 to clear off the town debt, besides donating several hundred valuable books to the library. His example in building on the cliff was followed by others, so that to-day there is a very fashionable settlement in that part of the town. The houses are of modern style and design, and they form a startling contrast, with their trim and smart appearance and rich green lawns, to the antiquated and decaying edifices that are huddled together in the neighborhood. From this hill a fine view of Vineyard Sound and of the waters of the harbor can be had. On the land side can be seen the old Jethro Coffin house, built in 1686, which is admitted to be the oldest house in Nantucket.

On the sandy hill, just south of the Coffin house, is the old windmill erected about the same time. Its tower-like trunk and long swinging arms stand out against the horizon like a sentinel on duty and constitute a picturesque link between the dim and distant past and the restless present. Farther out can be seen the birthplace of Abiah Folger,

who was the mother of Benjamin Franklin. Charles J. Folger, a former judge of the court of appeals in New York and secretary of the treasury in President Arthur's cabinet, was a lineal descendant of the Folger family of Nantucket.

The island is full of quaint and picturesque characters. The remarkable thing about most of these is their extraordinary longevity. I rode in a rude wagon, called by courtesy a stage, the other day, which had for its driver a man 92 years old. He is hale and hearty and as "spry" as a boy of 18. Another Jehu who is 74 drove me through the sand drives and rifts, and pointed out homes that were old when his grandfather was a boy. The tax collector, Captain Bill Starbuck, familiarly known as "Uncle Bill," was born in 1817. He is a direct descendant of Tristan Coffin, and also Edward Starbuck, two of the original settlers or prospectors. He is now engaged in compiling a most interesting and important genealogical history of the families of Nantucket. Down by the custom-house there is a daily conclave of old sea captains and whalers, not one of whom is under 70 years of age. The yarns they spin and the stories they tell of their adventures at sea would make a compiler of dime novels green with envy.

Then there is the town crier, or, to be more particular, there are three of them. These functionaries proclaim to the inhabitants the information that an auction is to take place, that a child is missing or that there has been a great fire in New York or Chicago. Armed with a bell and a rude, asthmatic fish horn, the crier makes his rounds and excites the wonder of the visitor. The keeper of the jail and house of correction is a unique character. He is a wiry old chap with a pair of very small eyes, a pair of very round shoulders and a pair of very thin legs. He wears a pair of trousers that were evidently designed for a much larger man. There was nobody in the jail when I called; there rarely is anybody there, for Nantucket is an orderly, peaceable community. There are no tramps on the island, and but little drunkenness. The jail is a curiosity. It is an old log hut, upon which an upper story has been built. The doors are of oak which must have been cut and fashioned into beams and planks about the time that Mayhew sold his land for "£80 and two beaver hats." It is a fact that a fine quality of oak was to be found on the island then, although it has all disappeared.

Over at "Sconset," as well as in the town, the summer visitors are numerous. Many handsome cottages have been built by New York, Boston, Philadelphia and western men who love quiet, enjoy the great sunbathing and have the leisure and the means to indulge their tastes. The old village, which was merely a collection of fishermen's huts at the beginning, is still standing; the newcomers have built upon the high bluffs overlooking the ocean, and there is no grander or more awe-inspiring view than can be had from their cottages, especially when a fierce southeasterly storm is raging.

In the town of Nantucket can be found a number of very good hotels, most of which are open only during the summer season, that is from July 1 to Sept. 1. A majority of these have been built within the past ten or fifteen years. There is only one first-class hostelry open during the entire year, and that is the Springfield House, which is as well known to the traveling public as the island itself. This establishment is composed of six different houses.

A journey from Boston to Nantucket takes the traveler over historic ground. Going by rail to Wood's Holl, on the easterly side of Buzzard's Bay, he passes through Quincy and Weymouth and Braintree, which were settled early in the seventeenth century by the pilgrims from Plymouth. Wareham, with its great oyster beds, and Onset, the home of the camp meeting, next engages his attention. At Bourne he branches off from the Cape Cod line of railway and runs for twenty miles along Buzzard's Bay, getting a good view of the President's summer home, the picturesque cottage of Joe Jefferson and the stately residence of the new secretary of state. At Wood's Holl he takes a steamer which runs across Vineyard Sound to Martha's Vineyard, affording as it passes a fine view of the group of Elizabeth Islands, where the first English spade was driven into New England soil. Leaving Cottage City the steamer passes Edgartown and Chappaquiddick Island, where the famous Cape Page lighthouse stands, and then leaves the land behind her and plunges boldly into the Atlantic Ocean. It is twenty-six miles from Cottage City to Nantucket and the run is usually made in two hours and a half. A more delightful and invigorating sail cannot be enjoyed on any portion of the New England coast.

than this. The element of peril which always lends a zest to sea voyages is usually supplied by an encounter with vicious seas or a dense fog. The boats are stout and sturdy craft, built with especial adaptation and fitness for such struggles, and the skippers know every inch of ocean and coast from Cuttyhunk to Nauma Head. So the liability to mishaps is minimized, and the comfort and security of the passengers are absolutely assured.

NANTUCKET'S BIG REUNION.

Three Days' Celebration July 9, 10, 11---
Big Procession, Features of Colonial
and Whaling Days and the Sheep
Shearing Festival---Glimpses of Ancient
and Modern Days.

The 200th anniversary of the incorporation of the county of Nantucket and the 100th anniversary of the change of the town's name from Sherburne to Nantucket will be fittingly and gloriously celebrated July 9, 10 and 11, and it is intended to make the occasion a grand reunion of as many Nantucketers and their descendants as can possibly be gotten together.

The county was not incorporated, nor was the name of the island changed, on any of these dates, but they are near enough for all practical purposes, and the discrepancy in time will not in the least interfere with the enjoyment.

There is one other historic event whose 100th anniversary falls within

this year, but whose celebration is not included in the events of July 9-11, and that is the organization of the old Nantucket bank, which was started in 1785, and robbed of \$22,000 the same year, not by any native criminals, of course, but by some coofs from the continent, is inhabitants of the mainland are properly designated.

Unique as well as elaborate will be the three days' celebration. For the last two or three months a committee of citizens has been hard at work perfecting the details. In the circular announcing the event the committee says it is proposed to "photograph upon the dial plate of our own time the peculiar characteristics of the island town and county, stretching far back into the mazes of two and a third centuries."

The dial plate is in readiness, and the committee will have the camera in position on the morning of July 9.

There will be a grand procession, such as Nantucket has never seen; and Washington st. Boston, on an election night will seem deserted, compared with Petticoat lane on that morning. On the floats will be a reproduction of the old Indian wigwam, of the squantum, or clambake, of the various features of the whaling industry, of the sheep-shearing festival and of whatsoever else is or has been peculiar to Nantucket. Excursions will be planned

to various points of interest on the island, and then of course there will be a grand banquet, with after dinner speeches and historical and genealogical essays and poems and all that. Guns will be fired and bells rung—they are always ringing bells in Nantucket anyhow—and there will be plenty of music by local and foreign talent, and bicycle races and a grand ball and all the other accouterments of a big celebration, and Billy Clark, the town crier, will be in his glory.

All this will happen during Christian Endeavor week in Boston, but that will not interfere with the arrangements or lessen the enthusiasm of the great event on "Scrap Island." Nantucketers have been too successful as sailors to be distinguished for piety, and when a rather famous book appeared a dozen

or 15 years ago, saying plainly that there is "no religion in Nantucket," no one thought of disputing or of taking offense at the statement.

Brave, upright, conscientious, generous, kindly, the Nantucketers are, but not pious. And come to think of it, how could they be so very pious, descended as they are from ancestors who, chafing under the galling restraints of Puritan rule in Massachusetts, left the mainland for Nantucket, which was then part of New York? They went away to avoid being compelled to worship God according to the dictates of other peoples' conscience, and so much did they appreciate the liberty of their island home that nearly half a century elapsed before it was found necessary to build a church. This first meeting house was erected by the society of Friends about 1704, but long before that there were four Indian churches, and

nearly all the red men were nominal Christians.

For two centuries the Quaker influence predominated on the island. Then it began to wane, and now there are only three real Quakers among the permanent inhabitants, two of them being Gurneyites and one a Hicksite. Meetings are held still—very still, and sometimes the spirit moves.

Here is a brief contribution to the unwritten religious history of Nantucket, vouchsafed to The Globe man by an islander one day last week:

"Except when I've been at sea I've lived in Nantucket all my life. I've seen the population grow from 6000 to nearly 10,000, and then gradually fall back to about 3000, where it is now. Most of the churches in town were built during the days of Nantucket's prosperity, and that's why they're so large. I suppose all the congregations could be got into one church without any uncomfortable crowding, although most of the church goers are women. I don't believe you could find more than a dozen men in Nantucket who go to church regularly, and it would be money in their pocket if the five or six different denominations would unite. We are not a godless people, or atheists, or anything like that—we just don't go to church, that's all.

"They tell a story about the first ringing of the Portuguese bell in the South church, Dec. 18, 1815, to celebrate the birth of an islander. Some one asked why the bell wasn't rung a week later also to celebrate the birth of Christ, and got the reply from an old whaling captain, 'I don't see that what hap-

pened in Judea 2000 years ago has anything to do with Nantucket.' But as I said, we are not irreligious, we are simply unreligious. You know it's hard for a really good sailor to be a devout Christian.

"Salvation army in Nantucket? Never sighted any such craft here. I'm afraid it wouldn't find wind enough to fill its sails in these waters. Besides we haven't any real slums in Nantucket—too much sand here for that."

And the islander was right. "Sans everything" in Nantucket, as Shakespeare says. It was surely there that,

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Were walking close at hand,
And wept like anything to see
Such quantities of sand.

It served as ever—

wind blows—and when doesn't the wind blow across the little island? Not the land breeze, for there isn't enough land there to make one, but the sea winds that sweep unobstructed from the torrid zone or from the coasts of Portugal.

But if the Nantucketers have not been religious enthusiasts, they have had some rather famous men for preachers. There was John S. C. Abbott, the historian, who supplied the





POINTING TO THE ANCIENT CEMETERY



WM. BAXTER THE OLDEST CAPT. ON THE ISLAND AND HIS PET

CAPT. JOE. CLAPP
THE COLLECTOR OF THE PORTCAPT. WIER
THE PRES. OF THE PACIFIC CLUB

J.W. FOLGER THE BACHELOR ARTIST



SCONSETT FISHERMEN

pulpit of the First Congregational church for a number of years. Henry Giles, a celebrated Unitarian divine in his day, George H. Hepworth, who was ordained in Nantucket. L. K. Washburn, and one or two others of less note have been settled on the island. They were not, however, natives, but coofo from the continent.

The list of distinguished islanders is not such a very long one, but it contains a few names that are more or less immortal. At the head of the list stands that of Benjamin Franklin, who, although he was born in Boston, was really a native of Nantucket, his mother having removed from the island to the Hub two or three months before his birth. Her name was Abiah Folger, and her father was the ancestor of Charles James Folger, secretary of the

treasury in Pres. Arthur's administration. Sec Folger was born in Nantucket in an old house that stood on Orange st.

One of Sec Folger's ancestors or relatives was Walter Folger, whom every islander honors as the brainiest man who ever made Nantucket his home. He was a doctor, a lawyer, chief justice of the court of sessions, member of both branches of the state legislature, and for four years a member of congress. Besides this, he was a surveyor and astronomer. He made a tele-

scope in 1821, grinding his own lenses, which were of such power that his astronomical discoveries became known all over the world. The telescope, which is now in the museum of the Athenaeum, is one of the curiosities of science. The Folgers have always been a remarkable race, and seem to have retained through the generations the characteristics ascribed to them in the famous verses written by Phineas Fanning, a young lawyer of the last century:

The Rays and Russells coopers are;
The knowing Folgers, lazy;
A lying Coleman very rare,
And scarce a learned Hussey.

The Coffins noisy, fractious, loud,
The silent Gardners blooding.
The Mitchells good, the Barkers proud,
The Macys eat the pudding.

The Swains are clownish called,
The Barnards very civil,
The Starbucks they are loud to bawl,
The Pinkhams beat the devil!

Every Nantucketer knows these verses by heart, and they are repeated with many variations, and often with omissions. The names of all the well-known Nantucket families are not included, for no mention is made of

Rotch, the ancestor of the New Bedford Rotches. He was one of the successful merchants of the last century.

Lucretia Coffin Mott, the philanthropist and Quaker preacher, was perhaps the most celebrated of the prolific Coffin family. She was a Folger on her mother's side, and the Coffins and the Folgers and the Gardners were always marrying one another, and Coffin blood is found everywhere. "My name is Jones or Smith or Brown," a Nantuck-

eter will say, "but I'm Coffin on both sides of the house." Lucretia Mott was a real Coffin. She was born on Fair st, Nantucket, her parents removing to Boston when she was 11 years old.

Phoebe A. Hanaford, poet and author, lecturer and pastor of Universalist churches in Hingham, Mass, New Haven and Jersey City, was born in Sconset. Both her parents were direct descendants of Tristram Coffin and Pete Folger, so that she was one of the real blue bloods of the island.

One other woman, more celebrated than either of the two just mentioned was born in Nantucket. Every one has heard of Maria Mitchell, the astronomer, and of her discovery in 1847 of the comet which bears her name. Both her father and her brother share in the fame of the Mitchell family.

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Her brother, Henry Mitchell, an assistant in the coast survey and author of "The Tide Currents of Hell Gate," makes Nantucket his home in summer. There are a good many other famous men in whose veins is more or less Nantucket blood. John Greenleaf Whittier was related to that branch of the Greenleaf family which was descended from Stephen Greenleaf, one of the original purchasers of Nantucket. Ex-Congressman William Everett of Quincy, Rev. Dr. Alexander McKenzie of Cambridge and Charles Carleton Coffin are all related to Nantucket families.

When the Nantucketers who have been away from home for a good many years return next month, they will find some melancholy changes. The first thing to meet their eye on approaching the wharf will be the old warehouses—mausoleums of a dead and buried commercial prosperity. The summer boarder has taken the place of the whale. The old order of things underwent a rapid and total change in the decay of the whale fisheries, about 1848. The men and boys of Nantucket sought voyages from foreign ports and in many cases married and raised their families there as well. California absorbed a great many, and the war drew away almost all that was left of the young manhood of Nantucket. The girls no longer found admirers or husbands among their own kindred, for the intermarriages of two centuries had made the whole island cousins, and it had become necessary to specify an individual as "Paul's Hannah," or "Zimri's Ned," the family names being so universal as to convey no distinctions of persons. The choice seemed to be to establish a new community, like St Ursula's 11,000 virgins, or to abrogate the unwritten law which since the settlement of the island had forbidden a highcaste Nantucket maiden to marry a coof, no matter how respectable. The Nantucket maidens chose the latter alternative whenever it was possible.

"Are there more girls than boys in Nantucket today?" the writer asked of a pleasant-faced shop girl—only they are not "shop girls" in Nantucket, they are clerks.

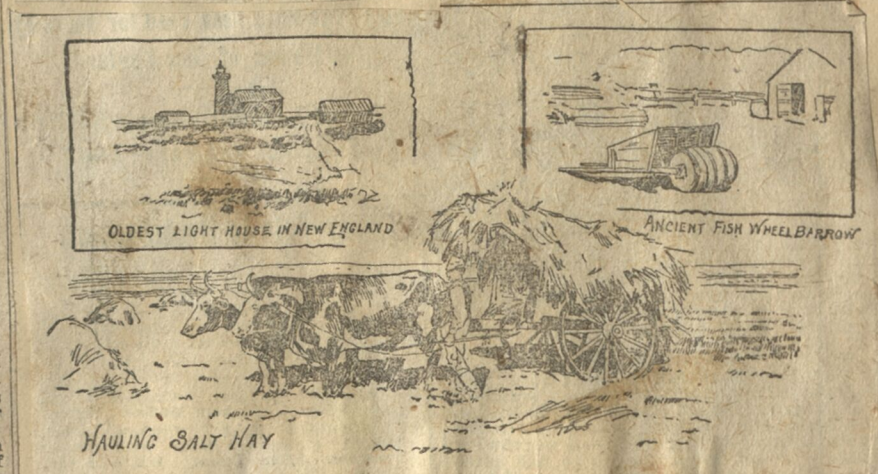
"About six to one," was the answer. "Sometimes, not very often, a summer visitor will take one away with him and marry her, but that's a rare occurrence."

The visitors next month will find the captain's room about as it was years ago, only many of the familiar faces will be missing. Five or six of the 19 surviving whaling captains in Nantucket still frequent the captain's room and spin their yarns as of old. James Wyer, the president of the Pacific club, as the captains' organization is called, has around him still Obed Swain, Charles Grant, Thaddeus C. Defriez and William H. Tice.

These are the frequenters of the captain's room in the custom house, and

here Collector Clapp sits with them when the duties of his office permit. He, too, is an old salt, but has been collector of the port of Nantucket since the latter part of Cleveland's first term. By some mysterious dispensation of providence he held on to his office and his \$300 a year during the Harrison administration. Ships from foreign parts seldom visit Nantucket, and so Collector Clapp doesn't often get a chance to collect anything but his salary.

The other surviving whaling captains are: William Baxter, 93 years old, who is now a teamster; Obed R. Bunker, Edward B. Hussey, Edward B. Coffin, James F. Brown, Samuel Harris, William M. Eldredge, John Murray, William T. Swain, Nathan Manter, Charles H. Rule, William Jernegan, Reuben R. Hobbs and Barillai Luce. Any one of them could tell stories of the deep that would make Clark Russell's writings seem as tame as Sunday school books.



Among the other institutions of Nantucket which old natives of the island will find on their return are the jail and house of correction. The former has been repaired, and the sheep no longer get in and annoy the prisoners. In fact there are no inmates of the jail now.

"Is there any one in the house of correction?" the writer asked the jailer's wife. "Yes," she said, with that inborn coyness peculiar to Nantucketers, "there is one lady—one woman; I mean, 75 years old. Put in for disorderly conduct. And another young woman about 45. Same offense." Two murders have been committed on the island, the last one 35 or 40 years ago, when Patience Cooper, a negress, killed Phoebe Fuller with a bone fid, whatever that is. Patience was sentenced to the house of correction, where she had a very pleasant time until she died. The said she

made herself quite useful in the jailer's household, and her death was sincerely mourned.

The returning prodigal sons and daughters of Nantucket will find the old windmill, with its Portuguese owner, just as it was years ago, only a little more wheezy and creaky; and the dauphin, and the oldest house, Jethro Coffin's or somebody else's, and Mrs McCleave's museum, and Mrs McCann's boarding house, and the most impressive dwelling house in town—the almshouse, large and palatial—and the railroad to Scunset, which used to run with such an ample and noble disregard of schedule time, and Billy Clark, town crier and newsman consolidated, blowing his fish horn and hawking in a jabberwocky tongue his papers on the streets, and the old Friends' meeting-house on Fair st. which has been

turned into the headquarters of the Nantucket historical association, a young and enterprising society—and all the other landmarks.

These Nantucket institutions will all receive their share of attention during celebration week, but the returning islanders will miss the last survivor of the ill-fated Essex, which was wrecked by a whale; the voracious captain who brought into the port of Nantucket 40,000 barrels of oil; the other who lived for months among the cannibals, and the other who accompanied Napoleon on his voyage to St Helena. They have all gone where all but 19 of the Nantucket whaling captains now are—in the cemetery.

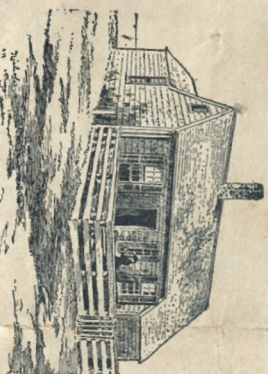
The next 40 years will doubtless witness more changes on the island than the last four decades have seen, for nearly all the inhabitants have become infected with the summer boarder bacillus, and soon all things will be brought to a dead, monotonous, cosmopolitan level. Charles O'Connor, the great lawyer, was the first to discover Nantucket as a health resort. He built an imposing house there and lived on the island all the year round. The climate, which bears a striking likeness to that of the shore of Maryland, is made very even throughout the year by the nearness of the gulf stream, which sweeps along the southern shore, and the average temperature in summer is about 10° lower than that of the same latitude on the mainland, and about 10° higher in winter. To spend a summer at Nantucket is almost the same as making a sea voyage, except that you never get anywhere. The wild flowers of the island are not the same as those of New England, but are almost identical with those of Maryland, and many kinds of vegetables could be raised with profit, if the inhabitants were inclined to gardening.

These agricultural possibilities, together with the climatic advantages of Nantucket, seem destined to work great changes on the island in the near future. Some New Yorkers are discussing

the feasibility of erecting an enormous winter hotel, constructing a new pier and establishing regular and direct steamboat connections with the metropolis, making the island a winter as well as a summer resort. If that is done, the "photograph upon the dial plate of our own time," which is to be taken July 9-11, will soon be all that is left of old Nantucket.

FURNISHED SEASIDE COTTAGES,

AT SIASCONSET, NANTUCKET.



AN ANCIENT 'SCONSET COTTAGE.

Fifty miles out in the ocean, one can have all the benefits and none of the discomforts of a sea voyage.

Life is undisturbed by the clank of machinery, the creak of ship's timbers or the roll of the vessel.

No fear of drifting on land in darkness or in fog, or being driven on a lee shore in gales.

Cool and quiet by night and by day 'SCONSET is a haven of rest for brain workers and tired out business men, and is a natural sanitarium for those suffering from nervous exhaustion, hay fever or malaria.

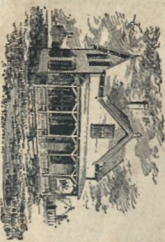
It is a paradise for children.



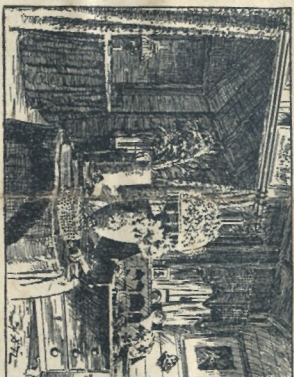
Laziness drifts into sleep and sleep awakens into laziness; so gradual is the change, it is hard to tell where one ends and the other begins.

The most restful climate for invalids and convalescents.

Influenced by the tonic properties of the ocean air extinct appetites are born again and manifest aggressive activity. It is not unusual for an invalid to gain 25 to 40 pounds during a season.



UNDERHILL,



NANTUCKET is the island of long lives. More than half of its people live to from 70 to 100 years. The average duration of life is 64 years, nearly double that in any other part of the world. 'SCONSET is its most wholesome spot.

Life is passed basking in the sun, on the grass, or on the beach, resting in hammocks or under awnings, riding or sauntering over moors redolent with a perfume of wild flowers, fishing, or playing the current outdoor games, viewing the gorgeous sunsets or the ocean in sunshine or in storm, laving in surf of a uniform temperature of 70 degrees in July and August, while the average highest of the air is from 68 to 70.

Picturesque cottages with six to nine rooms fully furnished are to let there at from \$90 to \$175 for the season.

If you want to know anything more about 'SCONSET write for a circular, containing a brief history of the place with maps, views and ground plans of the houses.

108 Fulton Street,
New York.



Being Demolished.

Another of the noble vessels which formed a part of the fleet which was New Bedford's glory and pride in the pristine days of the whale fishery, is being broken up, and in a short time will have proved a victim to the changed conditions which make it less expensive to build new vessels elsewhere than to make extensive repairs at this port on old craft.

At Wilcox's wharf, just north of the bridge, ship Jireh Perry is being broken up, and what remains of this craft will be towed to Pope's Island, where the work of demolition will be completed.

Schooner Antarctic, after being dismantled, has already been towed to the island, and will share the same fate.

Each of these vessels is sound in the bottom, and if they had been in their present condition 30 years ago, would have been repaired, given a new lease of life, and made to do good service for a long term of years. In these days it is found more profitable if the services of a vessel is required to build new, on modern lines, than to re-top the old craft. Each of the vessels could be repaired, and be made serviceable for years as barges, but for the fact that they draw too much water in proportion to their carrying capacity.

These old vessels which line our wharves are links which bind the hustling, driving, manufacturing New Bedford of today to the maritime city of the past which carried the American flag to every sea, supported and enriched its population, and accumulated vast fortunes through the hardihood and industry of its citizens, in a calling peculiarly its own, and in a field where it had little or no opposition. Our older residents who were identified with the whale fishery in those halcyon days are pardonable if they invest these old hulks with a sentimentality that they do not possess for the younger portion of the population, and if they express deep felt regret at their disappearance.

There is little of the debris that lines the wharves or shores where the old hulks are torn to pieces that does not possess some value, or that is not found useful for some purpose. The sheathing boards which look about as worthless as anything can look, are in constant demand, and command almost fabulous prices for burning in open fire places, where they produce flames of many colors, blending in handsome effects that have defied art to produce. Every scrap of iron and copper is almost religiously preserved, and even the old oakum in the joints is found of enough value to collect. Such of the planking as is sound finds a ready market. Much of it is used in the repairs of the wharves, and considerable of it is used for stable floors and in other building construction. The cabin fittings usually sooner or later find their way into other vessels undergoing overhauling, and the time when every vestige of an old craft will have disappeared is always far in the future —

[New Bedford Standard.]

SIASCONSETT.

Effect of the Sad Sea Waves on Humorist Munkittrick.

[Special Correspondence.]

SIASCONSETT-IN-THE-SEA, Aug. 4.—The summer wave is again booming sonorously upon the boundless shore of time, and the summer girl decorates and embroiders it with her lithe and willowy beauty as she does at no other places here in dear old Siasconsett-in-the-Sea, the realm of murmurous breezes, whose crisp whiskers, so to speak, put a crown of ice cream upon the fevered brow of care and cause the toiler in search of rest and happiness to lie upon the great patches of sweet uncanned beach plum and to kick his heels in the air in an ecstasy of gilt edged forgetfulness.

Mr. Underhill's French poodle is thankful that the wind is tempered to his bow or unshorn end, for he is all wool at the bowsprit, while aft his hair is so short that he cannot navigate himself properly while capering along, and therefore shows the great long headedness of his breed by carrying a walking stick in his mouth like a balancing pole. His temperature is naturally higher at the woolly than at the shaven end, and the dog is probably happy in the knowledge of the fact that he ends better than he begins. It is the opinion of a noted specialist here that, the dog's temperature being 2 degrees above normal at the woolly end and 2 below at the shaven terminus, a natural average is struck and maintained throughout the entire dog.

I cannot see that there is any great change in 'Sconsett since last year. The skies are the same old twinkling blue, the clouds are as white and the billows as musical as of yore. The girls who go there every year look younger than they did last year, and last year they looked younger than they did the year before. That is all because Siasconsett-in-the-Sea enables one to renew one's youth. Perhaps the old town pump, in whose trough the grocer gives his salt mackerel a swim before retiring for the night, is the fountain perpetual of youth for which Ponce de Leon searched in vain. The whale stories which are told every year by the romancer who sits on the barrel at Wally Brown's are still fresh, although they have been told for 20 years. I heard some of them the other day for, perhaps, the fiftieth time, and they are still full of ocean spray.

Siasconsett-in-the-Sea is becoming an ideal place for bicycling, and there is scarcely a moment of the day that the wheels are not spinning merrily along over the A1 macadamized road which connects Siasconsett with Nantucket and makes them Siamese twins. This is a state road, and the island may well feel proud of it. It is to the island what the Grand canal is to Venice, and a drive over it through the bracing breezes of the thunderous sea is one of the delights that cling even unto a lost or mislaid memory. It is next to the solarium, where the bathers lie and roast after the dip while the sun bastes them and does them to a turn.

The railroad is again running, or perhaps it would be more correct to say it is walking, because it only runs behind time and into debt. This is the great humorous feature of the island, and stout men patronize it to shake off fat and to save the price of pepsin in aiding digestion. It goes so slow that the loco-

motive is supposed to be suffering from cirrhosis of the liver.

Siasconsett is pretty well filled by appreciative people. In fact, I never knew people to be so appreciative of anything else as they are of Siasconsett. They may not appreciate Italian opera, French cooking or German measles, but they do appreciate Siasconsett, and that is why the place owns them so completely that they are always ready to return. One man down here comes with the blossoms annually and leaves after he has mantled the Christmas goose with his vest, and when he goes back to Detroit in the winter he looks at Siasconsett photographs, which are also pictures of the heart, and hears the music of the sea and the bell of the town crier, and he sees the daisies and goldenrod nod in the wind, and then counts on his fingers the days that must pass before it is time to pack the trunks and the red setter to go back. And I am just as confirmed a Siasconsetter as he is. And now that I am here I will enjoy it as much in reality as I shall next winter when I sit before the blazing logs and read the book of Nantucket songs, whose words are set to the ever lively music of the sea. So my bathing suit instantanly I will don, and then I'll canter to the shore to dive head first into the sea, and I'll ride upon the billow like the bluebird in the willow till the dinner bell comes tinkling o'er the lea.

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LIKE A VOYAGE AT SEA

WONDERFUL STORIES ABOUT THE HEALTHFULNESS OF SCONSET.

Town on Nantucket Island Where Broken-Down Men and Women Are Made as Good as New—Ideal Family Resort—Hay Fever Has Not Found the Way There—People Live in Cottages Built in Imitation of the Huts of the Native Fishermen.

SIASCONSET, Mass., Aug. 26.—Out on the far side of Nantucket Island, built on a bluff, between which and the Old World is nothing but a narrow strip of white sand and 4,000 or 5,000 miles of deep blue sea, is Siasconset, which everybody who knows the place calls Sconset. It is a Summer town. When October has come and gone there are about a dozen families left in the place. They eat up in the Winter what they have earned selling fish, vegetables, milk, eggs, and chickens to the Summer population.

Nobody was ever known to speak ill of the place. It has been a sort of paradise to many a used-up man and woman. It has taken them in all nerves and debility, and has sent them home strong and well. It has filled their lungs with fresh air, toned up their systems, made them eat and sleep, and has given them new leases of life. It is an ideal family resort. Mothers turn their children loose as soon as they get into the town, and they stay loose till the time comes for going home, the only restraint put on them being that they must report three times a day for meals, and be in bed as early as 9 o'clock at night.

It is destined to be a great resort for persons who suffer from hay fever. Nobody has hay fever in Sconset. If a person who is subject to hay fever knows the day in the year when his ailment regularly attacks him and plans to be in Sconset on that day, he will be free of his enemy so long as he shall remain here. In some cases the visit here secures immunity for the entire season.

It is easy to understand why Sconset is such a wonderful health resort. A month here is pretty near the same thing as a month's cruise at sea. All the air comes from the ocean, no matter which way the wind may blow. There isn't enough land in Nantucket Island to affect the atmosphere of the place to an appreciable degree.

Another thing that conduces to health is the sensible life of the place. (The hotel business here is of no account.) There are two hotels, but this year only one is open. Almost everybody is a cottager. The greater part of the town is made up of cottages built to rent. These cottages are rented furnished, everything necessary for housekeeping being provided, including table linen, bed linen, and plate for the table. When a family comes here for the season, its trunks contain only such things as would be carried if the family were going to a farmhouse to take board. Nobody brings fine clothes. The dress of the place is as simple as could be imagined.

There are no entertainments except now and then informal tea parties and whist parties. There is no such thing as an amusement hall. When the young people want to dance they have to go down to

them. The nearest approach to excitement is found in the church services. These services are held in what is called "Union Chapel." Nobody knows until Saturday what sort of minister will conduct the services the succeeding Sunday. There were two meetings last Sunday—a Catholic mass early in the morning and an Episcopal service later in the forenoon. A Baptist may fill the pulpit next Sunday, or a Unitarian, or a Universalist. Nobody seems to care much what sort of religion is unfolded in the Union Chapel.

"How do you account for it?" somebody asked one of the old residents.

"Easy enough," the man replied; "nobody bothers himself much about the future in this place. Nobody longs for heaven as long as he can have Sconset."

The event in the day that stirs the town to life is the arrival of the afternoon mail. It comes up from Nantucket by train over the Nantucket Central Railroad. Edwin F. Underhill, stenographer of the Surrogate's Court of New-York, three or four years ago gave the readers of THE NEW-YORK TIMES a most amusing account of the operations of this railroad. Since that account was printed the road has been improved somewhat, and it now manages to perform a good deal of work in a pretty fair way, taking in consideration the meagreness of its equipment. The road is eight miles long and the train, made up of two "yeller" cars, is drawn from one end to the other by a cunning little teakettle of an engine in the space of forty-five minutes. Nobody who rides on the train finds fault with it for not going faster. Slow and sure is a good rule by which to run a train on the Nantucket Central Railroad. Moreover, there is a degree of appropriateness in approaching Sconset at a five-minute gait, which might not be affirmed in the case of a train like the Empire State express.

Everybody bathes, and the bathing hour is from 11 o'clock until noon. There are a few bathing houses on the beach, but the cottagers turn up their noses at bathing houses, preferring to make their two toilets in their own homes. Standing on the bluff in the bathing house, one may see the cottagers wending their way toward the beach, men, women, and children, all in bathing suits, ready to plunge into the surf. The newcomer is apt to shrink from falling in with this custom of the place, but soon gets over it. The bathing is fine. Persons familiar with the beaches up and down the New-England coast say the water here is much warmer and pleasanter to bathe in than the water at any other resort they have visited. Sometimes the waves come strong and knock the bathers about considerably, but ordinarily the sea is very quiet. One important feature of the beach is that there is no undertow. Bathing here is said to be safe. Children go into the surf unattended.

Most of the Sconset cottages are modeled after the houses the fishermen lived in before Sconset became a health resort. They are one-story buildings, full of freaks in the shape of additions. When the fisherman built his house he built it for two. He added to the original structure as his family grew, and always added on the ground. He seemed, too, to despise regularity. If the original house had a ten-foot post, the first addition would have an eight-foot post, the next a nine-foot post, and so on. There seemed also to be a liking in Sconset for acute and obtuse angles; and so, after a fisherman had been married for twenty-five or thirty years and had raised a family of fifteen or twenty children, the ground plan of his house, which of necessity he had enlarged three or four times, would be a marvel.

No doubt they were a whimsical lot who first came to Sconset to make their Summer homes here. They built cottages to match the fishermen's huts, and dropped them down anywhere and everywhere. When one goes through a certain portion of the town he finds it impossible, in most cases, to tell which are the old houses of the natives and which have been built by Summer visitors. They are scattered about helter-skelter. Naturally, the streets are short and crooked. There are streets not over 50 feet long. In the old part of the town there is no street through which anybody but a cross-eyed person can look from end to end.

The surprising thing about the rentable cottages built in imitation of the fishermen's huts is the amount of room they contain, in spite of their small dimensions, and the amount of comfort they afford to their occupants. They contain ordinarily a parlor, dining room, kitchen, and from three to eight bedrooms. Sometimes there are bedrooms under the roof, reached by ladders hung to the sides of the parlors, which are neatly stowed away when not in use. These cottages are rented at reasonable rates, and the most of them are taken by persons of moderate means.

Among those who have been here this season are the following:

New-York—Henry W. Riddell, A. G. Davis, Mrs. George Emerson Armstrong, W. C. Beer, Mrs. M. A. Saunders, Dr. Carlos F. MacDonald, Capt. Knight Neffelt, Dr. S. M. Roberts, Mrs. John A. Mather, William J. J. ager, William M. Harrett, John H. V. Arnold, Mrs. Louise L. Furniss, Charles Angell, Dr. Mary A. Mann, L. A. Nutting, E. F. Underhill, Mrs. Church, and Miss Cunningham.

Brooklyn—John G. Grout.
Boston—F. P. Galvin, Charles Rich, George F. Mitchell, Charles H. Davis, George A. Sawyer, W. A. Wood, C. A. Metcalf, and C. F. White.
Philadelphia—T. M. Mitchell, Dr. C. A. Oliver, Dr. Harrison Allen, Mrs. H. B. Sharp, Mrs. A. H. Nelson, T. H. Nevins, and G. H. Dington.

Detroit—H. K. White, A. E. F. White, W. J. Chittenden, George Jerome, and Mrs. E. W. Rice.

Albany—Goodwin Brown.
Jersey City—James F. Crandell.
Buffalo—A. C. Egan.

Washington—William Ballentyne and Mrs. Jeanette Jennings.

Morristown, N. J.—Gustav Gobbe.
Summit, N. J.—K. K. Munkittrick and R. W. Rickard.

Newark, N. J.—W. W. Hurd and Mr. Keal.
Paterson, N. J.—G. L. Catlin.

St. Louis—M. Rumsey.
Providence, R. I.—Joseph Belcher.

Waterbury, Conn.—J. W. Smith.
Ithaca—Prof. E. G. Wilder.

Rochester—W. W. Webb.
Baltimore—Dr. Henry Chandlee.

A good many of these persons will leave numbers of their families here through the month of September, which is said to be a delightful month in Sconset. There are many persons here under instructions from their physicians to remain until cold weather. New-York physicians of prominence often send patients here. Dr. Allen McLane Hamilton has authorized the statement that he knows the climatic conditions of Sconset to be specially favorable to the recovery of persons suffering from nervous disability.

AUG 23 1896

Letter from Nantucket.

DROWSING, dreaming in the summer ocean, old Nantucket lies with outstretched arms, overcome with heat like the rest of creation. The traveler who, lured by the recollection of the cool, invigorating breezes of other years, wearily packs and journeys hither is bitterly disappointed, for he finds little relief. But he gets the beautiful journey, the Sound breeze, and the sail from New Bedford to Nantucket, which must be in all weathers a delight. But he finds sleepy old Nantucket sleepier than ever; and about all he can do is to patiently wait for that "cool wave" we have all so long looked forward to.

Nantucketers say that the mercury has never gone so high in years as during this summer, when it has reached 86 degrees in the shade. As a compensation, however, it seems the bathing has been unusually fine, the temperature of the water being just right. And one who knows says the beach here is an ideal one for teaching swimming. On the north shore there is no surf, and a long stone jetty makes a good, safe diving place. For the construction of this jetty Connecticut gives up stone which she can well spare, and the Government is at great expense slowly improving the harbor.

Sky and sea have their wonted and wonderful charm this year, but we miss the tonic effect of other years, showing how much temperature has to do with feeling, mental or physical.

A trip to Wanwinet in the catboat "Lilian" is a good thing this warm August 13th, though we find the boat a little too full for comfort. There is wind enough for sailing, and the captain has enough to do to take care of the heads of some of his party who are not used to the shifting boom. The novice who thinks sailing means unfurling the sail and letting it alone for the wind to work makes a mistake, for the captain has not only his craft but his passengers to manage. This one we thought did remarkably well. When complimented on his skill in bringing up the boat so gracefully to her right niche in the dock he said: "She knows about where to go herself." Indeed, it would seem as if an electric current existed between the brain of the captain and every fibre of his boat, so readily is his bidding obeyed. And the old captains, sun-browned and weather-roughened, are a fine looking, interesting set of men, quaint, kind and intelligent, and sound-money men all of them.

Wanwinet is a little collection of cottages midway up the eastern horn of the crescent-shaped island. The bar is perhaps an eighth of a mile wide, and a short walk through the sandy grass brings you to the surf, a very moderate one; for a grander display you must go to Seonset or Surfside.

The streets of Nantucket are well shaded by gloomy old trees, and are comparatively cool and quiet. They offer many attractions to the tourist with a taste leaning to antiquity. There is the musty old museum presided over by the same ex-whaleman, who, besides his prescribed explanation of his stock, will give you a little of his personal experience if judiciously questioned. He has a resigned, mournful air, as having gone through many hardships, as you inadvertently find out. There are shops of antiques and bric-a-brac. Strolling one hot morning through Federal street I noticed the sign "Antiques," and seeing a door slightly ajar I timidly looked in. An exquisitely clean, half-darkened room, cool and absolutely quiet, filled with well preserved old furniture, and

with no sign of any inmate, met my reverent gaze. There were Chippendales and solid woods, brasses well polished, ancient china, and all things of past generations. It was like turning back leaves of history. One seemed face to face with the past. A loud voice, or a touch of one of those refined old articles, would have seemed sacrilege. If a longer purse had enabled me to carry off some of the tables or secretaries I should have felt almost guilty, so freighted with and solemnized by old memories and imaginations they are. Where, now, are the fingers that pulled at those old drawers or wrote at those old desks, and the figures that sat round those slender-legged tables!

These precious things were not left quite unguarded, for a sound purposely made soon brought from an inner room one, and then another, lady of the present, both gentle and refined enough looking to match the treasures they guarded. Most Nantucket ladies, by the way, have a repose of manner that quite befits their residence.

Nature is ever fresh and joyous, and sky and sun at Nantucket are full of cheer. But the town itself impresses—I had almost said oppresses—the traveller very much as an old-fashioned, tightly closed, musty country parlor affects a child who goes into it from the joyous hot sunshine. It is funereal—the little one may go there for coolness, but he gladly goes out to the sunshine, to life and action. Over the whole town rests the past like a filmy pall, not detected but felt. Nantucket cherishes her past, the mould out of which grows her present, a somewhat scanty vegetation. And yet Nantucket is progressive, is well lighted with gas and electricity, has a summer railroad and a good water supply. There is an absence of fresh young life and energy, for her young men and maidens leave her for broader fields. In the past she has given to the world many bright men and women, and she is justly proud of them.

The great material need of Nantucket to-day is a good system of sewerage that will utilize and keep on the island all that is brought to it, and at the same time preserve the purity of the atmosphere, which is now really menaced.

The town-crier is still a feature of Nantucket life, the most energetic man to be met. Ringing his bell or sounding his horn to arrest attention, he tersely and briskly announces his news. One can readily imagine how his words were received in an age when that was the only means of advertisement. This morning he announced a large excursion and the coming of the college singers, adding: "There will be a great time."

V. V. W.

NANTUCKET, Aug. 14th, 1896.

AUG 23 1896

WHERE CURFEW STILL RINGS

Old Customs Elsewhere Forgotten Survive
in Quaint Nantucket.

A TOWN CRIER WHO STUTTERS

Perambulates the Streets With a
Bell and Stammers Forth the
News—Rut-Roads and Queer
Little Hamlets—The
Old Aristocracy.

Nantucket, Aug. 18.—This island is radically unlike any other summer resort in the United States. The natives

are an exclusive class of people who recognize no "older families" than their own.

The true Nantucketer will have nothing to do with the summer vandal who does not respect the customs which have been the law of the land since times colonial. It matters not to the "vandal" that the curfew rings each night at nine o'clock to warn the wayfarer indoors and to his bed, but the natives fly to their homes on the first stroke of the bell, and at five minutes past nine the streets are left in the possession of the interlopers.

At seven a. m. the same bell rouses them from slumber, for these Nantucketers like to sleep and there is nothing else to do. About a fortnight ago some thing happened to this bell, and for the first time in fifty years it failed to ring, but the damage has since been repaired. At noon the bell rings again and then occurs the event of the day. It is the continuation of an old custom which most people imagine has gone entirely out of use, but it is kept up in Nantucket as religiously as the ringing of the curfew.

The event of interest each day is the approach of the town crier.

Nowhere else in the United States is there such a personage in existence. But Nantucket's herald is unique, even apart from the fact that he is the only one in America. If there is one thing in the world which the present incumbent ought not to be, it is town crier.

To begin with he cannot read, and before he can proclaim the news to others he must first have it read to himself. In some mysterious way he manages to deliver the mail to cottagers without making more than two or three mistakes a season, notwithstanding the fact that the addresses on the envelopes have no meaning to him.

But this neglect in his early education is not the only difficulty which poor Billy Clark has to fight.

Speech is another of his bugbears.

He articulates with the greatest difficulty, for he stutters—not that "b-b-b-b-boots" stutter of the common stammerer but a queer hesitation in the middle of a syllable which is peculiar to

Billy. After one has become accustomed to his style, one learns that when he announces a "Gra-hand ba—ha—hall at the Na—han—Na—han—tucket rink to-night," he is saying that there is to be a grand ball at the Nantucket rink that evening, but to the uninitiated his talk is unintelligible.

Nantucket's railroad between the town of Nantucket and Sconset—or "Sconset" in its own vernacular—runs through a wild moorland which suggests Scotch scenery, and as if to carry out the impression, this little island has a spot, known to but few, which boasts the only Scotch heather in this country.

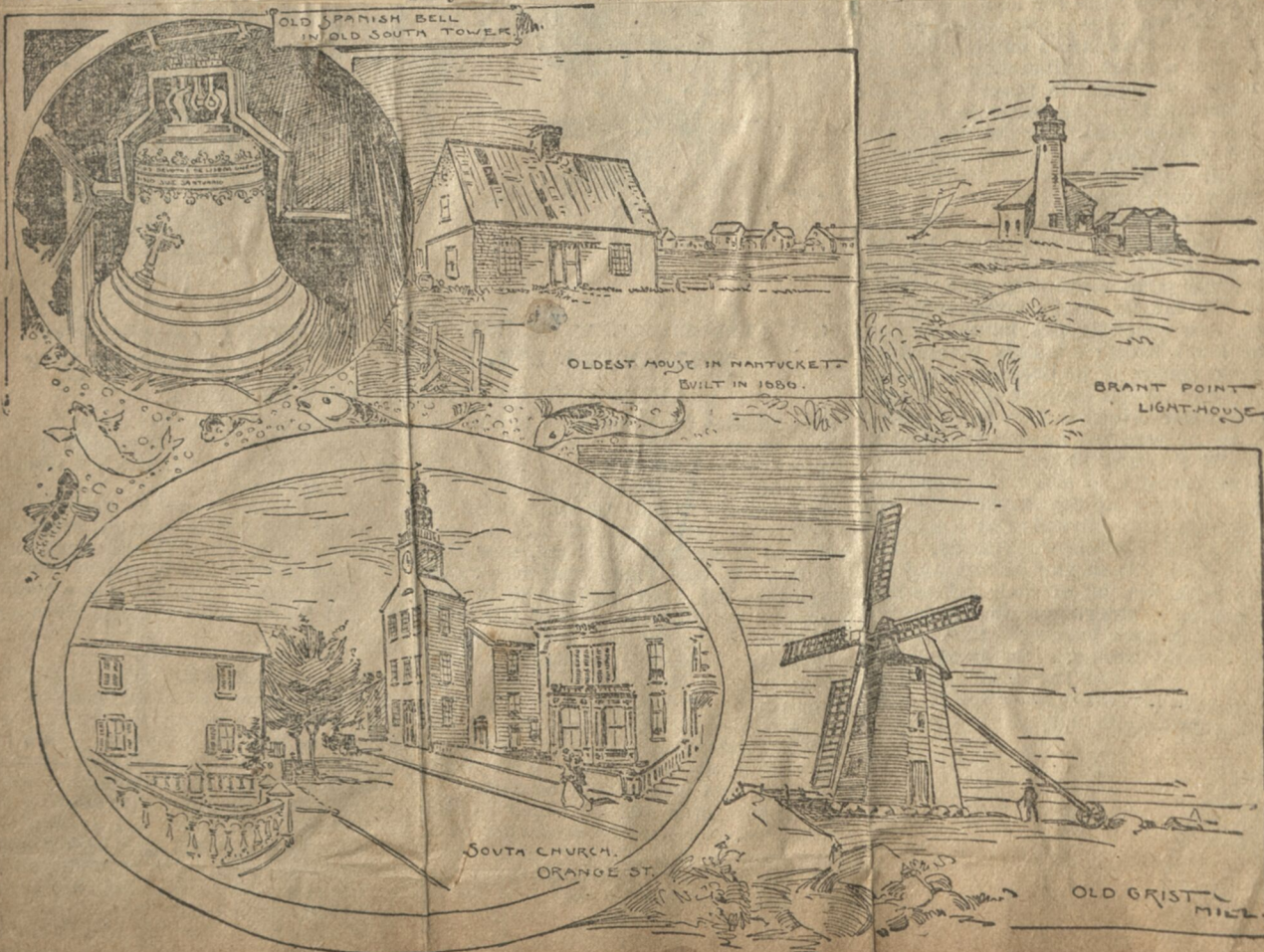
It sometimes happens that a venturesome driver gets lost on the Nantucket moors. There is only one hard road on the island,—that which leads to 'Sconset. All the rest are rut-roads, with deep grooves on each side for the wheels and one in the center for the horse. In some places the ruts are so deep that the grass scrapes on the bed of the carriage as it goes along. There are no fences, for there is nothing worth fencing in, so whenever a driver tires of one road he drives up on the moor and makes a new one parallel to the old. On the way to 'Sconset by the "old route" there are as many as ten of these rut-roads, which gradually narrow down to four and two as they approach the hard road.

'Sconset is one of the queerest little places that ever set itself up to be a summer resort. The houses are a cross between a bird-cage and a ship's cabin. Open a front door and the first thing that greets you is a perpendicular stairway that looks like a ship's ladder. All the houses are shingled down the sides, and are fashioned in the style of those, still standing, that were built before the "Hub of the Universe" was more than a hamlet. The lots are square, and with fences all around and houses in the center, they look like pictures in a book. On each side of every house there is a street, and it is a favorite pastime to drive round and round these little picture cottages, up and down through lanes and byways that are dignified by such names as "Broadway" and "Exchange Place." "Exchange Place" is forty-five feet long, and "Broadway"

ends in a sort of turn-table, there being no other way to get out except to turn around and come back to the entrance. "Broadway" is 'Sconset's principal street, but in Boston it would be marked "Private way, dangerous passing."

Nantucket proper, the county seat of the island, is the relic of what was once a whaling city. In the 'forties it was a town of 10,000 inhabitants. The houses are all built with reference to the whaling industry and were once owned by sea captains, scores of whom sailed out on the wintry sea never to return. But at the top of every roof is a platform where many a captain's wife has strained her eyes in vain for a sight of her husband's returning ship; and in the tower of the "Old South Church" is a window where the colors of the ship were placed when a returning whaler was sighted.

This old church contains a Spanish bell which was brought over in 1812. It is now used as a gong for the tower clock, but it once heralded the approach of every incoming ship. All over the town are reminders of the whaling trade, which has been so effectively crushed by the advent of kerosene, gas and electricity. Immense whales' bones, twelve to fifteen feet long, are set up as gate posts at the entrance to an old whaler's residence, and queer carved figures brought from every clime ornament the lawns and porticoes. In the old days there were often as many as 110 whaling ships in Nantucket harbor, but now their places are occupied by the pigmy cat-boats and dories, which are kept for the especial benefit of the summer visitor, with two or three steam yachts whose owners come here for the fine fishing on the shoals known as "The Rips." Now there are sometimes as many as three passenger steamboats lying at the dock, but late in October, after Eastman Johnson, the painter, has left his beautiful cottage on the hill, and a few other notables have taken their departure, there will be but two boats a week. In the winter when the harbor freezes up, natives often wait weeks for their mail, but the true islander rather enjoys this state of affairs, for he feels that he is monarch of all he surveys only so long as he can keep interlopers away



LANDMARKS OF QUIANT NANTUCKET.

From the island. So well do they succeed in keeping apart from the rest of the world, and so conservative are their habits, that they find very little use for the little wooden jail which is situated in the middle of a sheep-field. It is shingled down the sides like the rest of the houses, and is such a ramshackle affair that there is a story told of a drunken sailor imprisoned there who sent word to the authorities that "if they didn't keep the sheep out of his cell he would not stay in jail."

One of the most prominent landmarks on the island is the old wind-mill, built in 1746, of the oak which then covered the island. It is as strong now as the day it was built, but it was used to grind corn and now there is not enough native corn raised to pay for all the grinding. Visitors go up to the top and write their names on the register, and that is all it is used for now.

An old house built in 1686 is still standing, but there are holes in the roof, and no one lives there.

On a monument in the centre of the town are carved the names of seventy-five Nantucketers who fell in the late war, a number which in proportion to the population shows that if Nantucket is exclusive she is not lacking in patriotism.

On Brant Point, a little tongue of land that reaches out into the ocean and helps form Nantucket Harbor, is the oldest lighthouse site in the United States and at Sankaty Head is another lighthouse that is one of the highest on the Atlantic coast, sending its rays forty miles out to sea.

People who come here amuse themselves by sailing, bathing and fishing, and driving over the moors to the queer little hamlets, nearly all of which have names ending in a syllable that rhymes with net,—as, for instance, Wanwinet, Quidget, 'Sconset, etc.

The inhabitants of the island, though so exclusive in their social life, have come to be almost entirely dependent upon the summer visitors for their means of livelihood. Some of them make a living by the fishing trade, and the "scallop" industry is comparatively flourishing in the autumn and winter; but the hardest working man in the place is probably Billy Clark, the town crier.

ANNIE LAURIE WOODS.

WAYS OF OLD NANTUCKET.

Elegance of Speech, a Sincere Preacher, the Auctioneer, and Other Manifestations.

NANTUCKET, Sept. 12.—Outsiders can get no idea of what Nantucket really is, or how it got so, until they stay, a favored guest, with one of the islanders. They may come here a good many times and see it from hotels and summer cottages, but they do not get at the true inwardness of the Nantucket life. To do this the visitor must go everywhere, to market, where the burly butcher boy tells a customer that he has "succeeded in obtaining from Nobadur Farm several dozens of fresh eggs," and that if she "wishes to ascertain for a certainty concerning the possibility of further accommodation she must apply to the senior partner."

The servant girl is no whit behind the butcher boy in elegance of diction. The other day, going through the kitchen, a housekeeper suddenly swooped down like a hawk on the chickens lying in the bright pewter platter in the dresser. There was a brief and terrible instant, and then holding them out with an incomparably tragic air:

"Here, Jane," said she, "take those straight back. They smell."

Jane hurried down to market, and on her return reported that she had told the butcher that "Miss S— was obliged to restore to him his fowls, as they had not sufficient fragrantcy."

So much for Nantucket schools. An irate customer demanded at this same market the reason of the failure of her order—a small one—to arrive in time for luncheon.

"Oh, well," said the proprietor, "we didn't happen to be going up your way." So much for Nantucket business methods.

Then the visitor should go to the church and hear the honest young minister explain that he leaves out a part of the rather meagre responsive service because he "doesn't believe the statement contained therein," though none of his hearers probably would have thought of holding him responsible for the Psalms; still, it is best to be on the safe side. After a portion of St Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians he goes on to announce that he "will now read something from George Eliot in the same vein!"

He must go to auctions, too, and a Nantucket furniture auction is most excellent entertainment, that is, if you ignore the frequent pathos of the affair. This morning, for instance, they sold a lot of things from one of the fine old houses, whose late, long-lonely occupant had at last gone, more or less willingly, the way of all flesh. The auctioneer is a Nantucketer by birth and half his ancestry, but the other half is "off-island," consequently he isn't exactly typical—the island sentiment and prejudice having been diluted by an infusion of the continental commercial spirit. Among other old-fashioned bric-à-brac to-day he produced an oval plaster cast, protected by a bulging glass and enclosed in a grooved ebony frame.

"Now," said he, holding it admiringly at arm's length, "this represents a Madonna." Whereupon a bystander sternly interrupted:

"That is George Washington!"

"Just what I said," urbanely insisted the unabashed auctioneer, "a Madonna of George Washington before he started out on his propaganda." Then catching a spectator's eye, he waved his free hand and shouted: "Jest the thing, Miss S—, for to go under them flags in your front entry."

The spectator shook her head, and after several futile attempts to work off the poor "Madonna" upon his acquaintances and receiving no bids from the rest of the crowd, he sadly laid it aside, remarking that he'd "keep it himself for next Fourth of July."

Now he starts afresh, holding up in both hands a large china foot bath with a capacity of at least half a barrel. He begins cheerily:

"Now this here's a good article—antique." Here he wavers, turns it around with some difficulty in embarrassed silence, and finally ends by thinking aloud. "It's too big for a tureen, guess it must be a punch bowl. Yes, so 'tis (raising his voice with growing conviction), yes, it's a punch bowl. Now here 'tis, ladies and gentlemen, French china punch bowl, just right for hops and sailing parties, who'll bid? glimme a bid, gentlemen."

As he pauses to take breath a stately woman who sometimes lets the "spare chamber" to one of the elect among summer sojourners good-naturedly corrects him.

"That's a foot tub," she says. "Foot tub," echoes he vaguely, brought up all standing on this unsuspected shoal; but, recovering himself quickly, he repeats with an indescribably scornful intonation, "Foot tub! All that for feet? Well, I guess not! This here's a punch bowl."

Now he's off again, and the tide of his eloquence rolls and surges about the "antique" until at last it is actually knocked down for 37 cents, still as a punch bowl, to a youth in immaculate white duck with Nalad Queen in gold letters on his hat band.

There is sympathy to be found everywhere. You go over to the Post Office, and finding nothing in your box, a friendly voice from the delivery window is as likely as not to call out:

"Doesn't often happen, does it?"

This local sympathy is very common among all classes on the island, and is largely due no doubt to the fact that almost everybody claims descent from the "original ten," and consequently feels a relative's interest in everybody else's affairs. Moreover, to the ordinary islander nothing whatever "off-island" is of any importance compared with the most trivial incident of the town.

It is not strange that various traits common to the whole English race have become intensified to an unusual degree among these people. It does seem, however, remarkable that there is no monotony in their personalities. The proportions vary in each combination, so that the "original descendants of the original ten" would be no misnomer. A man's various moods and actions are thus accurately ticketed.

"Oh, that's the Hussey streak," "He gets that from the Coffins," "It's the Starbuck drop from old Ann Trott," "What can you expect from a reading Folger?" and these earmarks are too well known to require explanation.

Last week the selection of a hat perplexed a woman who is a true islander in mind, body, and estate, near of kin to Benjamin Franklin, and strongly resembling him in feature no less than in her wide range of activities. She can with equal ease prepare a lazy boy for college and get him in without conditions, mow a ten-acre lot or shingle the barn roof, write a summer lyric or a winter's tale, and is withal as naive as the children she sometimes teaches, and as free from vanity as the old people she loves to pet.

The milliner, also an islander, was of quite a different type, tall, blond, stylish, with a tendency to gush tempered by natural taste, and a soothing voice. The customer, with her modest and mistaken notion of her own unusual head and face, concluded her order with a touching appeal that the hat should make her look "nice," adding jocosely, to cover what seemed to her, perhaps, an unworthy anxiety.

"Of course I know that I'm a drawn beauty."

The radiant and conscious young milliner hastened to reassure her. "Oh, ma'am, we can't all be beauties, but intellect and cheerful manners go a good way."

Here is one more story of a Nantucketer: this is about an old lady with a bachelor nephew who is the apple of her eye. She is, of course, rather jealous of any attention paid to this idol. A neighbor with a gift for pastry sent her niece over with a fresh beach-plum pie for this youngish man, who is somewhat of a favorite of hers. The old lady was not enthusiastic in her reception of the gift, and as the messenger turned to go she flung out:

"Tell your aunt I guess I ain't lost my faculties yet."

Wasn't that delightfully gracious?

LIGHTNING'S WORK AT NANTUCKET.

NANTUCKET, Aug. 13.—A heavy rain storm prevailed here all day yesterday and was interspersed with lightning and thunder. At Siasconset the storm was particularly violent. The Atlantic House and two cottages owned by E. F. Underhill were struck and considerably damaged. Telephone and telegraph wires were burned out and other damage sustained by the unusual rainfall.

NANTUCKET STRUCK.

Lightning Plays Havoc on the Island Town Off the Cape.

NANTUCKET, Aug. 12.—The heaviest rain storm of the season occurred here today, three inches of rain falling.

The lightning was incessant for twelve hours. In Siasconset the ice wagon of John Killen was struck and the horse instantly killed.

The Atlantic House was struck, the second floor torn up and two Underhill cottages were also struck.

The telephone line was damaged.

AWAITING THE STORM.

They had a peck of trouble at Siasconset this week. A storm, the like of which has not been known even in the memory of the oldest captain on the island of Nantucket, has swept the adjacent waters. For hours, according to the various accounts of voracious mariners the air was full of vividly descending flashes of lightning, which played general havoc among the sons of old 'Sconset, while an almost continuous roll of thunder beat time to the triumphal march of the storm king.

Those who witnessed the electrical display say that it was awesome and wonderful. Great flashes of crimson light leaped in a thought's time from heaven to earth. The whole artillery of the clouds seemed to be concentrated on little 'Sconset and for hours the steady fire of the thunderbolts was followed by the awe-inspiring rumble of the affrighted air, while off shore the huge outlines of a swaying waterspout seemed to threaten new dangers to the people of Nantucket, until at last the storm broke and once more the bright sun poured out its yellow wealth of golden light upon a peaceful scene.

SIASCONSET—The quiet little town of Siasconset is crowded to its utmost this season, all boarding houses are full, and they can always find room for another at the hotels. The Nantucket Central railroad men are still laboring on the moorings, and superintendent Weeks says he will have trains running on schedule time by Aug. 1.

PRANKS OF LIGHTNING.

Siasconset People Scared by Close Calls.

Atlantic House Pretty Well Smashed by a Single Bolt.

Ice Wagon Driver Uninjured, but His \$150 Horse is Dead.

NANTUCKET, Aug. 13.—The worst storm on record visited Siasconset yesterday, continuing all day and causing unequalled loss through the effect of the lightning. Beginning early in the morning with low growls and ominous muttering of thunder that seemed to cover the entire heavens, by 11 a. m. the tempest had burst in all its fury.

Rising steadily against the wind that blew strongly from the southeast, the black clouds in which the lightning lurked grew denser and denser until the darkness was that of late twilight. Incessant was the rumbling of the thunder, continuous the gleams from the electric laden masses of vapor that hung low overhead.

Despite the breeze, no life was in the air; it was dull, heavy, humid. For a long time no rain fell. About 11 a. m. the flood gates were opened and water fell in torrents. Then began the terror striking display, flash after flash of red and crimson lightning, with no violet hue as ordinarily, darted from heaven to earth in all directions, while overhead the crackling, rattling thunder was all but continuous. At intervals were short lulls, then would come more lurid flashes than ever, and roars of thunder, continuing in some instances for five minutes, would reverberate overhead until the very ground trembled.

This continued until 4 p. m., when a temporary cessation came, followed by a short, sharp storm from the southwest, when torrents of water fell. Then the clouds drifted away to the northeast, the sun came out, and all was more serene and peaceful than before the storm.

At the height of the storm three houses were struck. A bolt was hurled against the Atlantic house, on Main st., owned by Eliza W. Chadwick of Nantucket. Capt Harrison is the hotel proprietor. The lightning hit the flag staff in the ridge of the hotel, leaped from there to the roof, leaving two immense holes therein and peppering the shingles as with buckshot.

Then it spread all over the house, tearing away partitions, breaking glass, ripping off plaster, smashing furniture and caving through all the rooms until it struck the ground, plowing out a hole and then jumping across the street, taking the tip off a telephone pole in its course.

Of the 30 or 40 guests in the hotel none was injured, but Capt Harrison was knocked senseless into a pile of broken glass, and badly cut about the head and face. He soon recovered and at once set about quieting his guests.

Another bolt sped across the road, passing close to the head of a horse belonging to John Killen of Nantucket, that was attached to an icecart, killing the beast instantly, but leaving the driver uninjured. The horse was valued at \$150. This same bolt then struck one of the Underhill cottages, occupied by Mrs. Butler of New Jersey, doing considerable damage but injuring no one. Thence it sped on toward a vacant house nearby, off which it knocked the corner.

The loss to the Atlantic house people will amount to \$800, covered by insurance.

...The origin of the village of Siasconset was in little fishers' huts or cabins put up for shelter only. The builders did not dream that the hamlet they began would some day become a summer resort known from Boston to San Francisco, from Canada to the Gulf, in London and Germany, and even in far-off Australia. Yet visitors for the season have come from all these parts. The primitive dwellings, some forty in number, were enlarged in this and that and the other direction, as more room was wanted for the increasing families of the men who came from Nantucket to fish in the season—spring and fall—or for a change of scene during the summer.

THUNDER FOR 15 HOURS.

Old Salts Astonished by the Electrical Storm That Raged at Nantucket.

(Special Dispatch to the Boston Herald.)

NANTUCKET, Aug. 12, 1895. The storm today has been the heaviest rain of the season here, nearly three inches falling. The thunder has been continuous for 15 hours. In this town little damage was done, except to telephone and light wires.

In Siasconset the lightning killed a horse of John Killen, struck the Atlantic House, and ripped up the second story, and struck two of the Underhill cottages.

Old sea captains said the electrical storm surpassed anything they had seen in the China sea.

SIASCONSETT-IN-THE-SEA.

Mr. Munkittrick Pays His Regular Annual Tribute to the Sandy Shore.

[Special Correspondence.]

SIASCONSETT, Mass., Aug. 13.—Siasconsett is still floating in the sea safely anchored just opposite Spain, but far enough away to keep from being mixed up in the fortnightly West Indian revolution, which keeps the manufacturers of arms from going into bankruptcy. After the usual summer swelter in New York I find it very comfortable here in an overcoat, not the leather overcoat with copper lining worn during the summer by the Jerseyman to keep the mosquito's scarf from penetrating the epidermis, but the light, airy overcoat which is the brother of the roseate summer drink which wafts one to fairyland. The peacock disports in his feather duster, and all is lovely as an infant's dream. Siasconsett is still Siasconsett, and that is the highest praise one can bestow upon it. Nothing ever changes down here except the weather and \$5 bills, but the former is the more easily changed, even by one who has never had professional experience in the weather bureau. Yesterday a man found a diamond pin that he lost last summer right on a beaten path. In New York it would have been caught on the fly while descending from the owner's scarf. If you were to stand tacks on their heads down here, the natives would never notice them or pick them up with their feet. As a result of the fine weather whale stories are larger than they were this time last year. I mean the same stories are larger—so much larger that it takes longer to tell them. In fact, the whales that figure in them have grown to so great a size that it is estimated by conservative persons that hundreds of barrels of oil were lost by gathering them too soon.

The bluefish are also running and swimming well. I saw an 11 pounder yesterday that was caught by a man who had wired a silver dollar on his hook. This shows that even bluefish are imbued by the spirit of the age in which we live. It is probably due to the fact that when close to shore they hear mercenary people discussing everything from the dollar point of view. One of the great charms of this place is the spirit of Americanism that pervades it from Sanpoty lighthouse to Underhill's china shop on the bluff. When you go to be shaved, you don't land on an earl and carom on a duke even in the barber. It is a great blessing, and one for which we should be duly thankful, that there are neither natural nor artificial noblemen here, and it is fortunate that the best markets for coronets and feudal castles are at Newport and Bar Harbor. The only royal personages recognized here are the kings and queens that abound in packs like the hounds. A beautiful macadamized

is now being laid from Nantucket to Siasconsett. About two miles of it are now finished, and next year, when it is completed, the bicyclist will be in his element and never know a puncture. This will put the horses into caves for winter use, and the poor equines who have been trudging across the morass through the ruts will doubtless feel happier compounded as mock turtle and ox tail soup. This finely ballasted bluestone road frightens the horses in the same way that a large wholesome meal frightens a hungry man, and the drivers are now certain that they wasted the money they spent on their horses in former years for nervous prostration. They are so lively that they don't seem like Siassett horses, which will probably make them amenable sooner or later to some tyrannical blue law. About a week ago the stone arches broke down, and since the date of that accident so anxious are they to push the good work ahead that they have been crushing the stone with lithia water.

The only mosquito I ever saw here must have come down with me from New Jersey in my boat. After I had gone to bed this Morristown nightingale began to play a drum solo upon my tinpannum until I thought I was back in my own house, around which the mosquitoes are so plentiful that I throw them into the summer tenant without extra charge. When I heard the frou frou of this specimen and felt his tail feathers trailing softly along my nose, it made me sad and surcharged my soul with a melancholy about three sizes too large for it. But he didn't attempt to bite me. He seemed to rejoice in the fact that he was with me that knew his ways. And then I knew he was from New Jersey, for he perched upon my nose as if he would tenderly embrace me and began to cry in the bitterness of his woe. And as great saline tears dropped lovingly from his eyes into mine he sat on his hind legs like the leader of an orchestra and began intoning the names of the stations on the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western railroad. But the mosquitoes of New Jersey, biting as they do with the sting of a tax collector, are not much greater in numbers than the prairie dogs will shortly be on this ocean island. They are multiplying like Italians just at present, and when the native sees them eating the corn for which he charges the alien from New York 30 cents a dozen he immediately pulls the lobster pot out of the sea and sets it on the farm. A flock of these dogs will attack a fine green farm and in a few hours leave nothing intact but the utensils and the mortgage. Foxes and quail have also been put on the island. The former are now extinct here, and the quail were so greatly reduced in numbers last winter by the snow and cold weather that a law has been passed to protect them for three years, during which time the poor native must be thankful while he takes his toast straight. The weather is like that of September at the present time, and this is about the regular thing. It is a poor man's paradise, just as a bicycle is a poor man's four-in-hand. Were Seonsett nearer New York, only millionaires could enjoy it, but down here millionaires can't enjoy it because, having all the money they want, they can't take the time to leave their shops. Therefore the poor man is a rich man down here—so rich that he doesn't know he's poor until he returns to the howling metropolis and dreams long and fondly of heather robed Siasconsett-in-the-Sea.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

HE LIKES SIASCONSET.

Some of the Ways Up on the New England Coast.

Editor News:—Thinking that some of your readers would be interested in hearing of a few of the quaint ways of the people at this Atlantic resort, I send you the following:

In the first place Siasconset, or "Seonset," as it is usually pronounced here for short, stands on a high bluff on the southeastern corner of Nantucket Island, seven miles from Nantucket town. Its chief point of advantage over many other summer bathing resorts is that it is probably the coolest spot, take it the whole summer through, that can be found along the whole Atlantic coast as far north as Eastport, Maine, and yet owing to the proximity of the gulf stream the water is always warm enough in summer to make bathing pleasant. When you add to this the delightful sea breeze that seems to almost constantly blow day after day (being on an island many miles from the main land we do not know what a "land breeze is here) and the many cozy cottages, one need ask for little more in the way of a pleasant place to spend the summer in. In midwinter, when the cold "Nor' Easters" blow, probably seventy-five people would be a full estimate for the population, which in July and August runs often as high as three thousand, when hotels, boarding houses and cottages are full.

Seonset was originally a fishing town, and the small cottages of the fishermen form the nucleus of the town, little houses that one would not hink much more than large sized children's play houses, all one story high. There are probably fifty such houses, varying somewhat in size. This is called the hamlet. Outside of the hamlet and immediately joining it, stretching north and south along the bluff, are the many private cottages of the summer residents, and many other cottages that are rented to summer visitors. All are fully furnished for housekeeping, as it would be a matter of too much expense and trouble to have household goods shipped here and returned every summer. But no matter how small or humble the cottage it is invariably named, and the name is painted neatly on a board (such as the streets of West Chester are so badly in need of). Most of the names are of nautical origin such as "The Main Deck," "The Flag," "Rest Haven," "Binnacle," "Ye Chicken Coope," etc. Nearly all the houses are shingled all the way down to the ground. While we have a few summer residents who are quite wealthy, the majority are families of well-to-do professional and business men, mostly from New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Detroit and St. Louis.

There is no attempt at style whatever. People tell me they come here to wear out their old clothes and have a general good time without worrying about personal appearance to any great extent. Professional men in shirt sleeves and ladies in outing suits are an everyday sight here.

Tennis and croquet are the favorite games, fishing for those inclined. There are several lovely drives over the island, which in the interior is said to resemble the Scottish Moorslands very much. Every farm has a name. If two houses are close together they are called a village. Thousands of acres are covered with small scrub oak or pine trees, which in summer, with their deep green foliage, make a beautiful landscape, as the island seems to be a succession of small hills and dales. But there are very few large trees outside of the shade trees in the town. I doubt if one will find a tree on the whole island 25 feet high. The flora, however, is beautiful and of great variety. Some beautiful wild orchards are to be found here, and acres upon acres of wild roses that perfume the air in a most delicious manner. In summer we have two regular mails every day. I get the Local usually the next evening after it is issued.

Blueberries, huckleberries and blackberries grow here in the greatest abundance. One person can pick four or five quarts in an hour at any time, they are so thick. The vegetables are good, and most of them as cheap as in West Chester. Many things are sold by the pound that sell by measure in Pennsylvania. For instance, onions sell at four cents a pound, tomatoes at 12 cents a pound, apples at five cents a pound, cantaloupes at six cents a pound, new potatoes at five cents a pound, etc. Meat sells at about five cents a pound higher than in West Chester. Bluefish, cod, flounders and mackerel are caught right off shore and are sold at from 8 to 10 cents per pound dressed; lobsters, 10 cents per pound. The natives are the regulation Yankees, and are nice people in their way. Shrewd, and continually on the lookout for some of the gold or silver standard, it don't matter to them which.

An amusing experience happened a week or two ago. When having suffered

from a severe bilious attack I called in a local doctor who felt my pulse, noted the color of my eyes, shook his head wisely and told me he knew just what I needed to "fix me up." Thereupon he wrote out a list of the most villainous drugs, all to be compounded in one prescription, charged me \$3 and left me with strict injunctions to see him again in a day or two. He ordered the prescription put up at the druggist's himself. The latter made

a mistake in my name. I called at the drug store, to be sure, learned the contents of the prescription and saved my life by refusing to swallow the mixture. No doubt it would have been necessary to call him or some other doctor in again in a day or two had I taken the dose. I now have a copy of the prescription framed, and am keeping it as a charm against any complaint.

But this does not mean that we have no good physicians only that I called in the wrong one. Indeed, we have quite a number of well-known physicians who come with their families every summer. Of the Philadelphians who have nice cottages here is Dr. Harrison Allen, Dr. C. A. Oliver, Mr. S. Murray Mitchell, who operates the Aldine Hotel; Mrs. H. B. Sharp, Mrs. A. H. H. Nelson and others.

Up to this date, August 7th, our warmest day was 85 degrees, one or two others at 80 degrees and 33 degrees, but the thermometer would never remain at the highest point for more than two hours at a time, and we never had two such warm days in succession. There has not been a single night since we came here early in May that we did not have to sleep under from one to three blankets, to keep comfortable. The temperature here averages five degrees lower than in Nantucket, on the western side of the island.

The trip up here from Philadelphia is a most delightful one, leaving Philadelphia about two o'clock one day and arriving at Seonset about two o'clock the next day, taking the P. R. R. train to Jersey City, where a ferry boat transfers one right to the Fall River steamer, which leaves for Fall River about half-past five, giving one a splendid view of New York, Brooklyn and the great Brooklyn bridge, then on up through Long Island Sound, stopping at Newport, arriving in Fall River next morning, thence to New Bedford, one hour's ride by rail, and here we take the steamer for a delightful sail of some fifty miles at sea, arriving at Nantucket about noon. For those who wish to go to the ideal cool spot for health and pleasure during the hot weather Siasconset easily ranks as first place.

G. HERBERT BRINTON.

Boston Herald

July 20/95

Seonset, as usual, is by no means behind Nantucket town in social festivities. Tennis teas are given three times a week—on Mondays at Mrs. Charles Rich's, on Wednesdays at Mrs. C. A. Metcalf's, while on Fridays Mrs. John C. Grout entertains the devotees of the racquet. Among the newcomers in Siasconset are Mr. and Mrs. Nieman, from the West, who have taken Mr. Isaac Hill's cottage, "Rudder Grange." Lack of railroad communication has rather separated Nantucket from Siasconset, as far as much interchange of social relations is concerned. The grading of the roadbed is now complete. Trains have been running about half the distance irregularly, and the 1st of August is now fixed as the limit for the operation of the regular schedule. Some

Providence R. I. News

reprinted in Aug 10

Aug 10/96

[From Providence R. I., News.]

The Lost Children of Nantucket.

On a cloudless summer Sunday,
In "the days of long ago,"
On Nantucket's seagirt island,
Went two children to and fro,
Dressed in spotless Sunday garments,
Neatly brushed their glossy curls,
One, a prince of loving laddies;
One, a queen of bonny girls.

Twin companions, Ben and Bessie,
Youngest of a household band,
Started for the place of worship,
Merry-hearted, hand in hand.
Often had their parents sent them
Of a Sabbath morn, before:
Never wandering, they had always
Safely reached the old church door

There to wait, 'till patient Dobbin
Bro't the others on their way.
That they might in solemn worship
Spend the holy Sabbath day.
But this morn, the fragrant wild flowers,
Blooming 'round them far and wide,
And the butterflies, so brilliant,
Tempted them to turn aside.

Plucking flowers and tall beach-grasses,
Roaming after butterflies,
On they wander 'till the echo
Of the distant church bell dies,
Sounding, like some far-off music,
Faintly lingering on the breeze;
But they only hear the song-birds
And the droning hum of bees.

Bees and butterflies flit past them;
On they wander, hand in hand,
Till their merry voices echo
O'er the waste of shining sand.
No more thought of home, or mother,
Nor a tho't of church, or bell,
As they search the sands for treasure,
In the shape of some rare shell.

High, above the old church steeple
Glared the sultry August sun,
And the worshippers, emerging
From the church doors, one by one,
Gaze with anxious, half-scared faces
Out along the dusty way,
Wondering why the children came not,
Scarcely thinking them astray.

"Might they not have tired of waiting,"
Hopefully, the mother said,
"And returned, perhaps, to meet us,"
In her heart, a piercing dread.
"We should certainly have met them,"
Said, the father, "and you know
If they were returning homeward,
There is but one way to go."

"To the organ-loft, and tower,"
Said the sexton, "let us search
In the gallery and the pulpit,
Open every pew in church;
Mayhap, they grew tired of waiting,
And, so tho't, they'd softly creep
Up the loft, to hear the music,
And are lying there asleep."

But the pews, alas! were empty;
Only shadows, flitted thro'
Organ loft and dim old tower,
But the search they must renew.
"To our horses, men and neighbors,"
Cried the sexton, "I will ring!"
Then out spoke the white-haired pastor,
"Unless you some tidings bring
Before sunset, with the sexton
In the church-tower I will stay,
And, until you find the children,
I will never cease to pray!"

"And, until you find the children
Or some tidings to us bring,"
Cried the sexton, "tween the bell-strokes,
"I shall not the curfew ring!"

Sunset came, and weary horsemen
Roamed the island, far and wide;
Groups of pallid men and women
Paced the shore, and watched the tide;
Not a form or speck beheld they
As they watched the crawling foam,
And 'mid twilight's deepening shadows
Anxiously they hastened home.

Home! Alas! no tidings waited;
Drums were beat, and torches flared,
And, upon the growing darkness,
Flames from many a bonfire glared;
And across the moor-like commons,
All night long, until the morn
Paled them, gleamed the lurid torches,
Pealed the drum and rang the horn.

Morn, and noon, and second sunset,
Still the lost ones are not found.
Moans the sad, despairing mother,
"On the sands my babes are drowned!"
Or, have died from fright and hunger,
Else they're drifted out to sea.
Loving Father, is there no one
Who will bring them back to me?"

Just at eve, a sturdy fisher
Coming, with his laden boat
Fancied that he in the distance
Saw a tiny skiff afloat,
Swiftly floating outward empty.
Hark! was that the voice of song
Wafted to him o'er the waters
As the skiff was borne along?
"Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear us,
Bless Thy little lambs tonight,
Thro' the darkness be Thou near us,
Guard us, till the morning light."

"Saints defend us," cried the sailor,
"Surely, angels are afloat,"
Then a voice said, "Now I lay me."
"Some one, must be in that boat!"
I will follow," swiftly rowed he,
While upon the evening air
Came the words, in childish accents,
Of that tender, evening prayer.

"Heavens!" he cried, "Miles Gardon's babies,
All alone upon the sea.

Bless you! Bonny Ben and Bessie,
I will take you back with me."
Up alongside, then, he lifted
With a strong and steady hand,
The exhausted little wanderers,
And he bore them safe to land

Where walked many an anxious watcher,
In an agony of dread,
Fearing lest the treacherous billows
Fling them back their treasures dead.

Suddenly there wheeled a horseman,
On he sped into the night,
Flinging lighted torches from him,
"Till he saw the church tower's light
Answering the signal given
If the children should be found
Living, and that sea-girt island
Echoed, to a joyful sound.

"Curfew rings! the tower is lighted!
Found alive and all is well;
While the church stands on Nantucket,
We will ring the curfew bell."
On Nantucket's wave-washed island
Rings the curfew as of old,
And to eager listening children
Is this ancient legend told.

Harlestown-on-the-Connecticut.
Author Unknown.

[Correspondence of The Inquirer and Mirror.]
WELLESLEY HILLS, 2d mo., 16, 1896.

Mr. Editor:

Someone asks through your paper of 8th inst. for information concerning the building of the first Friends' Meeting House near Maxcy's pond; when it was built and when removed to the corner of Main and Pleasant streets? The first Meeting House was built about 1709. Not being able to get access to Friends' records I cannot give dates exactly, but I am not far out of the way. It was a small building, and was never moved; but after being vacated was used as a school house a few years and then was burned. I picked up on the spot some years ago, pieces of melted glass, bricks and wrought iron shingle nails, which gave evidence of a building being burned, and confirmed the testimony of the late William C. Folger as to the locality, and of the late Charles G. Coffin, who made efforts to get the spot with the first Friends' burying ground adjoining, fenced, as it should have been, and who set out a tree, which stood a few years, to preserve knowledge of the locality.

In the year 1735, or within a year or two of that, the Friends built their second Meeting House in the northeast corner of what is still Friends' burying ground on Main street, a much larger building. In 1790 Friends had so increased that another monthly meeting was established (the north) and a meeting house was built on Broad street, just east of the Ocean House, where it burned as an Episcopal church edifice in the great fire of 1846. After this was built (in 1790) the meeting house at the burying ground on Main street was moved to the corner of Main and Pleasant streets, and was enlarged. In 1835 the Friends built on Fair street, when Charles and Henry Coffin bought the

abandoned house and moved about two-thirds of the immense building to the head of the Commercial wharf. My esteemed cousin, Henry Coffin, can correct or verify these dates. Through his politeness and that of Mr. Josiah Folger, I have a tile, and a cane made of wood of the meeting house corner of Main and Pleasant streets, where I went to meeting in my earliest boyhood with many of my friends of that stage of life, only a few of whom are now left. It was an immense gathering of a somewhat mixed people to be sure, but with a very high average of solid, sterling excellence of character and life.

CHRISTOPHER COFFIN HUSSEY.

[Reprinted by Request.]
For The Inquirer and Mirror
A Call.

BY MATTHEW BARNEY.

Ho, children of Scrap Island, hear:
'Tis time to have reunion!
Come, gather at the old Hub, dear—
Let's have a grand communion!

Two hundred years have passed away
Since landed the pair of Maecys;
Now that stock can show today
A troop of smiling faces.

Old Tristram Coffin's name, we find,
A regiment could furnish;
And Mary Starbuck's strength of mind
Lives, other minds to burnish.

Come, Rays and Russells, leave your trade,
There's fun for cooper's brewing,
Nantucket sons and daughters staid
Old friendships are renewing!

Come, knowing Folgers, you can bring
Some ideas of your own,
And you will see it's just the thing
To have those ideas shown.

Come, Colemans, for the name recalls
Thoughts of the good old preacher;
Tho' seldom found in college halls,
Yet truth is your sterling feature.

Come, Coffins, noisy, fractions, loud,
We can excuse your manner;
Of all the names that hither crowd
You will truly take the banner.

Come, silent Gardners, slow and sure,
Leave business for a season;
You can a day's outing well endure,
And for it have a reason.

Come, dreamy quiet Hussey, too—
From Christopher descended—
We may not get a speech from you;
Least said is soonest mended.

Come, Mitchells (good the old rhymes say—
Perhaps it means at writing),
Let's have a poem for the day,
Bright, cheery and delighting.

Come, Barkers, you are rated proud—
We know you it's not mere rumor—
With thought and speech you are endowed
To rouse the best of humor.

Come, Maecys, of the old-time stock
That first trod Nantucket shores,
From that good pair has sprung a flock
That's counted now by scores.

Don't fail to come, we do insist;
This call is not a fable;
We put you down upon the list
At the pudding place at table.

Come, Starbucks, of Edward's line—
Nathaniel and his Mary—
Wide scattered 'mong Carolina's pine,
And o'er the western prairie;

'Tis said you are cold and rather rough;
(Our welcome will be warm enough)
Still to keep up friendship's score,
Meet with you island friends once more.

Come, Barnards, quiet in your mien,
In general, civil in your way,
You shall be heard as well as seen,
And will enjoy the day.

Come, Swains, you are called a grouchy set—
Perhaps there is some reason—
You argue, if a chance you get,
Both in and out of season.

Come, Paddacks, of Ichabod's bold race
Who taught our grandsires whaling.
Come, let a smile light every face,
For soberness' your failing.

Come, honest Chases, rather bluff,
And sometimes given to fretting,
A whale is sure to cry enough
If once you get a setting.

Come, Worths, with notions quaint and rare—
Most taught in Whaleman's College,
Where they are best that do and dare—
Tho' lacking in book knowledge.

Come, Smiths, (perchance from Capt. John,
Saved by that Indian lassie),
The name hath oft true honor won,
Tho' some are blunt and saucy.

Come, Bunkers, of old William stock,
And his good wife, Joanna;
When roused, you are stubborn as a rock,
But kind your natural manner.

Come, Browns, you have mechanic skill,—
With kindness are fraught,—
Then let your heart and hand and will
Be to this good gathering brought.

Come, Allens, you can trace your name
To dear old Scotia's shore;
Come out your shell, don't be so tame,
And wake to life once more.

Come, Joys, 'tis said that you can brag
(And some we know were able);
We trust to you that talk shan't flag,
For that's good sauce at table.

Come, Jenkins, cold and slow of speech,
Mind of mechanic turn,
This will to you some a lesson teach—
You are not too wise to learn.

Come, Cartwrights, square in thought and act,
More sober-hued than gay,
This gathering's sure to be a fact,—
There are times to work and play.

Come, Brooks and Brock, a sturdy race—
Old Puritanic stock—
These names hath oft held honor'd place
In hall and battle shock.

Come, Barneys, you of Jacob's line—
The good old Baptist preacher—
Though of a cast of mind to shine,
It has pugnacious feature.

Come, Bakers, slow in speech and act,
You seek by light reason
To rule 'twixt fancy and the fact,
Tho' it be out of season.

Come, old-time Morris, quaint of ways,
We'll give you all a greeting;
Your genial way and words of praise
Will help to spice the meeting.

Come, Myricks, of the old-time stock,
Cool, square and sharp in trade,
Your thought can pierce through wood or rock
To work out plans you've made.

Come, Jones and Gerald, and Jenks, too,
We need you in our array;
We speeches need, and songs from you,
Or bright poem for the day.

Come, Pinkhams, often sharp of speech,
Yet proud and gallant bearing,
This gathering will some lesson teach,
In which you should be sharing.

Come, Mooers, of Capt. William's clan,
Who first at mast-head wore
Our stars and stripes, and the first man
To float them at England's shore.

Come, Coon and Cash and Grant have claim
In true valor's light to stand,
Leviathan, the sea's great game,
Oft yieldeth to your hand.

Come, Dunhams, slow in thought and fact,
And not often swift in motion,
None braver when it need the act
To save from wrecks on ocean.

Come, Austins, you're from Rhoda's isle
And have opinions of your own,
So positive you raise a smile,
E'en when better ways are shown.

Come, Eastons, you of Rhoda's land,
And trace to old continental stock,
Like the old Governor once in command,
If mind made up, you are firm as rock,

Unmoved by either blame or praise,
You love the old-time thoughts and ways.
Come, Clarks, of old explorer race,
You will find with us you have a place.

Come, Carys, quiet in way and thought,
Seldom your best are showing,
But surely, they've a tartar caught
That think you lack in knowing.

Come, Murpheys, here's a place for you
To give some music, rich and true;
Come, Meaders all, we need your aid;
Perhaps you'll have a chance to trade.

Come, Crosbys, of old Bay State clan,
You act to none as minion;
Slow to accept another plan,
You have your own opinion.

Come, Moreys, to the manor born,
Your quaint ways your own,
As whalemen, you don't yield the corn,
As our whaling days have shown.

Come, Burnells, of the old-time folks,
We give you all a greeting
Your dry speeches and your jokes
Will be spice to such a meeting.

Come, Harris, here's a chance to listen, quiet,
You will enjoy it if you try it.

Come, Pitmans, famed on 'Sconset bank;
In taking cod you have high rank;
Come, McCleaves, tho' of quiet mien,
You will enjoy what may be seen.

Come, Whippeys, of old miller days,
With saving ways and notion,
Unheeding either blame or praise.
Content your quiet portion.

Come, Fitchs, true in thought and act,
None will withhold your praise,
In duty's line you never lacked
In the old-time whaling days.

Come, Bax'ers, (perhaps of Richard's line,
Of the old Covenanters times)
To your own opinions you incline,
You're like the old time father Grimes.

The following is handed us for publication:

MERIDEN, Conn., June 5th, 1895.
WENDELL MACY, ESQ.,

Dear Sir:—Noticing in our local paper that Nantucket is to have an anniversary celebration, I was reminded that as my great-great-great-grandfather was the original whaler on this coast, I ought to be especially interested in the event, and so I have run off a little verse to call your old whalers' attention to the fact, trusting that my enthusiasm will not seem presumptuous, and may have a chance to help on the celebration. As a Nantucketer, you may be interested to learn that William Hamilton, a Scotchman, was born in 1643; settled on Cape Cod; was persecuted as one who dwelt with evil spirits for having killed the first whale on the New England coast; afterward fled to Rhode Island, and then to Connecticut, dying at Danbury, Ct., in 1746, at the age of 103 years. This is a matter of family record and also of antiquarian history. Should any of the old sea-dogs chance to have run across any further facts as to the old whaler, I should be very much pleased to gain the information. The last old whaling ship out of New Bedford, some sixty years ago, was named for the old gentleman, so I am informed by Capt. David P. Vail, of Sag Harbor, himself an old whaler, as well as one who sailed "around the Horn" in charge of a company of gold hunters, in 1849. He writes me that himself and another are the only remaining old whaling captains of his vicinity.

Hoping that I may be favored with a full account of your anniversary, and wishing you the greatest success, I am

Yours very truly,
FRANK L. HAMILTON.

A Fishing Yarn.

Ahoy! sea-dogs of other days,
Whose hardy, sun-burned visage tells
The tale of life upon the waves,
From towering berg to tropic's rays.
Scanning by day the ocean wide
For monsters idling in the tide,
Till hard-a-port, the vessel's nose
Turns to the cry of "There She Blows!"
Then, o'er the side the life-boat lowers,
And sinewy arms bend to the oars.
Now swift the harpoon finds its mark,
That cables fast your reckless barque.
Nor fear nor blubber e'er was shown,
'Cept as the whale yields up her own.
Turns in the watch at last, to sleep,
Your home, "the cradle of the deep."

Say, mates, I'll put it fair to you:
Was this as you'd have had him do,
Were you the whale, and he the crew?
Or, did you reason on the barque,
"Death always loves a shining mark?"
Where were your Bible lessons then?
Forgotten even as the donor,
Indifferent to what had been
The friendship of the whale for Jonah
In throwing up his right as owner,
That Jonah might return again
To shed a light 'mongst sons of men.
And yet, my hearties, strangely true,
Unspoken praise is due to you
For breaking through the treacherous night,—
The beacon sheds your welcome light.

Now, pass the grog, and wet your whistle,—
Old tastes, like yarns, grow sharp with thistle—
Lest some old salt should waste an hour
O'er unrequited friendship shown
For the dumb creature in his power.
Avast there! while I proudly own,
That an old grandsire of my bone,
Of codfish aristocracy,
The penance paid for all misdeeds
To any of old ocean's steeds
(Through an old-time democracy),
By persecutions hard endured,
As hoped, from evil spirits cured,
For killing first (I do not boast),
The whale upon New England's coast.
To-day I offer him a toast.

Somewhere about your rugged shores,
He fled for refuge, hardly sought,
And well I know, some friendly doors
Swung outward, and dear succor brought.
Perchance from his unerring hand
Your grandsires learned the shaft to know
That makes you famous o'er the land,
More than the lead you used to throw,
"By greasing well before it fell,"
And then by sounding thro' the night;
Knowing the soil that stuck so well,
They always guessed their rec'ning right."
And so, my yarn let no-one doubt
Old Cap'n Bill, his pards outstaid.
A century passed in and out,
Ere his last chips were wholly played.

Fearless upon the ocean's breast,
You hardy Tars, in well-spent toil,
Have felt, in competition's zest,
The crowding of land-lubbers' oil.
Old age has stifled Neptune's larks;
Content, if sheltered from land sharks,
You'll "rest on oars," your eyes' keen lustre
Shines out, again you are a boy,
As when you "piped all hands to muster,"
Or lusty, challenged, "Ship ahoy!"
For these are old Nantucket's days,
When horny hands together mingle,
And old-time neighbors vote, it pays
To set the sluggish heart a-tingle.
So with a hornpipe, loud we hail
Old William, Jonah, and the Whale.

F. L. HAMILTON, Meriden, Conn.

For The Inquirer and Mirror.

To Friend Barney:

Bard of Sherburne (now Nantucket)
Songs of melody art thine,
Melody that tells a story
Savoring of ye olden time.

In the sweet old Quaker language
We have known for many a year;
As "thee knows," and not, "thou knowest"
(Ne'er a school-marm do we fear.)

We much love to read thy verses,
Marvelous are the names thee knows:
Coffins, Folgers, Macys, Gardners,
They'll all come in their best clothes

To the gathering of the natives
Of this Island of the Sea,
To commemorate the customs
And manners, as they used to be.

Good old days were those, friend Barney,
O that I'd been born before—
When all my ancestors were Quakers,
And latch-strings hung from every door.

When cousin Debbie used to spin,
And uncle Peleg went to sea,
And grandma's grandma wove the stuffs
That grandma handed down to me.

O, happy days, when time was young!
O, halcyon days that come no more!
Those sweet, and single-minded folk
Have passed on to that other shore.

Now listen what I have to tell,
And hearken how it came about,—
My grandmamma (that was to be)
From Quaker meeting was "read out!"

It proved a matter of the heart;
But, "love will go where it is sent;"
The Elder who presided, read,
"We give thee three weeks to repent."

But my prospective grandma went,
And stayed not on the order much;
Thus marrying without the pale
Of Quaker meeting and all such.

And that is why I am today
A full-fledged, no-account "Coof," thee s
I was not to the manor born
I must mind my Q's and P's.

That "Old Nantucket Girl" has writ—
Or intimated in some way—
All "Coofs" not wanted; turn them out,
And let them come some other day.

And yet I'm stocked with Coffin blood;
It makes me "noisy, fractious, loud;"
Which "silent Gardner" counteracts,
And lets me pass in any crowd.

Then I've one part of Myrick stock,
Which makes me "sharp and cool and squ
The Bartlett strain is over all,
And cautions me, Take care! Beware!

So, good friend Barney, can't I come?
Though I'm not to the manor born,
I'll keep the Coffin well in hand,
And bid the "fractious, loud," begone.

Say yes, friend Barney, I can come;
Though I be but a colored sheep;
No flock, thee knows, however watched,
Without one such is e'er complete.

A HARTFORD "Coof"

*All persons not born on Nantucket were
ed "Coofs."

WHERE CURFEW STILL RINGS OUT ITS LESSON

Old Customs, Elsewhere Long Ago Forgotten,
Survive in Quaint Nantucket.

THERE IS A TOWN CRIER WHO STUTTERS

Perambulates the Streets with a Horn, and Stammers Forth
the News—Rut Roads and Queer Little Hamlets Thread
the Sea-girt Patch of Ground—The Old Aristocracy Is
Interesting.

(Copyright, 1896.)

Nantucket, Aug. 18.—This island is radically unlike any other summer resort in the United States. The natives are an exclusive class of people, who recognize no "older families" than their own.

The true Nantucketer will have nothing to do with the summer vandal who does not respect the customs which have been the law of the land since times colonial. It matters not to the "vandals" that the curfew rings each night at nine o'clock to warn the wayfarer indoors and to his bed, but the natives fly to their homes on the first stroke of the bell, and at five minutes past nine the streets are left in the possession of the interlopers.

At 7 a. m. the same bell rouses them from slumber, for those Nantucketers like to sleep and there is nothing else to do. About a month ago something happened to this bell, and for the first time in fifty years it failed to ring, but the damage has been since repaired. At noon the bell rings again and then occurs the event of the day. It is the continuation of an old custom which most people imagine has gone entirely out of use, but it is kept up in Nantucket as religiously as the ringing of the curfew.

The event of interest each day is the approach of the town crier.

Nowhere else in the United States is there such a personage in existence. But Nantucket's herald is unique, even apart from the fact that he is the only one in America. If there is one thing in the world which the present incumbent ought not to be it is town crier.

To begin with he cannot read, and before he can proclaim the news to others he must first have it read to himself. In some mysterious way he manages to deliver the mail to cottagers without making more than two or three mistakes a season, notwithstanding the fact that the addresses on the envelopes have no meaning for him. But this neglect in his early education is not the only difficulty which poor Billy Clark has to fight.

Speech is another of his bugbears. He articulates with the greatest difficulty, for he stutters—not that "b-b-b-b-boots" stutter of the common stammerer but a queer hesitation in the middle of a syllable which is peculiar to Billy. After one has become accustomed to his style, one learns that when he announces a "Grand ball at the Na—han—tucket rink tonight," he is saying that there is to be a grand ball at the Nantucket rink that evening, but to the uninitiated his talk is unintelligible.

Nantucket's railroad between the town of Nantucket and Siasconset, or "Sconset" in island vernacular, runs through a wild moorland, which suggests Scotch scenery;

UPON the Siasconset sands
A whaler sits and rings his hands
And casts his weather-beaten eye
Across the sea unto the sky.

He sees the distant snowy sail,
Filled by the fresh and lively gale;
It wakes a dream within his heart
And tears adown his features start.

He swings his arms in ecstasy,
And on the shingle wild and free
Dances like any maniac,
Then, wildly rolling on his back,

He shouts in romping schoolboy glee:
"As sure as this here is the sea,
And I have got eight drinks aboard,
The fishball is its own reward!"

—Underhill's Songs of Siasconset-in-the-Sea.

MUNKITTRICK'S COLUMN.

(Copyright, 1896, Combined Press, New York.)

The lively scarlet tanager,
Now thinks that he's the manager
Of all the gay musicians
Of the May, May, May.

Of all the feathered foresters,
Those gay and festive choristers,
He sings the very loudest,
All the day, day, day.

For he knows the summer glorious
O'er winter now victorious,
Smiles greenly and serenely,
Don't you know, know, know.

And soon all cares unraveling
We'll up and take to traveling,
To Provincetown and 'Sconset,
Where

the cool winds
blow.

—Underhill's "Fall River Fairies."

It is more than a plain statement of fact
to say that summer comes and summer goes.

when we come to think of the matter seriously, and to turn it over and over like a pancake in our broad so caller minds. Summer comes, but what comes with it? Summer goes and what goes with it? Ah, me, gentle Festus, but these are burning questions that yield more gracefully to the subtle power of ice water than to that of reason backed up by cast iron argument. With summer comes a sweet dream of the graceful nymph dipping the point of her dainty sandal into the laughing sea, and the picture of the mermaid combing her hair, with her mouth full of hair pins! And with this picture in its golden Sconset setting leads us to believe that Nantucket is the fairy land of the ocean, in which the fish ball mermaid, armed with an extra comb wrapped in a piece of newspaper, blows perennially in every coral and celluloid cave. Here doth she lift up her enchanting voice and sing:

Oh, 'Sconset is a golden bower,
Its air is cool and sweet as wine;
Here dreamers dream in fullest flower,
Beside the bracing purple brine.

Oh, here they plunge beneath the billow,
And ride upon the playful swell,
And when at night they seek the pillow,
They sleep till sounds the breakfast bell.

N. Y. Herald Aug 27/96

UPON A NARROW NECK OF LAND.

Sea, Sky and Sand and Splendid
Bathing Delight Sojourners on
Nantucket Island.

A GREAT, UNSPEAKABLE JOY.

Shrewd and Thrifty Islanders Are Prone to
Drive Sharp Bargains for
Relics.

[AMATEUR PRIZE CORRESPONDENCE.]

WAUWINET, Island of Nantucket, Mass.,
August 22, 1896.



N the words of an old hymn, "Upon a narrow neck of land, twixt two unbounded seas I stand"—not figuratively, but literally, and my feet are as firm as shifting sands will allow.

The writer of that hymn was a realist, and he simply photographed Wauwinet in the above lines. Sea, sky and sand! No need to enter into a description of scenery, for such elements must appeal to the dullest imagination. A society that indulges in "functions" which open the way for "gossip" and "news" does not exist here, where it is as limited and exclusive as a dozen or two cottages and one "shorehouse" can make it. Still, if two constitute a company and three a crowd, we down here on the toe of Nantucket must be a crush, and life makes as interestingly for us as it does for the other "summerites" between Cape May and Bar Harbor.

Our cottage is anchored nine miles down the harbor of Nantucket on this strip of land known as Wauwinet, and at a point where but 500 feet divide the waters of the

ocean and harbor. The choice is open to bathe and sail in the wildest or mildest waters. At 'Sconset there is no alternative, and the sea on that side of the island is al-

ways cruel and has to be reached from hotel or cottage over high and heavy sands. Here an indolent or timid bather can walk out of his cottage on to a beach as smooth and hard as a board, and into water that is velvety to touch and of perfect temperature.

ONE OF THE UNSPEAKABLE JOYS.

After a quiet, soothing, healthful bath in still waters, a scramble to the surf side, where, with a heap of sand for a pillow, it is joy unspeakable to lie gazing into the world of sky above and the world of water beneath it, and dream, and dream, and dream. There is nothing more restful this side of heaven. As far as eye can reach across this stretch of ocean there is nothing to be seen between here and Spain, but some stately ship gliding along to its desired haven.

The life saving station, not far distant, has its patrolmen constantly on duty looking out for the inevitable wrecks that wind, storm and tide are sure to cast on shore, or leave foundering beyond the breakers. The patrolmen are each in turn relieved from duty, and he who has the day off is called the "liberty man," and as the same passes our cottage on his way to the town he is often pressed to do an errand for us.

Housekeeping on this narrow neck of land needs to be carried on simply, but by paying a trifle to the captain of the boat plying between Nantucket and Wauwinet he will make all necessary purchases for us in the town, though our "marketing" list is likely to include such promiscuous articles as kerosene and camphor, needles and marshmallows. The farmers scattered around the island come to our door with fruit and vegetables, chickens and eggs. Even hot biscuits can be purchased of a farmer's wife.

GOOD SAUCE FOR APETITE.

The Shore House, hardly to be dignified by the name of hotel, provides excellent meals for its guests, as well as for "steppers in" from around the island. What delicious broiled bluefish, stewed clams, broiled lobster and other sea food can here be procured! And what sauce to the appetite is the air of the island! If a salt sea breeze can also contain spices, no need to go to Ceylon's isle for the combination.

There is communication with Nantucket town twice daily by means of launch and catboat, and the arrival of these modest craft is anticipated with as wild a thrill as were ever the yachts of our millionaire friends when we have been rusticated at Newport or Bar Harbor. As it is the unexpected that happens, so sometimes does it arrive even on the sands of Wauwinet; hence the excitement that waits on uncertainty as the boats from town near the wharf. Our absent males may be a little backward about surprising us in this remote spot, but the arrival of Uncle Sam's mail is anticipated with a joy that can even rejoice at the sight of a belated newspaper. Our letters are collected at the post office in Nantucket through the grace of the "skipper," who is paid a penny a letter for his graciousness in fetching them to us.

THE SHREWD ISLANDERS.

Dry of speech and brusque of manner, these islanders have learned something from mainlanders that is more to their interest than polish, for they have learned to set an undue mercantile valuation on such of their belongings as are most in demand. To be sure, this is the way the world over, but one doesn't expect to find it in people born thirty miles out to sea, some of whom have never set foot on the mainland. One must needs have his wits about him not to be worsted in the matter of a purchase.

SEAWEED.

Syndicate May 1896

Munkittrick's Column.

(Copyright, 1896, Combined Press, New York)

Then Aphrodite on the sea
Began to gayly bob,
While looking with unbounded glee
Upon her snowy squab.

"Thalassa," Aphrodite said,
"Thalatta," said the squab;
And old Poseidon scratched his head
Which made the Tritons sob.

The boiling billows broke and boomed
In billous binkle bree,
The booby boole birkle quoomed
Athwart the tackling tee.

Avant, avant, quinary tet,
Cadoodle, doodle dore,
And so the sun, cawhitting, set
Upon the 'Sconset shore.
—Underhill's "Flight of the Fishball."

It has long been believed by men of science that plants are endowed with the power of thought, and that they hold communication with one another in the same way that animals do. But if there ever was any doubt

upon the subject it must now be dispelled by the statement of a Western fruit grower to the effect that plants have intellect, that they think, that they reason and that they communicate. The cabbage, with its great intellectual head, should have a power of concentration greater than that of the carrot. The carrot should, of course, be to the cabbage what the greyhound is to the mastiff, and what the man with the receding forehead is to him of the ponderous, lofty brow. The turnip is probably of a deep thinking turn and has a moral philosophy of its own. The stringbean cannot be as metaphysical as is the sweet potato. The tea rose is probably the society belle in its trend of thought, while the lush crimson carnation is full of poetry—not advertising poetry, but the genuine article, such as was dispensed by Theocritus while trolling for the chaste empurpled fishball in the sharp Sicilian brine.

It would be amusing to know the feelings of the cabbage, if it has a theosophical trend of thought, and thinks it may be, so to speak, reincarnated into sauerkraut. And it would be pleasant to know the stringbean's thoughts when it reflects that it is not brought up and educated upon a string, and that it must some day blend with the more plebeian corn in a grand combination of succotash. The squash and pumpkin must be sensitive over their honest homeliness, and lament at the fact that they must some day be made into pies and assist in the process of perennial indigestion. The flowers that climb probably look down upon those which trail on the ground, while those upon the ground doubtless realize that they cannot fall if they lose their grip. The plants which bear no flowers are probably of the opinion that flowers are a nuisance, in the same way that people without ancestry sneer at titles. The poet sings of the rose that it would like above all other things to expire upon Angelina's breast, but this is probably a fancy of his, as he can have no way of communicating with the rose, which, if it could express itself, would naturally prefer to remain upon the parent tree, pillowed on the wind and rifled by the gold-bellied bee. It would be extremely foolish in the rose to yearn to die upon Angelina's breast, or even to live upon it, inasmuch as it—the latter—might be padded as a safeguard against pneumonia. And even if unpadded it is quite likely that the queen of the flowers would prefer a bottle. The plants have brains, we feel assured, and the cabbage and egg plant are now legitimate subjects alike for the neurologist and the phrenologist. The gardener after a while will find it necessary to have at least a superficial knowledge of these important branches of science, which must become also important branches of gardening. The cabbage, whose bump of veneration is deficient, will not then be allowed to go upon the clergyman's table by the conscientious gardener. And it should make gardening a pleasanter and more interesting occupation when the manipulator of rake and hoe can sit down at the tranquil noon day hour and exchange thoughts with the sugar beet and offer expressions of condolence to the wax bean, in considering the fleetness of time and the nearness of its waxed end. Of course the gardener should be on the best of terms with the vegetables under his care to achieve the best results. There should be an endless harmony of thought and good feeling existing between them, for suppose the turnip should become perturbed at some rudeness on the part of the gardener. Would it not then be apt to have its disposition in a measure soured? The gardener should cajole and flatter his plants, because of their sensitive intellectual organism, and always

make it a point to keep on the good side of them from the time they first make their appearance through the garden mold, until they are ruthlessly pulled from the earth like so many door bells. They are things of brains; they know their friends; they understand meteorology instinctively, and are worthy of the friendship and society of scholars. They will, doubtless, when their language has been learned by us and we affiliate, be made professors in agricultural colleges and companions for invalids. They must have a literature of their own and a goodly supply of pundits, of which we will venture to say that the Brahmin of all the vegetable Brahmins is its ever imperious majesty the Boston bean.

Upon the distant turquoise sea
The buoy tosses all the day;
I watch it in a reverie,
Amid the ocean's wind-spun spray.

I hear the gulls about it scream,
Joy freighted o'er the purple brine,
And fall into an idle dream
Beneath blue skies that nightly shine.

And while the buoy's fitful bell
Rings o'er the bright green ocean hills,
I note above the playful swell
This legend: "Dusenbury's Pills."
—Underhill's "Codcills and Codfish."

JUN 23 1896

PEEPS AT THE SUMMER RESORT

RARE JUNE DAYS AT 'SCONSET.

The Patchwork Village on Nantucket's Outer Rim.

Correspondence of The Republican.

'Sconset, June 23, 1896.

Rare indeed is a day in June—at 'Sconset. Temperature under 65 degrees, air clear, breeze cool and full of ozone, sun bright and rather scorching. It is an ocean voyage without the hot, blistered and blistering decks, without the narrow limits and unpleasant odors of a ship. Instead all about is an abundance of fresh green turf and vegetation with picturesque cottages dotting the landscape everywhere. As on an ocean voyage, if one would get the utmost of pleasure and profit, so here the dress should be warm, loose and comfortable. Medium weight flannels will be needed and numerous wraps of one sort and another, according to individual taste, will be acceptable. A good pair of smoked glasses, too, will do much to lessen the strain on the eyes always felt while one is becoming accustomed to the clear, bright light of a sun not obscured by city smoke or modified by country shadows. Do not forget that this same sun will burn. Hats and shade hats will be called into service and despite the continuous wearing of them, some lotion for sunburn must be provided. With the above suggestions embodied in facts and carefully packed in valise or trunk one may start for 'Sconset in the month of June, sure of a splendid rest, a perfect vacation.

'Sconset, or 'Sconset, as it is usually dubbed by the Yankees, who dislike an extra unnecessary syllable, is situated on the outer shore of Nantucket island. Owing to the peculiar shape of this island the breezes from all but six or seven of the 32 points of the compass come to 'Sconset directly off the ocean. Should there be a "land breeze" for an hour or two it must first pass over the 30 miles of Nantucket sound. Nantucket is reached from the main land by steamer from Woods Hole. After June 14 two boats run each day. The steamers are of medium size, excursion type, stoutly built to resist the feting of the seas often encountered after leaving the sheltering shores of Martha's Vineyard. Usually, however, the "hill" is devoid of danger and very enjoyable. Three-quarters of an hour brings one to Cottage City, and two hours more sees the boat safely at the wharf of Nantucket. The entrance to the harbor is difficult, being obstructed by many shoals. Once inside the breakwater and the vessel is in landlocked basin 15 miles long and two or three miles wide as its widest point.

But as we are on our way to 'Sconset, this does not greatly interest us at this time. Beginning to-day the trains are running on the little narrow gauge railroad from "town" to 'Sconset. But if you came down with us last week you must either hire a carriage for the drive of 7½ miles or ride with us in the baggage car attached to the wheezy little locomotive. A piazza settee placed between the two side doors of the car make a fairly comfortable seat. We wait for the engineer (1) to go for the mail, put in the freight and baggage and apply the last few squirts of oil to his engine. Then with a warning whistle and much ringing of the bell we are off. We anticipate a rough and possibly a dangerous ride. As mile after mile slips by and nothing unusual happens we gradually loosen our grip on seat and cease to stiffly brace our feet. The scenery is decidedly uninteresting, with its succession of prairie-like undulations, scanty grass, scrub oaks and swamps. In 20 minutes we are across the island and in sight of the ocean. Fifteen minutes more with the ocean in our side, and, for a large part of the way, a steep bluff on the other and with another shriek of the whistle we are at 'Sconset. It is 2 o'clock and we are hungry. But the hotels, of which there are two large ones, are not open thus early in the season. A small boy offers to pilot us to a place where we can get some dinner and here we finally locate.

'Sconset as a seashore resort is unique in many respects. We have noted its situation. Nowhere in the world will you find such a collection of queer-shaped cottages.

A dozen years ago and more B. T. Underhill began the construction of his "patch-work village." Since then he has built nearly 40 cottages and veritable pieces of the patch-work they are. Modeled after the fishermen's cots built scores of years ago and of which many still remain, they are built apparently bit after bit as the exigencies of the family demanded or as supplies of material chanced to come to hand. For in the days before the "Round Shoal" and the "South Shoal" lightships were placed off this coast, many a noble ship, with sometimes hundreds of passengers, was wrecked. Now, so well-guarded are these dangerous shoals, that a large vessel is rarely ever at the horizon. Occasionally though schooners with pilots who know the deep water channel pass safely through close in to shore. But to return to the cottages, not all are thus antiquely built. There are many other elegant summer residences scattered all along the bluff. One peculiarity, however, shows the prevalence of the out-door life—the piazzas. Like the light brigade with its surrounding cannon, the cottages have piazzas in front of them, to right of them, to left of them, behind them. And more than that, they have piazzas on top of them and, yes, even under them! The streets are turfed lanes. One, two or it may be three tracks, show by the sand where the village grocery wagons make their regular rounds. An abundance of green grass surrounds each cottage and all are in a good state of repair. The omnipresent bicyclist is here, of course. He, or more often she, rides everywhere, over the fields, on the turf, in the ruts. A favorite ride is like that of the king of France and his 10,000 men, up to the top of the rise toward town and back again.

'Sconset is the ideal place for rest. You may sleep late in the morning, you may nap in hammock or on the sand both forenoon and afternoon, you may retire early when you have thus refreshed nerves weary with a winter's many cares, you will find delightful short walks along the bluffs. Or, crossing the hundred yards of soft sand that separate the bluff from the water you will walk along its edge with every now and then a narrow escape from wet feet due to an unusually large wave. As you lie on the warm sands you will return to childhood's fancies and amusements. Forts and houses and animals will find shape under your fingers. Hermit crabs will be unearthed and intently watched as they speedily dig a new hole and seal it up after them. The many-hued crystals of quartz, white, blue, garnet, yellow, black call your attention to the fact that the sand is unlike most seashore sand and is in reality finely powdered granite. When further recreation is wanted, there is the walk of a mile and a half to Sankaty headlight than which there are few larger on the coast. There are drives to the Wauwinet and to town. And daily, if proof against seasickness, there is the blue-fishing from dories. They are just beginning to be abundant and a morning's catch may number 60.

If you come later in the season you will find all this to delight and refresh and much more. To-day the hotels are open, the railroad begins to run regular trains, the cottagers are flocking in, bathing has begun, and in a few days the season will be on. You may join it or not as you please. You cannot fail to be greatly refreshed by a stay long or short at "Sconset by the sea."

R. W. H.

THE BLUEFISH BRIGADE.

What Happens When the Blues Make a Charge Upon the Menhaden.

"When menhaden or herring are driven up on the beach by bluefish, as they often are so that they can be carried off by the cart load," said a fisherman, "there is very seldom found among them one of their pursuers; and if one is found it is likely to be a fish that is diseased or that has been hurt in some way. The bluefish follows to the very verge of the water, but there it stops, and it is so powerful and alert a swimmer that, close as it is, it still easily keeps clear of the land. The menhaden and herring are no mean swimmers; they could come as close and keep off the shore as easily as the bluefish do, but not when the bluefish are, after them. Then they are like men pursued to the edge of a precipice: it is almost certain death to jump, but they must do that or turn and take the chances of breaking through the pursuing line.

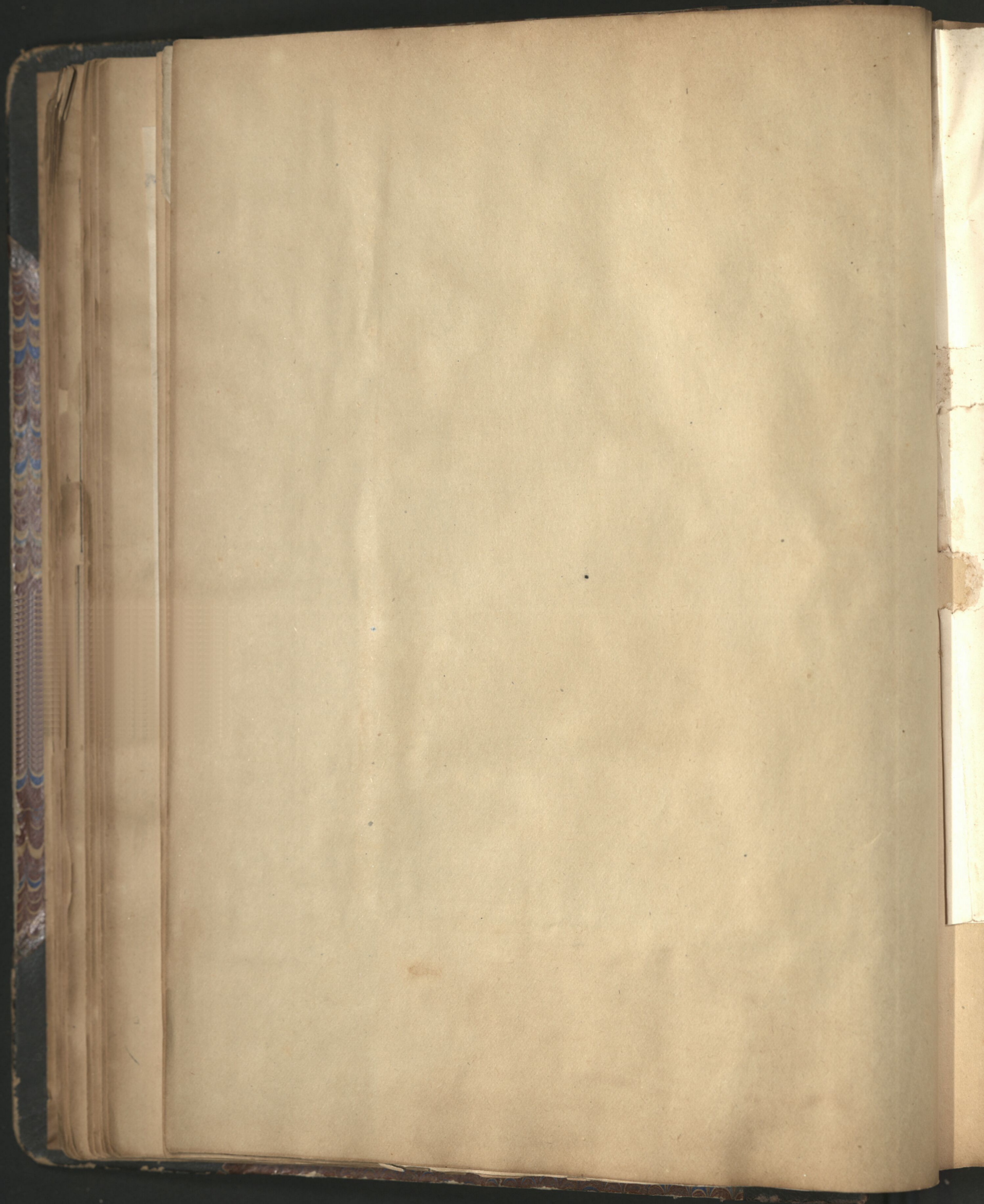
"When the bluefish—there may be three or four thousand of them together—sight a school of menhaden they go for it like a brigade of heavy cavalry, cutting and slashing, snapping and biting, right and left. The menhaden are simply overborne by superior weight, and there is nothing for them to do but flee. If they are driven toward the shore, the land is to them

what the precipice would be to the man; they must take it or they must turn and try to fight their way through. Many do turn and try to swim under or over or around the savage bluefish, and some escape in this way, and some are snapped up, and some are maimed and then cast ashore; and many of them, crowding together, are so closely pressed that they are practically forced ashore.

"Sometimes fish that are not cast up very far flop down into the water again; a high wave may set some free. A fish thus liberated may find its fins so damaged that it can't swim, and it is cast up again; weakened by its rough experience it may fall a prey to some of the bluefish yet lingering off shore; it may escape."


REDUCED RENTS, 1896.

HOUSES.	BEDROOMS.	RENTS.
1 Bank Edge.....	4	\$175 00
2 "	4	160 00
3 "	4	160 00
4 "	4	150 00
1 Cottage Pl.....	5	150 00
2 "	4	150 00
3 "	6	150 00
4 "	5	150 00
5 "	6	150 00
6 "	3	125 00
7 "	3	125 00
8 "	6	150 00
2 Pochick St.....	6	175 00
3 "	4	150 00
4 "	6	150 00
5 "	6	150 00
8 "	6	150 00
10 "	4	130 00
11 "	3	120 00
13 "	5	130 00
14 "	4	130 00
1 Evelyn	5	125 00
3 "	5	125 00
4 "	3	115 00
7 "	4	125 00
8 "	5	130 00
11 "	3	90 00
12 "	4	110 00
13 "	2	90 00
2 Lily	6	130 00
3 "	5	120 00
5 "	4	120 00
8 "	3	90 00
9 "	5	125 00
14 "	4	120 00



1896 last edn

'SCONSET BY THE SEA.

N A BLUFF varying in height from thirty to fifty feet and one hundred and fifty yards from the ocean, on the southeast corner of Nantucket Island, is SIASCONSET. The farthest at sea of any point on the Atlantic coast, it is nearest the Gulf Stream. The presence of that warm ocean current aids the sun's rays to increase the temperature of the shallow inshore waters of the Shoals that wash the southern and eastern sides of the Island. In August and a portion of September the temperature of the surf at 'SCONSET BEACH is 70°—much warmer than at any point north of the Virginia capes. For wholesome, delightful and safe bathing the waters are unequalled. Only one life has been lost there within the memory of man.

Fifty miles at sea, no land breeze can reach it. Only the ocean air, laden with its health-giving properties, is ever breathed on the Island. Hot days are scarce ever known. The average highest temperature during July and August is 70°. It does not exceed 76° more than a half dozen days in the season. On one or two days, when influenced by reflected heat, the mercury may rise during midday into the eighties for two or three hours. Even then the cool breezes wafted from the ocean make visitors unconscious of what, on the mainland, would be an oppressive heat. In the afternoon the air becomes delightfully cool, and at night blankets are always an acceptable covering.

"Well," said Captain
dack, 2d, "I be-
too. But
'home

"The Patchwork Village,"

Old 'SCONSET, is made up of quaint little houses, built on an irregular installment plan, out of any material available—generally second-hand. They are huddled closely together, and are shingled on sides and roofs. Many were built more than a hundred and some near two hundred years ago by seafaring men who fished for cod during the spring and fall. Their ideas of house-building seem to have been gained from experience on shipboard. The snug parlors remind one of ships' cabins. The bedrooms are little more than exaggerated staterooms, and the closets are but cabin-lockers slightly enlarged.

In the seventies they were sought by summer visitors. Their odd shapes and quaint furnishings made them objects of curiosity to tourists and artists, as well as visitors. Later it seemed certain that 'SCONSET in time was to become a popular seaside resort. What was then a promise has become a fact. Since 1880 more than a hundred houses—many of them costly and attractive structures—have been erected by families residing elsewhere for their summer homes. Visitors come from every State in the Union, the Dominion of Canada and even elsewhere.

The Outlook.

To the east and south of 'SCONSET are dangerous shoals—"Bass Rip," "Pochick Rip," and "The Old Man's Back." On them the sea is ever breaking in picturesque streaks of foam shown on the dark surface of the surrounding waters. During heavy gales visitors see the ocean in tumultuous fury dashing on the beach, on which hundreds of vessels have been stranded in bygone years.

A mile to the north is the lighthouse on Sankaty Head. From it, after nightfall, a brilliant light flashes at minute intervals and makes an appropriate feature in the marine view.

Tom Nevers' Head, to the west, is a bold bluff. At its foot is a pretty pond abounding in pickerel. Sesachacha pond to the north of the lighthouse is another and larger sheet of fresh water with perch sufficient to satisfy the most ambitious angler.

Pleasant jaunts are made with teams over a gently undulating country presenting the characteristics of the Scottish moorlands.

A new State road of stone from Nantucket to SIASCONSET is now completed, and affords one of the best bicycle courses in the country.

At Nantucket, eight miles by rail and seven by road, and at Wauwinet, at the head of the inner harbor five miles by team, sailing, rowing, and still-water bathing can be had by those who enjoy those sports.

The visitors at SIASCONSET are intelligent, cultivated and refined. They come for rest, retirement and recreation. There are no large hotels and there is an absence of fashionable display. Ease and comfort are sought and found.

New 'Sconset.

It was in 1882 that additions were made on the south and north of the old village. In a few years nearly forty houses had been built and furnished to let to summer visitors. Perspective views and ground plans are given on other pages. Most of them conform in appearance to the fishermen's houses, whose forgotten builders made their dwellings strong and compact for comfort and convenience when it was not dreamed that the structures would be ever wanted for families from distant parts during the warm season. The simplicity of 'SCONSET architecture is preserved in the new structures, but the rooms are more commodious and a few accessories have been added to improve the outward appearance of the dwellings without giving to them the ornate look of cottages at fashionable resorts. Others are of modern style to meet the demand for which those built in the style of fishermen's houses would not respond.

Each house is built on a lot from 50 to 55 feet front by 60 deep, with a full area of 3,000 to 3,300 square feet of ground. Each has a cellar and a cistern abundantly supplied with rain-water and it is furnished for housekeeping even to the extent of providing crockery, cutlery and bed and table linen and to some extent works of art and ornament to give the interior a homelike appearance. The bedsteads are fitted with springs and with mattresses of the best curled hair. Driven wells situated on the property furnish pure soft water for kitchen and table use.

Peleg. "That isn't a ctpstan bar, it's a ball club, and it isn't a shot that's hove, though it might as well be, for it's hard and heavy, and if it hit a man in the diaphragm after taking his salt horse and duff it wouldn't make his digestion any better. That's the ball. About half-way between the landin' and the second buoy a man stands, who heaves the ball toward the man who is on the landin' with the club in his hands. The man tries to hit the ball as it comes to him and to hit it hard. If he does, he h'ists sail and steers for the first buoy. If one of the other watch gets the ball before it lands and the man hasn't reached the first buoy, or if the man at the first buoy gets it before the runner reaches the buoy, the runner is called 'out.' That means that he is laid up in ordinary and can't handle the club ag'in until his turn comes round."

"That's plain so fur," said Cap'n Obed Coleman, putting in his oar.

"Then," resumed Cap'n Peleg, "another man in the same watch takes the club and hits the ball if he can and tries to sail the course."

"Well," said Cap'n William Pad-dack, 2d, "I begin to see through it, too. But what do they mean by a 'home run'?"

A HOME RUN.

"I must explain," continued Cap'n Peleg. "When the man at the landin' hits the ball he starts for the first buoy. Then if he sees the course clear he doesn't lay to and back his mainyard, and much less come to anchor, but he hauls up ag'in for the second, and then if the course is clear he goes off on the port tack ag'in for the third and then he tries to make the landin'. As I said when a man gets safe to the landin' it is called a 'run,' and when he makes the whole course without stoppin' the man who keeps the log puts

him down for a 'home run.' When three men are out, the whole watch is off the hooks and go outside the course. Then the other watch get into line and they go through the same manoeuvre. Don't forget that when the man on one watch starts on a cruise the watch on the other side try to head him off, and so they have it back and forth."

"How do you know which side beats?" asked Cap'n Zacheus Pitman.

"Well," said Cap'n Peleg, "each watch tries to have all its men one after the other sail the course, but I have never seen it done. When a watch tries it, it is called an innin' and whichever watch makes the most runs in the nine innin's beats."

"What is the man back of the landin' who has his face in limboes, a paunch mat lashed for'ard and one of his hands covered with a three-decker mitten?" asked Cap'n Ahab Folger.

"He's the catcher," said Cap'n Peleg, "and as far as I can understand it a good deal depends on him. I will try to explain. If a ball lands in his flippers or the flippers of any of his watch before the man gets to the first buoy, the striker goes out of commission. If he gets the ball and sees one of the watch sailin' from one buoy to another, he tries to land it with the man at the buoy towards which the other man is sailin'."

"What do you call the man who leaves the ball to the feller with the club?" asked Cap'n Shubael Chase.

"He's the pitcher," answered Cap'n Peleg, "and he must be a fair gunner. He must heave the ball between the bul'arks and the mainyard. If he doesn't a ball is called on him and when four balls are called the chap with the club needn't be in a hurry. He can drift to the first buoy if the tide sets that way, and take his place there just as if he had struck the ball."

But the man should strike at the ball when it is hove fair. If for three times he doesn't do so, each time a strike is logged ag'in him and he must then set all sail for the first buoy jest as if he had landed the ball fifty fathom l'eward."

THE MELANCHOLY UMPIRE.

"Tell us about the poor cuss who stands aft the catcher and everybody treats like a Jimmy Ducks on an English whaler," said Cap'n Jethro Starbuck.

"He's the umpire," said Cap'n Peleg. "There's a good deal of metaphysics in the game that I don't pretend to understand myself—I mean nice p'int's that come up, and he has to decide 'em. He's supposed to know the chart and to be able to pilot the game over the shoals and through the slews into deep water. But sometimes when he decides a p'int, there's mutiny in either the port or starboard watch, and sometimes both watches j'in in abusin' him and the folks that are lookin' on lend a hand. If he decides one way mebbe the other watch tell him he's a lunk-

head and not fit to hold the steering oar and that he had better, on the next cruise, ship as a lubber. I would steer baseball games for a quarter of a new ship fitted out for a voyage 'round the Horn. I'd rather tackle a hundred and fifty barrel bull whale than a landsman's lay than to umpire for a week; and I wouldn't ship as umpire unless I was sure I could get enough hands on deck to help me get the mutineers in irons and put 'em in the brig."

There was a pause for three minutes and the look of satisfaction on the face of all present showed how well the fellows were pleased.

Cap'n Peleg's explanation of the game was the first they had heard from a man who could talk Nantucket. It was a revelation. They told him that they appreciated it highly and were further seen when each veteran of the sea went to his locker in the cabin house and took out his bottle of Medford (private stock) and put his mouth under Cap'n Peleg's nose.

The curtain falls.

EDWARD F. UNDERHILL



Old Siasconset Cottages.

(A copy of this pamphlet will be sent by mail on the receipt of a postage stamp)

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RD F. UNDERHILL



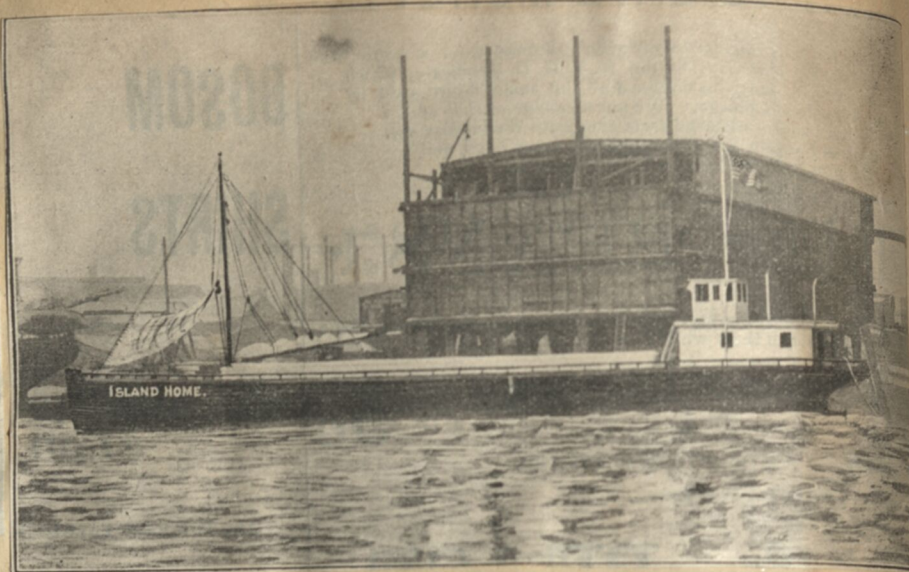
postage stamp

MAY 22, 1897.

Siasconset, the old fishing village on Nantucket Island, is each year growing in favor with members of the profession. Joseph N. Francoeur and his wife (Ida Waterman) have passed several seasons there, and last year purchased a plot of ground on which to build a Summer residence. May Robson passed two Summers in the village. Charles Rich and Charles A. Metcalf, of the Hollis Street Theatre, Boston, are regular cottagers, and Robert N. Stevens, the fortunate author of *An Enemy to the King*, has one of the most desirable cottages at the place. He is now entertaining his brother, James H. Stevens, treasurer of the Star Theatre in this city. Mrs. Georgia L. Flagg, who retired from the stage after several years of success, owns a beautiful cottage on the bluff near Sankaty Lighthouse, which she has properly named "The Flag Ship." Thomas W. King, in years past a successful playwright, has become the owner of a beautiful cottage, where he passes his Summers with his family. Will Harcourt and his wife, Alice Fisher, passed two seasons at the place, and Grace Furniss is the owner of a beautiful cottage facing the ocean, and has passed her Summers there for several years.

Mr. and Mrs. R. N. Stephens, after a fortnight's pleasant sojourn at 'Sconset, have returned to New York. Mr. Stephens having found the restful influence of the island climate so seductive as to impede certain literary work which he has contracted to finish shortly. He says that a 'Sconset cottage is the best residence in the world for a man on a vacation, but is too good a resting place for a worker. He will probably return later, when he is through with the work now in hand.

Siasconset, the old fishing village on Nantucket Island, is each year growing in favor with members of the profession. Joseph N. Francoeur and his wife (Ida Waterman) have passed several seasons there, and last year purchased a plot of ground on which to build a Summer residence. May Robson passed two Summers in the village. Charles Rich and Charles A. Metcalf, of the Hollis Street Theatre, Boston, are regular cottagers, and Robert N. Stevens, the fortunate author of *An Enemy to the King*, has one of the most desirable cottages at the place. He is now entertaining his brother, James H. Stevens, treasurer of the Star Theatre in this city. Mrs. Georgia L. Flagg, who retired from the stage after several years of success, owns a beautiful cottage on the bluff near Sankaty Lighthouse, which she has properly named "The Flag Ship." Thomas W. King, in years past a successful playwright, has become the owner of a beautiful cottage, where he passes his Summers with his family. Will Harcourt and his wife, Alice Fisher, passed two seasons at the place, and Grace Furniss is the owner of a beautiful cottage facing the ocean, and has passed her Summers there for several years.—N. Y. Dramatic Mirror.



Why William Verplanck Birney Prefers 'Sconset.

Mr. William Verplanck Birney was found lazily swinging in a hammock under the porch of his 'Sconset cottage, "Ye Cat's Cradle," with a *HERALD* in his hand. When asked his views on the ideal resort he said:—"Nantucket, and especially 'Sconset, is an ideal resort from the vital point of health and happiness. Nowhere else have I found such drowsy conditions and such absolute freedom. There is no incentive to work, but everything conducive to rest. For my special work I have found England the ideal country. Of course studies in antique interiors are plentiful here, but models are not to be had. The fisher folk will not be tempted from their regular occupations, and would prefer to earn twenty-five cents an hour with the line than to obtain \$2 an hour as models.

"Therefore, while 'Sconset does not fulfil the requisite conditions for artistic pursuits, for health and picturesqueness it is to my complete satisfaction."

Addison T. Millar Has Not Yet Found a Perfect Combination.

Mr. Addison T. Millar, the New York marine painter, is also rusticated at Siasconset. His cottage is called the Brownie's Lodge, and from numerous shingles peep the odd little folk. The Brownie policeman stands on guard on the roof.

"I have yet to find a perfect combination of conditions," he said. "I am somewhat disappointed in 'Sconset, for there is no shipping, and the surf is broken by the numerous rips and shoals before it reaches the shore in a regular manner. For beach work Nantucket is grand, and for an animal painter the opportunities are unexcelled. The sheep commons, the hills and the distances are unusually fine—parts of the moors strikingly resembling Holland, where Mauve paints his sheep. The cloud and storm effects are particularly fine.

"The coloring at times is vivid and contrasting, and for sun effects no better place can be found. Every morning the sun rises from the sea with a splendid burst of crimson and gold. While I cannot say that Nantucket is ideal, it is certainly a good old place, and a resort that grows on you."

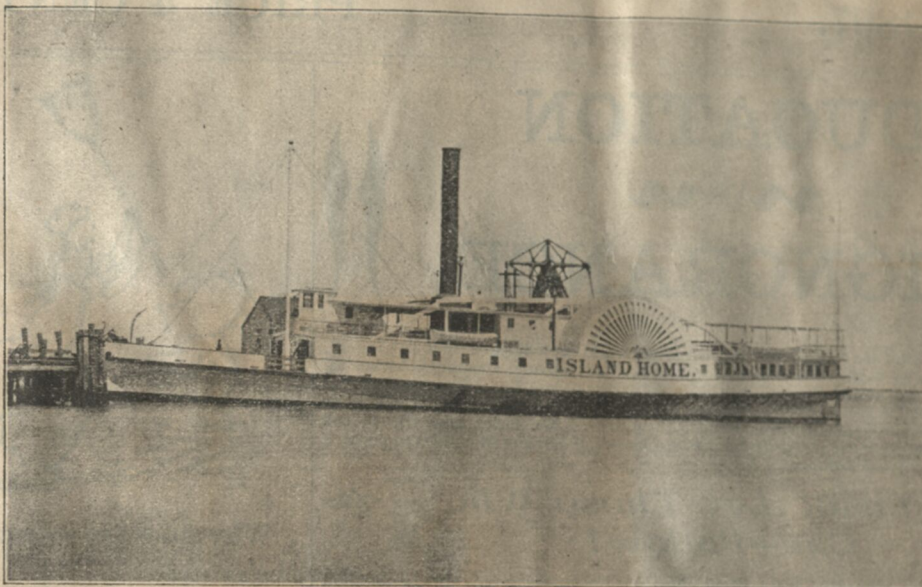
How Eastman Johnson Discovered Nantucket.

It was over twenty-five years ago that Eastman Johnson found that the island of Nantucket, off the coast of Massachusetts, realized his ideal as a place for summer outing. He has spent the summer months in his cottage there nearly every year since, and has witnessed the transformations of the island from an undeveloped rural community to an active, bustling resort for the urbanite bent on escaping the city's heat.

"Nantucket?" he said. "Oh, it's a most delightful place. I discovered that a quarter of a century ago, and every summer finds me there. The island is about twenty-five miles from mainland; the temperature is more moderate than in the same latitude hereabouts, and there is always a cool sea breeze that renders the warmest day of a torrid summer far from unpleasant. The land is of an undulating nature, and, while there are few trees, the island, nevertheless, has scenic features that elicit admiration. Then, too, there are opportunities for observing the picturesque farm life of the 'down Easters,' such as husking bees and other autumnal doings that constitute excellent subjects for the artist's consideration."

THEN AND NOW.

The Providence *Journal of Commerce* recently printed an article descriptive of the steamer *Island Home*, former of this port, accompanying the sketch with an illustration of the boat as she was known to the majority of our readers and another showing how she now appears in the role of a coal barge. These illustrations have been kindly placed at our disposal, and are presented below. In connection, we reprint the likeness of Capt. Nathan H. Manter, for many years her commander. A history of three illustrated chapters.



(By permission of Providence Journal of Commerce.)



Engineer + Master May 29/87

Nantucket, the Poet and the Breeze.

Nantucket, Mass., July 3.

THE big hotel is gleaming on the cliff,
On which the ocean breezes blandly
blow;

The which the last "arrivals" madly sniff.
For instance, William Jones, of Tuckahoe,
John Smith and wife of Upper Tenariffe,
Miss Tomlinson and maid, of Jericho,
And all the others who each Summer rest
In old Nantuck, the Island of the Blest.

'Tis here no land breeze comes to pitch its
tent.

'Tis here that no mosquito wildly shrieks
Athwart the calm of night on bloodshed
bent.

'Tis here the grease-flayed cit. rare solace
seeks
And finds, and when his lotos dream is
spent—

A lotos dream of only two brief weeks—
He for the city points his sun-burned nose,
Rebuilt from his eyebrows to his toes.

Nantucket now has shed its Winter gloom,
And to the brim each boarding house is
full.

The home-made pie is now upon the boom,
And pork and beans together madly pull.
Across the moors the breeze that's no si-
moon,

Toys with the antlers of the brindled
bull

That prances neath the stretch of cloud-
less blue,
From Madeget to 'Sconset and Coatue.

Oh, now the gull is circling wild and free
About the billow and the shining sand,
And all the men are shouting in their glee
"The Sconset barber is on hand!"
And each one sighs in finest ecstasy,
"No eight-day shaves upon this blooming
strand!"

Two boats run from Nantucket every day,
Touching at Martha's Vineyard on the way.

The Sconset siren is a peach—
Upon the wheel or on the swirling wave,
She makes the gulls in frenzied rapture
screech.

And wakens envy in the coral cave
From which the mermaid comes aloft to
bleach

Her golden curls upon the purple pave.
Which one may call the billows froth-
arrayed,

When his poetic license has been paid.

The butterfly upon the daisy rocks,
Within the 'Sconset meadow, where the
bee

The wild rose with his latch key swift un-
locks,

And with the hippocrene flies fancy free
To where the pensive front-yard holly-
hocks

Along the path are nodding in their glee
And hurling all their fragrance o'er the
fence

To the four winds, regardless of expense.

Oh, now beneath the old Nantucket moon
The Summer girl is gliding on the wing,
While Cupid throws with rapture his har-
poon,

Which in a whaling town's the proper
thing.

Along the sedge the welkin-splitting loon
Lays hard-bolled eggs within the bolling
spring,

And sings about the joys that blossom free
Upon this wind-swept island in the sea.

The tourist now into the dory jumps,
The bluefish from the rolling sea to yank;
In rubber boots or patent-leather pumps
He loves along the dory's length to prank,
No matter how the bounding billow bumps,
He thinks he has a million in the bank.
When the "ten-pounder," landed at his
feet,
Turns somersaults the very band to beat.

The happy child is digging in the sand,
I watch him with his little spade and
pail,

His ringlets playing in the breezes bland,
That in the distance fill the snowy sail.

Oh, here the chowder's ever made by hand,
The little railroad's never known to fall
To be on time, and through the saline
spray

The boat brings in two blooming malls a
day.

The cottagers are dancing on the turf,
While o'er the greensward flies the tennis
bat;

The beauteous bather skims along the surf
Until at Care we gayly murmur "Seat!"
He hits joy's bull's-eye e'en as Edgar
Murph

Hits the wild pigeon, knocking off its hat,
When he gives up the evanescent V
To go to wind-swept 'Sconset-in-the-Sea.

Nantucket now is in its Summer whirl,
Way off the mainland in the whirling sea,
And on her streets the blushing Summer
girl

Now looks like Spring in all her finery.
These are the things that to the eye unfurl
Of him who walks beneath the spreading
tree,

And hears upon the air the lyric note
That tells the Cliff House german is afloat.

The windmill whirls, the steamer whistle
blows,

The old town crier cries with might and
main,

The sailboat to War whet daily goes,
The artist paints the ocean and the plain;
The boarding house with sea food over-
flows,

And joy in old Nantucket now doth reign.
The boniface now grins from ear to ear,
While hosts of guests upon the scene ap-
pear.

R. K. MUNKITRICK.

The Inquirer and Mirror.

PUBLISHED BY

ROLAND B. HUSSEY

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Terms: \$2.00 per Year.

Entered at the Post Office as second-class matter.

The accompanying poetic effusion,
by "S. B. M.," is not unfamiliar to
many of the old residents of Nantuck-
et, but for the benefit of the descend-
ants of the families mentioned, we re-
publish it, from a manuscript handed
to us by Mr. Seth Bunker Stitt, of
Philadelphia, who is a descendant of
the Bunkers and Coffins, who were
among the earliest settlers of Nan-
tucket. The manuscript was given
to Mr. Stitt many years ago by Mrs.
David Thain, residing in Philadelphia,
a well-known and highly esteemed
daughter of old Nantucket:

QUAKER DAYS.

A Pleasant Picture of Hudson in the Past.

BY S. B. M.

Full three-score years and ten ago,
From those lone and sea-girt places,
Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket,
Came the Follers, Bunkers, Macys,
And the Paddocks, Worths and Colemans,
And there were Coffins, full a score,
And many more, a home to find
Upon North River's quiet shore.
Simple in heart, peace-loving men,
With sober-minded, worthy dames,
All meek within and drab without,
And all with good old Scripture names.

Little know we, who journey now
In ease and comfort by the way,
The pains, privations, cares they knew
Who journeyed in that early day.
There was no noble Oregon
To bear them up the silent stream;
Nor had the wild and wooded hills
Heard callopie or whistling steam.
For days they sailed mid calm and storm,
Each with his simple bed and store,
Content, if safe by lazy sloop,
They reached at last the wished-for shore.

Not worldly wealth, but honest trades
They brought, and labored long and well,
That they might build a prosp'rous place,
"Ye goodlie citie" where we dwell.
And loving their old island home,
They all its pleasant customs brought,
And like Nantucket they had left,
To make their new-found home they sought.
Their quaint old dwellings, all were built
In architectural style their own.
For all the fancy shapes late seen,
With Gothic mixtures were unknown;
No foreign tastes had reached them yet,
'Twas comfort first they had in view,
Have we much more, with notions, whims,
Improvements, which we label "new?"

They loved the sea, and many craft
They built, and fitted many a whaler;
Each household had a "Cap'n" in it,
And almost every home a sailor.
They sailed 'neath sun of every clime,
In many seas their sails unfurl'd;
Oh, who shall say those hardy men
Gave not their "light" unto the world?
No more those ships sail out, for man
Hath many new inventions sought,
And from the earth, air, water, swine,
His substitutes for whale-light brought.
But who can tell? those same old hulks,
May be, have on a new cruise gone,
To serve "Old Abe" in rebel streams,
And close their mouths with Yankee stone.

And what a happy day was that,
When years had flown, the news would come,
Their ships were spoken, safe, full freight
Of oil and treasure, coming home.
Yet happier day, when home they came,
How eager steps and faces bright,
Sped to the wharf, when the first gun
Told that the good ship was in sight.
How many homes and loving hearts
Were stirred with joy by that first gun,
For safe from stormy, treach'rous seas
It welcomed father, brother, son.
The greeting o'er, what tales were told,
How bray'd the dangers they were in;
(Some Captains did, I've heard of old,
Their yarns by far too wondrous spin.)
No jeweled toy, or sculptured gem,
Now from afar, is valued more,
Than were the shells those wand'ers bro't
To deck their homes from stranger shore.

Quakers; they called each other "Friend,"—
And they were friends in word and deed;
None sought his neighbor's aid in vain,
None left his neighbor's door in need.
Their homes were marked by comfort, thrift,
They were their own "help" in that day,
For Ireland and Dutch-land had not
Yet sent out modern "helps" this way.
Their hospitality was plain,
Yet truer kind we do not see,
And gaiety ne'er went beyond
A "chowder party" or a "tea."
'Twas not the "tea" of later day,
Formal as etiquette can make it;
When "sociably" means go at eight,
And then stiffly stand and take it.
The word was, "early, bring thy work,"
Few were the idle moments spent
And cheerful 'round the well spread board,
'Twas then the hours too rapid went.

Plain was their speech; "thee, thy and thou;"
Scarce spoke in jest or anger keen;
Few words were lost in idle talk,
Or saying what they did not mean.
Plain was their dress—the grave, straight coat,
With skirts oft reaching to the ground,
And crown'd them with the broad-brim'd hat,
Which from their head was seldom found.
And plainer still, shape, fabric, shade,
No useless ornament upon it,
That neatest garb that e'er was seen—
True Quaker lady's dress and bonnet.
Plain were their names, pure Scripture coin,
Obad, Shubael, Zephaniah,
Eunice, Deborah, Huldah, Job,
Seth, Judah, Paul and Hezekiah.
What grief was their's, if spirit friends
In later days to earth e'er came,
To hear their plain descendants now
Called by some "Rosie Matilda" name.

They built a plain, square "meeting-house"
Where all the faithful went, "first day,"
Men seated left, the women right,
And worshipped in their silent way.
And when some friendly pair would wed,
How old age jostled blooming youth,
To hear them there, in simple rite,
"I take thee, John," "I take thee, Ruth."

And gathering round some friend in death,
Thence to his "narrow house" to take,
Who can forget that silent crowd,
That coffin white, of simplest make?
Wearing no outward signs of grief,
They seemed to wish the world to know
It were a sin, at such a time,
That aught should e'er be done for show.

Oh, what a holiday was that,
(Save raining it was ever found)
When Summer "Quart'ly Meetin'" came,
And friends flocked in from all around
Some "preacher" of renown to hear,
Of humble mien and modest merit,
Warn them against the "alluring world,"
As she was "moved by the Spirit."

'SCONSET IN ITS GLORY.

WHEN THE FISH STRIKE ON AND
THE MEN GO AFTER THEM.Billy Clark Toots His Horn from the Turret
Steeple, and the Whole Town Hastens
ward at the Signal—Luxuries of the Cod
Season—"Sconset's Migration to Nantucket."

SIASCONSET, Nantucket Island, May 26.—Early in April the codfish "struck on" at 'Sconset—for so the islanders call this venerable village, now more than 200 years old. The strike was not ordered by the swimming delegate. "Struck on" in Nantucket talk means that the fish showed themselves for the first time in the season in the waters off shore. It was what the fisherfolk had been hopefully looking for.

Until recent years the results of fishing had been uncertain. Now, spring and fall alike are certain to yield good results unless the weather bureau man at Washington out of spite persistently tumbles bad weather day after day on the New England coast. There are fish enough off shore at 'Sconset to feed an army corps with the best quality of Nantucket chowder. But the corps must catch and cook them. This bountiful supply is the result of establishing a station of the United States Fisheries Commission at Wood's Holl, thirty-five miles northeast of Cape Cod. Paternalism in Government in this instance has worked well. For several years, untold millions of codfish, just weaned, have been turned out from the nursery to shift for themselves. Very few reach their majority. The others go to sustain the lives of other fish and of men, women and children. Those which do not, hustle for shoals. Then they head for 'Sconset waters, which they find much to their liking. When they strike on, fishermen all over the island steer for 'Sconset in the hope to get good fares. A fare, in fisherman's talk, means a catch of fish. The bigger the catch, the bigger the fare.

Nearly every man on Nantucket is a probable, if not an actual, fisherman. Some men persist in fishing until they are either drowned or, aided and abetted by the doctors, they draw their last breath ashore. Capt. Obed Holmes, from the time he stopped killing sperm whales in the south seas, fished at 'Sconset until he was eighty-odd. He died last year at 93. His wife went aloft the year before. She was only 90. That her life was thus cut off could not be charged to fishing. She fished but once, and then in the sea of matrimony. She landed Capt. Obed, and he was a good catch.

But all able-bodied persons on the island fish in spring and fall except: the bank president, ditto cashier, also teller; the trustee of the savings institution, the judge of probate, the register of ditto, the trial justice, the justices of the peace, the lonesome lawyer in Nantucket town, the sheriff, the constables, the chief of police, the members of ditto, the register of deeds, the collector of taxes, the town treasurer, the bell ringer, the selectmen, the jailer, the keeper of the poor house, the sealer of weights and measures, the pound keeper, the overseer of highways, the collector of the port, the lighthouse keepers, the men at the life-saving stations, the man who cares for the apparatus along the shore of the Massachusetts Humane Society, the officers and crews of the steamboats, the real estate and insurance agent (there are thirty of him, more or less), the superintendent of waterworks, ditto of the gas-works, ditto of the electric light plant, the express agent, the druggists, the ministers who cure souls and the doctors who cure bodies, the editors, the tradesmen, and the women and children. Two out of three of Nantucket's population are of the female persuasion. Some of them are widows; a good many are single women of uncertain age. There are not men enough on the island to go around.

When Billy Clark, the town crier, from his perch in the Unitarian meeting-house steeple, sees the first fish strike on, he toots his horn toward each of the cardinal points of the compass. He then rushes down the irregular stairs at breakneck speed, reaches the street, and bellows forth in highway and byway the glad tidings. Only the natives know what Billy says. The fisherman hauls out his heavy truck wagon, six feet long, turns himself into a derrick and lifts his dory to the top, lashes it to the ends and sides, and puts oars and tackle aboard. His wife stows in some flour and salt, pork and coffee, sugar and pilot bread, his rubber boots, his oilcloth coat and trousers, and his sou'wester. Nor does she forget the most important thing of all—the bucket of clams for bait. If he has time he kisses her. He casts off from home moorings, sails up Orange street to the first milestone, puts his helm hard-a-starboard, swings eight points to port, and follows

the channel due east on the 'Sconset road. In a couple of hours horse, craft, passenger, and cargo are safely landed down the bank and on the beach at 'Sconset. He then unlashes his dory. If the tide is right he shoves the dory out to meet a coming breaker, jumps aboard, and pulls for the Rat Hole in Little Rip, a half mile off shore. Why it is called the Rat Hole I can't explain, for there is neither rat nor hole there. But at the Rat Hole he anchors. He throws a hook into the bucket of bait. He can't help catching a clam; clam and hook he heaves over the side and proceeds to bait the second hook in the same way. If the fish had studied the man half as closely as the man had studied the fish, it might remain in the ocean to enjoy the amenities of fish society. But it has not; hence it takes the bait and is hauled into the boat. When the fisherman throws out the second hook he again baits the first. Each hook takes turns. The fisherman is busy. He has no time to discuss Emerson or to think of the comparative merits of specific duties and an ad valorem tariff. If it is so preordained, when the tide turns he will have his boat loaded to the gunwales with a couple of hundred nice cod, with a chance of getting an equal number off the afternoon tide. Sometimes it happens that there are forty dories out at once, and it may be a couple of thousand fish are landed in a single day. But the work of the cod fisherman at this season is as cold as a miser's heart. He doesn't fish for fun. The mercury may be near the freezing point. One day this month it was below. Yet he mustn't wear gloves.

When the dories land there is excitement, especially if there is a high wind and strong surf. A boat comes in on the crest of a breaker. As it strikes the beach willing hands catch hold of its sides and draw it up beyond the line of the waves. Sometimes a wave may capsize the boat and the whole fare be landed in the surf, where it is not wanted, and be taken from the fisherman by whom it is wanted and wanted badly.

Then comes the work of splitting the fish and putting them into the brine. There is no time lost in this. The fisherman doesn't do it by day's work. When they have been long enough in pickle they are laid on the top of one another under pressure and afterward taken out and spread on flakes—parallel sticks raised about three feet above the ground—and are left in the sun to dry. Very often they are put under boards and pressed. The next process is to make them up into quintals of about 100 pounds each, either for sale or to be drawn upon to feed the family. Or it may be, if the market is favorable, that they are hauled to Nantucket while still fresh, packed with ice in barrels, shipped to New York, landed at Fulton Market, sold by commission merchants to fish dealers all over the city, and after having been kept by them in their ice chests from two to twelve hours, five or six days from the time they were taken from the sea, are purchased by families and eaten as fresh cod. A man born on Nantucket will not eat a codfish in New York unless he sees it pulled out of the Aquarium.

When still fresh at 'Sconset the fish tongues, which are counted a great luxury, are taken to town—which means Nantucket—and are sold. There is always a ready market for them at a big price.

The other day an Irish fisherman said to me that whenever the pollock struck on it was a sure sign that "the cod were on their last legs." The pollock are third cousins to the cod. When caught they are cut open and the "squid" is taken out for bait for big cod, known among fishermen as "squid hounds." The squid is a one-horse octopus, never more than two feet long. The pollock are cured, and when nibbled on day or night for a light lunch, they are especially popular in the barrooms of southeastern Massachusetts. A very little of cured pollock satisfies the wants of the lunch fiend, and it does what his appetite for another drink. The drink calls for more pollock; the pollock asks for more drink. So they have it back and forth until the stomach is afloat with pollock in Medford rum or bottled beer, or both. The Nantucket stomach can stand anything. That goes without saying. The strain is sometimes too great for the "off islander."

But at last the cod and the pollock "strike off." They betake themselves to the dissipations of their summer resorts. Hardly have they gone when the bluefish and the strangers strike on. The stranger is the summer visitor, boarder, or cottager. All the town fishermen haul out of 'Sconset and head for Nantucket. Each one goes to his stable, furbishes up his harness and carriage, curries his lonesome horse, puts him in the shafts, comes out and quietly prowls about the town or lies in wait on a street corner or in front of a hotel for customers. By August there is a flotilla of land craft manœuvring in the streets from the cliff to the New Town gate. There is no gate there now. There is a shingle with the words "New Town gate" nailed on the fence corner. There was a gate some three score years ago. The sheep from the commons used to meander into town to the shipyard, and eat the oakum. The shipowners did not like it, so the gate was put up and it remained until the sheep went into innocuous desuetude.

To return to the vehicular fleet. The senior officer is Capt. William Baxter. He is a retired whaler, 92 years old. He is not author of the "Call to the Unconverted." He is unconverted himself. For many years he was the means of communication between 'Sconset and what little there was of the world outside of Nantucket Island. When the season opens Capt. Baxter sails and. When the devious channels of Nantucket's through streets and lanes with one load of girls, bustling another, and afterward another. They do then delight to hear him tell of the dangers of the sea, the impossible episodes in which he has sailed, and the improbable places he has visited—all of which tales they believe, or pretend to believe. Oh, Capt. William, when you shall have climbed the golden stairs the girls will lose their most entertaining friend on Nantucket. The island will to them be a barren waste, and they will have to seek consolation in marriage.

EDWARD F. UNDERHILL.

Locks faultless, smooth, 'neath snowy cap.
Shawl spotless, crossed upon her breast.
Her simple truths, in simpler words,
Upon their minds she earnest prest.
And at the porch, how friend met friend,
And ev'ry latch-string out was found.
Ah! then it was, Nantucket pride,
Those rare "corn-puddings" did abound.

They kept no hollow worldly forms,
Nor were they bound by fashion's ways;
Perhaps the world were better now
If ours were more like Quaker days,
We call them strict, and so they were,
With singularities not a few.
But while we at their foibles point,
Let's keep their virtues full in view.

They all are gone, and in our streets
Of those plain days there scarce a trace is—
Little save name is left to tell
Of Bunkers, Coffins, Folgers, Macys.
Ask where they are? On yonder hill
The plain white marble stones will tell;
One from these walks, at rest 'tis there
Those "Friends" of other days now dwell.

The Inquirer and Mirror.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1897.

Underhill's "China Closet" is the centre of attraction to visitors. He has added largely to his unique collection of antique specimens, and has arranged them more artistically than in previous seasons. As usual, he has secured them to the sides and roof of the cottage, and the interior has been painted in gray tints, and the brilliant effect of the color of the China is greatly enhanced. His work in the "China Closet" is about finished for the season. On Tuesday last he began the illumination of the interior at night, and the display is even more brilliant than in the day. It is not uncommon for eight or ten carriages to visit the place and see the display. We paid a visit to the "Closet" on Wednesday evening, and were surprised at the sight. In this connection it should be noted that Mr. Underhill more than any, if not all persons interested in 'Sconset, has contributed to its success by his unique circulars and other printed matter, which no one who sees it fails to read. What he has done and is doing for the place is beginning to be recognized by the natives, as it has been for years by visiting strangers and cottagers.

Mr. B. Gardner tells us that nine of Underhill cottages have been taken for the next season by present tenants.

The Boston Herald of last Sunday, speaking of 'Sconset, says:

"The unique display of rare table ware at the 'China Closet,' 'Sconset, attracts much attention. Mr. Underhill, who owns the specimens, is the 'father of 'Sconset.'"

GAY CROWDS AT NANTUCKET

Hotels Are Filled with Pleasure Seekers and Golf Is Very Popular.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE HERALD.]

NANTUCKET, Mass., August 14, 1897.—The hotels are all crowded and the social whirl of the seaside goes merrily on. Increasing interest is being taken in golf, and of the most enthusiastic golfers may be mentioned Dr. Harold Williams, of Boston; Professor Fay, of Washington; Mr. A. G. Dabney, and Mr. "Lad" Belden, of New York.

Recent arrivals at the hotels are:—

Ocean View—R. E. Jeffery, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Pearl, W. B. Whitney, Alfred E. Wellington, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Noyes, Miss E. E. Butler, E. N. Lacey, Joseph G. Shedd, Boston; Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Sawtelle, Providence; Mr. and Mrs. Kingsmill, Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. G. I. Howard, Miss Inez C. Clough, Worcester; Mr. and Mrs. John Tweedy, Winthrop; Tweedy, Lawrence Tweedy, Danbury, Conn., and Goodwin Brown, Albany.

Sea Cliff—J. J. Malvor, Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Smith, Miss Weston, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Weston, Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Babcock, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Baldwin, New York; C. A. Kennedy, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Southworth, Mr. and Mrs. Vance M. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Powers, Joseph W. Lund, Boston; Miss C. E. Dubois, George H. Sargent, Baltimore.

Nantucket—William A. Dailey, New York; Allen C. Jones, S. P. Pierce, J. Mahon, F. R. Butman, Fred B. Pierce, Miss Mildred R. Pierce, Miss Margery M. Pierce, T. Diebs, Boston; Miss Elizabeth Almy Galtie, Morris-town, N. J.; Mrs. Elsie J. Draper, Miss Fannie Draper, Attleboro; Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Ranelott, Lowell; Joseph A. Little, Pawtucket; the Rev. C. A. Little, Joseph A. Little, Taunton; William C. Ewing, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Buttel, Philadelphia; Mr. and Mrs. Noel Gale, Master George Gale, Staten Island; Mr. and Mrs. John F. Merrill, Quincy, Mass.; Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Cummings, Charles R. Cummings, Fall River; Mr. and Mrs. William H. White and Miss White.

Springfield House—F. T. Newbury, Henry T. Mills, Miss Mills, Miss N. S. Mills, C. O. Drakin, New York; F. C. Carter, A. G. Hall, H. W. Marshall, Andrew Hawes, Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Handy, G. W. Nelson, James Murphy, Alfred Wellington, John Elliott, Boston; N. C. Taft, W. E. Scarell, New Bedford; S. C. Hazzard, Mrs. J. H. Ardley, West Point; Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Moyley, Bristol, R. I.; E. Parrish, Newport; Joseph B. Knox, George Sessions, Mr. and Mrs. Charles G. Redding.

Ocean House—Mrs. William Halley, Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Gerard, William Beattie, Mrs. A. F. Carpenter, New York; W. A. Nye, Mr. and Mrs. William I. Howell, S. Tilden Weil, W. M. Butler, Miss M. H. Brazier, I. L. Lirly, Boston; A. G. Johnson, Miss Mamie Johnson, Miss Bella Johnson, Miss Luleta Johnson and Miss Heney, Philadelphia.

Point Breeze—J. N. Cushing, Miss Edith Scott, Miss Mabel Lloyd, Mrs. C. C. Lloyd, Edwin Kendall, Miss Lucy MacDonald, Miss Josephine MacDonald, J. J. Malvor, New York; John W. V. Ballard, Charles M. Clay, Mrs. Abby B. Clay, H. L. Jewett, A. R. Morse, Boston; H. T. De Wolfe, Foxboro; Mr. and Mrs. William L. Clark, Passaic, N. J.; Miss Julia M. Tomkins, Mr. and Mrs. R. I. Odell, Tomkins Cove; John Ralston, Chicago; Miss Mary Wilson, Providence; Charles Ballard, Miss Abby Ballard, Louisville; Miss F. E. Case, Miss Edith Case, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Wolfe, Philadelphia; A. T. Colliver, A. G. Smalley, Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Davis, Chelsea.

Sherburne House—N. L. Crocker, Judge Charles B. Howry, Andrew Johnson, Washington; Archibald R. Watson, W. B. Boraun, Dr. R. B. Mowry, Memphis; Edward Thompson, Jr.; Mrs. M. P. Norton, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas B. Sims, A. H. Schmidt, Charles Este and Mrs. William Grant Fitch.

AT SLEEPY NANTUCKET.

Rare Is the Atmosphere for Those Oppressed by Care, Illness and Overwork.

WATCHING THE BIG SURF.

A Two Days' Sou'wester Has Been Making Things Lively for Those Along Shore.

NEW YACHTS IN THE HARBOR.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE HERALD.]
NANTUCKET, Mass., July 17, 1897.



U R F is tossing and pounding on the glistening shore, gulls are diving and screaming in their exciting contests with the bluefish, and the salt sou'wester comes bounding over the broad Atlantic and slings and whistles weirdly around the gabled roofs and

rustles pell mell up the rambling byways of this old town, choking the veteran town crier in his verbal cacophony. Health is here supreme and happiness prevails, and for those who in business or study have worn down life and energy to a dull monotony of existence and who begin to appreciate the "labor of living" Nantucket offers an elysium of rest and repose, for the great attraction of this resort is the drowsy charm of refreshing forgetfulness that at once possesses you upon strolling through its ancient streets, and although "off island" you have been vexed by the momentous questions of free coinage, tariff or kindred problems of fretful progress, yet a day or two after your arrival here your interest in affairs narrows down to the official announcements of the town crier regarding the loss of somebody's cow or an unusual surf on the south shore.

The number of medical men who regularly summer with their families at this resort speaks well for Nantucket's health giving influences. Among the physicians who are already settled here for the season are Dr. Harold Williams, Dr. Benjamin Sharp, Dr. C. A. Oliver, Dr. Mitchell, Dr. Harrison Allen, Dr. Avery and Dr. Mary F. Mann.

Professor Courtney Langdon, of Brown University, is rusticiating with his family at Rest Haven, Siasconset.

Mrs. Sarah P. Gould and daughters, of Chicago, are summering as usual at their Cliff cottage, on Moyers avenue.

Mr. E. H. Bennett, of New York, is cruising with some friends on board his steam yacht Trophy. The party has been enjoying Nantucket's attractions.

Mrs. Elizabeth C. Lovering, of Boston, is at her summer home, on Vestal street.

Mrs. Norman Peck and family, of New York, are at their cottage, on the cliff, for the summer. Mr. Peck sailed down from New York on his fin keel cutter Gavilan. Captain Koffold reported an excellent passage.

The professional colony at Sconset is increasing. The "management" is well represented by Mr. James Morrissey, who is on Ocean avenue; Charles Rich, of the Hollis Street Theatre, Boston, who is domiciled at the Clark cottage; Harry N. Browne, who is at "Nippantucket," and Lowell Mason, the brother of handsome "Jack" Mason, who is the guest of Mr. Browne.

For two days a sou'wester tugged at this tight little island, and everything portable had to be "made fast." The packet Nettleton had a dangerous grounding experience off Coatlul.

From Frank Leslie's Weekly, July 8, 1897.

Sid Fisher.

If you know Nantucket, the cliffs look down
On an arm from the shore stretched bare and brown,

The gray mists cleaving the green waters through,
A clutch as it were at the skirts of Coatee;
Of rubble and rock as ragged a reef,
You'd say, as ever brought ship to grief:
But this is the jetty, thrust channelward far,
To cut down the sands of the harbor bar,
That the ship hard driven by wave and wind—
Shoals on both sides and the devil behind—
In her storm and stress may a haven find.

But here's sailor luck, at sea as on shore—
Arms that should save are a peril the more:
When the fishing-fleet is late outside,
A gale blowing in with an out running tide,
And the little boats, with their jibs tied down
And the last reef in, run back for the town—
God help them then, and their souls befriend,
If there show no light on the jetty's end.

Sid Fisher's the duty to keep that light
On the end of the jetty burning and bright;
Whatever the weather, blow high or blow low,
Be it fog, rain or snow, still out he must go
And a light on the end of the jetty show.

Not much of a trick that may seem to you
Who come to us only when skies are blue,
And the waves that fleck the face of the bay
For all of fierceness might be lambs at play;
But different it seems if you come in ships
When these waves are wolves with foam on their
lips
And a snarl for their prey as they leap in air,
And the black rocks that wait their white teeth
bare.

It happened there came a terrible night,
When the sky was black and the sea was white;
The fishing fleet had been out all day
With their nets and trawls, on the lower bay;
Though little of wind, we knew by the ruck
Of smoke-colored clouds around Tuckernuck
That a pot full old Davy had put on to brew,
And soon it would simmer there, back of Coatee;
With night came the tempest, with thunderous din,
Till the bravest well wished the boats were in—
And more than wished when there came a shout
That the light on the end of the jetty was out!

It was then Sid Fisher said this thing to me:
Ne'er a dory could land in that red-hot sea;
And my cat out there in that scrunchin' swell
Wouldn't live no longer'n a cat in hell!
But they'd take it unkind, the boys, belike,
If their boats bound in on the jetty strike.
'Tisn't just what you'd call a promis'n' night—
But I guess I'll skin out there an' fix my light."

He tightened no belt; for no belt he wore;
He cast no last look as he left the shore
(And mostly you'll find these belts and last looks
Are frequentest tightened and cast in books),
But he took off his boots—a practical thing—
That his feet to the rocks might like lumps cling;
And out in the night and the storm he crept
To the jetty's end, where the light was kept.

God! it was something to see him go
Out on that reef of fear and woe—
However he did it I do not know!

The rocks all green with a slippery moss
Gave little of foothold by which to cross,
And their jagged points and barnacle-shells
Cut wounds that were all of them crimson wells—
But he climbed and bled through that hell of hells;
Through lurid billows that high and higher
Swung torches of phosphorescent fire,
Until lost in the night, and we saw no more,
Though all waited and watched upon the shore.
Till a red light showed on the jetty's end,
And the boats came bowling by into the bend.

For he got there—and back; just how I can't say;
But all out that night were alive next day:
For the matter of that, most are living yet,
Still busy with dredge, with trawl, and with net—
Thanks to heaven—and something to Sid,
Who showed them a light when the stars were hid.

"Only duty, well done!" But can any do more,
Whether Bishop of York or stevedore?

That's all I've to say for Fisherman Fisher—
But, hero or not, I'm his friend and well-wisher.

Nantucket, Mass.

CHARLES HENRY WARR.

QUAINT HAMLET BY THE SEA.

SCONSET THE MECCA FOR WEARY
ONES.
Aug. 8/97. Curran Boston Mass.
MANY BOSTONIANS ENJOYING AN IDEAL
SUMMER.

A native of Massachusetts who has taken a week out of a busy life to visit, for the first time, this—the dearest little place in the Commonwealth, is actually at a loss for fitting words to convey her varied impressions to COURIER readers. But here goes for an attempt!

I am seated on a high bluff, one hundred and fifty yards from the ocean's surf, fifty miles from the mainland and one hundred and twenty miles from the Hub of the Universe.

Looking straight ahead visions of Spanish bull fights and gay cavaliers in the colors that now adorn the sky behind me, all appear,—for Portugal is the nearest port in the east. Southerly is the West Indies, but it is summer time, we are lazy and will not look up the map to locate the nearest port north.

From Boston to Sconset the journey was full of incident, beginning at the Dartmouth Street Bridge when our locomotive suddenly deserted us followed by a similar act on the part of the male passengers. After a delay of nearly an hour we pulled away from electric, subways and creditors, straight toward New Bedford, where the commodious steamer took aboard the largest crowd of the season, tons of luggage and nearly one hundred wheels.

A glorious sail of some hours, with a stop at Woods Holl, (the summer home of Mrs. George B. Wilbur of Bay State Road) and another at Cottage City, (so appropriately named), and we are at this dear old Island of Nantucket. A pleasant greeting from Mrs. Henry W. Chapin of Boston (who is at Hotel Nantucket) awaited us at this port mingled with au revoirs from fellow passengers, among whom were Mr. and Mrs. D. Koppmann, Miss Koppmann and Mr. George E. Fales, all of Boston.

Beside a little station round the corner (where you pay 45 cents for a ride of eight miles) we boarded the funniest train, probably in America and it is well worth the money to experience the sensations on this "pocket railroad" and to meet the conductor—a sociable chap and a character to boot.

The train being one hour late, a large portion of the population fringed the platform and lined up to see the latest arrivals. Such a welcome it all was! Your correspondent was greeted by four cousins, (large and small) who are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Fred R. Sawyer of Boston at their tidy cottage "Sunningford."

Through the little station (which, by-the-way is the ballroom of the village, where on Friday evenings the cottagers meet to "trip the light fantastic,") we ascended an easy flight of stairs, past a cute weather-vane made of a double row of tiny sail boats, on to the bluff. Then to the Ocean View hotel overshadowing it.

A hearty welcome from "mine host," a palatable supper, courtesy everywhere, put us in a fitting frame of mind to enjoy the luxury of a quiet sleep far from the maddening crowd and clanging gongs. From my window I have enjoyed the phenomenon of seeing the crystal crescent moon amid the rich sunset glows of a gorgeous sky.

It must be amusing to the dweller of this little patchwork village to read the impressions of the temporary sojourner, who at best gets but a superficial view during so short a visit. The place grows on one day by day; its very primitiveness is especially appealing to one somewhat hardened to the artificiality of city life, and we leave determined to sing its praises forever.

What is there about this sea-girt island that one learns so soon to love? Is it the pure air of the sea, while on terra firma (therefore minus mal de mer)? Is it the simplicity and freedom to be enjoyed, either in cottage or hotel? Is it the refinement and cleanliness everywhere encountered? The always perfect and safe bathing? The absence of any sort of rowdyism, or picnic devastation, or tramps? All these and something more:

"The streets of green are thronged with eager feet,
The young and old alike find peace so sweet,
That every breaker's boom is organ tone
Of Harmony. None hear the deep sea's moan."

That's the word—Harmony! and how much that expresses; it is the key note of life here, where everybody is good natured. It is in the air and makes life worth living. Sconset presents to the world a clean bill of health and has little use for an undertaker. It certainly has no cemetery.

To go from "grave to gay" let me tell you something of the cottages old and new. The largest building here is of course the hotel so aptly named Ocean View. Proprietor Hutchins is ably assisted in dispensing hospitality by his charming wife. At the desk is a Yale senior from the nutmeg state who is solid with the young folks. The same may be said of a classmate of his, who on Friday evening was tendered a benefit concert at the hotel from which nearly fifty dollars was raised. But of that, anon!

My first contact with the town was made a wheel, or to be more accurate from the wheel, which rebelled and threw me directly in front of "Bunker Hill" cottage. Fancy biting the dust (or sand) or in other words falling at Bunker Hill, 120 miles from the shaft. In answer to our inquiry as to the name, was told that it was formerly a tavern, kept by one Bunker, presumably one of the family who once owned the historic hill in Charlestown. Retracing our course, the next turn was made up Broadway on the sidewalk (?) a narrow and crooked path used by pedestrians and cyclists alike. This thoroughfare is unique and so named presumably because it is a narrow way (about 12 feet) and the Commonwealth avenue of the dear little settlement of old time cottages which are sprawled about the place in artistic confusion—no two alike. Nearly all are a single story in height, some built on the bias others are box like cabins labeled "castle," while all defy description. The streets are so narrow that one can almost step from yard to yard across, they are overgrown with grass and from the old town pump they radiate in several directions.

Most unique are the interiors filled with quaint old furniture, china and pictures all in keeping with the exterior. They were planned and built by the seafaring man some 200 years ago. The little parlors look like ship's cabins, the bed rooms like state rooms, the closets enlarged lockers. If there be a second story it is reached by a ladder, a la gangway. Outside they are ornamented with figure heads from some ship, or fantastic scroll work, prows, etc., which have been washed ashore from wrecks. All sorts of weather-vanes appear and each house bears a name such as "The House of Lords," (occupied by Philadelphians) "Nonantum" where are quartered Mrs. J. P. Sutherland of Boston, Miss Olive Oliver, Miss Mary Shaw, Miss Minnie Dupree, Mr. Franklyn Roberts, all stage lights. "Ingleuek" the summer home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Rich. "The Kansas Dugout," where Mrs. R. D. Everett of Boston and her talented daughter Agnes reside, "The Chicken Coop" occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Metcalf; "Ye Brownie's Lodge" decorated with brownies one of which is a policeman (the only one seen here) who is perched on the topmost corner of the lodge. "Auld Lang Syne" "Castle Bandbox" "Perfect Rest," "As You Like It," "The Double Decker," "The House that Jack Built," "The Nutshell," "The Focastle," "The Cats Cradle," "Washington's Headquarters," "Sleepy Hollow," "Maintop," are a few of the many names over the port hole doors.

No visitor leaves Sconset without seeing "The China Closet" occupied by Mr. Underhill, in which is a rare collection of valuable ware completely hiding the walls and ceiling. No piece less than fifty years old and many over one hundred. These are on free exhibition, and the latchstring is ever out. Near the "Closet" are two old boats high and dry where the young folks sit and are sometimes photographed.

In contrast to the miniature houses are the modern ones around the edge of the bluff and toward the famous moors where real Scotch heather grows and nowhere else in America. The largest house here and most up to date is that of Mr. T. F. Galvin of Boston, whose charming family add much to the social life here. It is named "Helmartonn" in compliment to the three children, Helen, Marguerite and Tom, the first syllable being used in the odd name. Long before you reach the house by the winding bluff path, you see a large American flag and close to it, is a wide horseshoe indentation in

the bluff, which has been terraced and cultivated by the setting out of hydrangeas and running nasturtiums, also a small vegetable garden.

The house contains many rooms, quite the largest being the kitchen—the servants' parlor, where everything exists to facilitate labor. Pretty Japanese parasols and lanterns adorn the lower rooms and the taste of the mistress is evident everywhere. All the prettily furnished sleeping rooms open into the hall, and pictures, books and cosy settles make the visitors' stay one of delight.

The Gelvins have for neighbors, Senators Spooner of Wisconsin and Vest of Missouri, also the Hon. and Mrs. Frank S. Streeter of Concord, N. H., the latter well known in Boston club circles as the first president of the Concord Woman's Club.

Mrs. Everett has at the "Dugout," for her guest Mr. Newell Whitney Mansfield of Boston, a pupil of Mrs. John L. Gardner's protegee and cavalier, Mr. George W. Proctor. Miss Agnes Everett came down Saturday to visit her parents, and on Tuesday evening lent her glorious voice at the benefit concert. Mrs. J. P. Sutherland kindly assisted with readings. This concert, by the way, was noteworthy and was given through the courtesy of Mr. and Mrs. Hutchins who kindly opened their parlors and did everything for the comfort of nearly 200 patrons. Massachusetts was represented further in the program by Mrs. L. W. Sargent (who arranged the details) Miss Ira Hartshorn, Mrs. Salls and Mrs. Fitch.

The chief excitement here is cycling along the crooked paths, bathing, daily calls on the village postmistress, meeting the evening train and—mastication.

Sconset is a diadem in the ocean, a place one wishes never to say "goodbye" to—simply an adieu.

MARION HOWARD.

The late Hon. George S. Hilliard once told me that nothing so reminded him of the Scottish downs, as the fragrant wild moors that stretch away between old 'Sconset and Nantucket town.

'Sconset in September is royal in brightness, fresh air and color. On the bluff below Pochick street, an old whale-boat is perched. Scores of men, women and children climb into it at odd times during the day and evening. It needs but a play of the imagination to experience the emotions of sailing on the ocean, without the danger of swamping, or any thought of sea-sickness. From the old boat one has a glimpse of the broad Atlantic, a view of the picturesque village to the northward; or he may glance towards the low beach that loses itself just underneath Tom Never's Head.

I quite agree with a correspondent, that walking is a keen delight in the tonic atmosphere of 'Sconset. An hour on the moors is like a stroll in Arcadia. Every moment is golden. Time never lags. The changes in light and shadow, which flit like spirits over the sandy dunes, and across the lovely plains, so occupy one's thoughts, that the minute hand skips over the dial of the ancient clock in the "China Closet," and the passing hours seem like shining moments only, so soon the roseate day is gone, and the sunset spreads its canopy of blue and gold, to be succeeded by a full moonlight sheen on the sea, that baffles artist or poet to transcribe. Pochick Rip, in calm September days, tosses its wreaths of foam with the art of a wizard. The shallow waves curl, and break into countless sparkles of feathery spray. The salt mist makes the face tingle; a breath of it, like nitrous oxide, sends the blood coursing through the arteries. The wild flowers, in beautiful variety, nod at our feet. Their perfume is delicious. No carpet of Oriental loom, no weaving of Turkish rug, can ever rival the parterres of bloom that cover the headlands of 'Sconset. In the deeper hollows scarlet blossoms peep out coyly; the flaming goldenrod, those censers in Nature's temple, are ever swinging. September, with a purer than an acolyte's reverence, lights the moorlands with red and yellow and lily-white petals; while more glorious than any priestly font, the fresh water pond—relic of the glacial period—lies like a pearl, in the midst of the purple gerardia, white thistle, and the rare Scotch heather bloom; to look at its waters is to give one's spiritual nature a holy baptism.

The social atmosphere in the "Patchwork Village" is of the very best. It has been my pleasure to meet daily, refined people from Nyack-on-the-Hudson, New York city, Pittsburg, Springfield and Philadelphia; summer dwellers on Pochick street, and in every way most desirable neighbors. There is a rumor that a military colony may rally their messmates in the Underhill cottages during the summer of 1898! May this serve as a reveille in advance, or a bugle call to awaken others to follow in their train.

'Sconset-by-the-Sea is what I like to style "The Artist's Eyrie." No spot on our New England coast offers finer subjects for the artist's brush. Studies in

marine painting and moorland scenery are exceptional here. Then there are queer interiors and exteriors. These often tax the skill and careful handling of the magic brush in oil and water-colors. It was here that I met the artists Millar and Birney, of New York, who kindly allowed me to examine much of their finest work. Their portfolios are full of delicate and truthful paintings of the ocean and the moors. A few of these will grace the coming winter exhibition in the New York Academy of Design.

In the brief stay I have made in 'Sconset, I am impressed more than ever, with a fact that we cannot afford to be blind to what artists, local and foreign, are doing to bring Nantucket into prominence as a charming summer resort. Their sketches are to be seen in many an inland city. Eastman Johnson calls Nantucket island the choicest and most coveted spot on the continent. Why then, should not our famous artists come to 'Sconset? During my visit here, I have seen a few, silently gleaning, here and there. They have taken for their subjects, "Looking through the old Farm Gate;" "Interior of the 'China Closet;" "Between 'Sconset and Tom Never's Head." Among their drawings are sketches of weather-beaten cottages, over a hundred years old, ivy-clad, brown with age, and interesting in their history. With a tinge of regret I learn that my artist friends will soon return to their city studios. In the bleak winter they will transfer their studies to canvas, but with a tender love for nature, because shut out from her entrancing color pageants, and warm sunlight. But it will be left for them to dream over many and many an hour on 'Sconset moors.

ARTHUR ELWELL JENKS.

'SCONSET, Sept. 18, 1897.

From

N. Y. Home Journal

SEP 20 1897

Cool Nantucket.

During the heat of August, rising to determination on the wings of the mercury, I sought a cool and shaded retreat. Such was afforded me at Nantucket. This island, called the Bermuda of a higher latitude, mocks at the raging dog-star. Its restfulness smooths the brow of care, while its temperature gives comfort to the sun-smitten. It were difficult to conceive that what is now but a summer resort, supported principally by strangers, and by a precarious yield from the surrounding waters, was once the third town in Massachusetts, an important centre for whale-fishery, and a pride of New England. Those who knew its former days can fully attest to its faded glory. The substitution of gas, electricity, and other improved means of illumination for the staple of whale oil has broken the backbone of local enterprise, and scattered young men, as well as maidens, to more productive fields of industry.

The modern effectiveness of Nantucket is seen in its educational advantages and some of its handsome colonial houses. Its

public school is admirable, and it has sent forth some of the most competent teachers our country possesses. Not the least of these is the celebrated astronomer, Miss Mitchell. There is a superior refinement in its local population, an accuracy of speech characterizing the plainest. Among its living energies is the town-crier, whose strident tones are better heard than comprehended. He reminds one of Hamlet's caveat to the players. When disposing of his own photographs, he is said to be more clearly understood than when proclaiming sales at large. His entire personality is primitive and unique.

The earlier history of Nantucket was most interestingly described by one of its distinguished descendants at the two-hundredth anniversary of its settlement. He spoke of it as being originally inhabited by Indians, and said that it was a refuge of the persecuted Quaker and the fugitive slave. He said that everywhere was exhibited the pacific character of the Friends. A little at variance from such character, however, was a conversation between a mother and daughter which he related, and which was the beginning of an educational movement. The former said to the latter: "Phoebe, thee understandest reading and writing and a little of grammar and arithmetic. Why dost thee not open a school? Thee do the teaching, and I will do the spanking." Of a like inconsistency was the case of the Quaker who remonstrated with a sea captain who sought to strike a privateer amidsthips. Said he: "Captain, if thee must practise such hostility, would it not be well to keep the helm a little hard up?" He told of a Friends' meeting-house that was attended by one thousand five hundred members. He stated that theft and burglary were unknown,—that, while there was the minimum of ritual, there was the maximum of honesty.

Within seven miles of Nantucket is Siasconset. It is as cool a place as one could desire to allay the fever of summer. Upon its soil we are, as it were, making an ocean voyage, rejoicing in the same nerve-strengthening breezes that brace us on a ship under full headway. Sankity lighthouse is three thousand miles distant from Portugal, and is one of the most easterly points in the United States. Near where it stands is a rare site for a hotel. Pretty cottages are fast being built. Senator Spooner many years since discovered this Eldorado for the heat-oppressed. Other representative men are induced, through his example, to build on the same cliff where he is fortified against the solar fury. The heather of the moorland, the quaint little fishermen's huts, the crooked and winding road formed by emergency, the unusual, antique, and unstudied village, over which nature has spread such a charm, appeal to instincts that rise above the artificiality of a treadmill progress. Siasconset is becoming a formidable rival to Nantucket, and was more successful this year than its superior in size, which is familiarly known in contrast as "the town." While visiting this quaint hamlet, we may all respond to the lines:

The air of Siasconset
 Is fortified with health;
 'Tis full of benediction;
 It yields far more than wealth.
 It turns despondency to joy,
 And man becomes again a boy.

EDWARD OCTAVUS FLAGG.

July. 1897

FROM THE N. Y. HOME JOURNAL.

A Sleepy Village Out in the Ocean.

It is Siasconset, on Nantucket Island,—"Sconset for short. A veritable land of Nod. In spring and summer, fall and winter, sleep overcometh the stranger; not cat naps, but deep slumber, like unto the sleep of children after a day's frolic and fun. No need of paregoric; or laudanum; or bromides; or acetanilid; or sulfonal. Only a bed wanted; an old-fashioned feather bed, or a mattress, or a "shake-down,"—it is all the same. It becomes a bed of roses to the unhappy insomniac. The ocean air (fifty miles from land, they don't have other kind there), they tell me, is so rich in ozone that one can almost chew it. Now, I don't know what ozone is. The doctors say it is a good thing to have around. But it can't be kept on hand, like syrup of squills, or Brandreth's pills, to cure men's ills. More's the pity. If apothecaries could lay in a stock of it, the doctor could write out a prescription beginning with a big R with half of its hind leg cut off, followed by "Ozonus simplex," and then by two or three snake's tails squirming in agony to indicate the quantity. But ozone can't be crated, or boxed, or jugged, or bagged, for shipment, to be afterwards put up in papers of five or ten grains to line the stomach. Where it is built it can be had only in bulk. The air is laden with it, and, when taken in deep inspirations, the lungs swell like a blacksmith's bellows. They crowd upon the ribs, they impinge on the stomach; they stretch the diaphragm, until it is as tight as a drum-head.

Sleep? Well, I guess one can sleep at

"Sconset. A polyglot professor from Columbia told me last year that, when he began his vacation here, in the twelve hours between 7 p. m. and 7 a. m., he slept in eight languages. A sporting man is willing to bet a bushel of quahangs (*alias* Little Neck clams), to a barrel of flour that a fair shot can sleep at a mark and hit the bull's eye nineteen times out of a possible twenty. A Philadelphia drummer said the other day in the "Sconset club-house that, when he came here two weeks ago, his head ached, except when it throbbed, and then it raked or rattled. His brain felt as if his head had been used for playing foot-ball; but soon he slept well. Now he slept more than half the day, and, when he was not sleeping, he was sleepy. And he said he had never caught himself snoring.

An hour ago a man told me that last summer a friend of his fell asleep in the middle of a sneeze; that the muscles of his face were unrelaxed, presenting the joyful appearance that always accompanies the ecstatic orgasm of a resonant sneeze. For a half hour his face remained in this fixed condition. The final explosion took place as he awoke, and his features resumed their usual serenity of expression. I know this story must be true. The man who told it writes the broadside advertisements for New York clothing merchants and department stores that are printed in the newspapers, and he is superintendent of an orthodox Sunday school, to boot.

Equally authoritative stories are told by natives of the island. Captain William Baxter is now in his ninety-third year. During the summer season he drives a public horse and carriage in Nantucket town. He shows visitors the attractions of the place, from the common jail to the uncommon poorhouse; the ancient wharves;

the captain's room, but not the captains, for they have gone aloft and are playing on celestial harps. Last summer a party of ladies were seated on the veranda of the Ocean View House, and thus he regaled them on the question of "Sconset air."

"Why, ladies," said he, "three years ago the mayor of Coonemasset—or was it Wenaumet?—I'm getting old, and sometimes find myself a little off soundin' in my memory—maybe it was Poponessett—no, it comes to me now"—

"Wasn't it Blennerhassett?" suggested a lady from West Virginia.

"Madam," said the Cap'n, with a look of withering rebuke, "unless you are ready to swear to this yarn, you'd better let me tell it without any help. There isn't any such port on the chart of the Cape—as—as—as what kind of a 'hassett' was it you said? What was I saying before you put in your oar? I recollect now. As I said, the mayor of Quashnet; no, not Quashnet,—it comes to me now like the flash of a sturgeon under a blazin' sun at four bells, jumpin' a fathom out o' water to show how smart he is,—no, I'm off agin—it was the mayor of Quamquisset. Well, his wife had some botheration midships, and could n't sleep. So the mayor brought her and their hired girl to 'Sconset, stowed her and her dunnage into a nice room in this hotel, and she turned in! As he didn't want to lose a day's wages—I don't know how much a day an able-bodied mayor gets—by stayin' too long, he histed sail for town, and took the next boat back for—did I say Neponset, or was it Monomisset? Well, it don't make much difference any way; it's a true yarn I'm tellin', no matter what place it was. His wife told the girl to wake her up for dinner. She went to sleep, and slept, and slept, and, when dinner-time

came, the girl did n't hear the bell. She had gone to sleep herself. Without knowin' it, they had started a sleepin' match, and neither woke up until the bell rung for breakfast the next morning. They rigged themselves, and went down to the table. Each of them took in a small cargo of blue fish, and eggs, and meat, and other things. They then went 'loft again to their rooms, and turned in. In three hours more they had slept enough. They turned out, and went to the dinin' room at four bells, and hauled up longside the table. After takin' aboard some clam chowder, roast beef, biled chicken, and vegetables, they filled up with pie and plum duff. Then they sallied out of the dinin' room, and the lady thought it was about time to begin a log of the cruise, and to send it to the old man. She sat down, wrote it out, and then shaped her course for the post-office. Just as she got to the post-office, that sleepy feelin' caught her again. Her thoughts got kind of mixed, and in the confusion she dropped herself into the box, instead of the letter, and she did not see the mistake until she was delivered an hour afterwards."

"Oh, Cap'n Baxter," said the ladies all at once, "we can't believe that story."

"You can't?" said the Cap'n. "It is as true as the doctrine of predestination and election. I ran the post-office at that time myself, and, if you will go around to the place now, I'll show the hole which she didn't drop the letter into."

As the ladies too felt the drowsiness coming over them, they said they wouldn't go. There is nobody here now, except a few visitors, invalids, and a rush of fishermen, for it is now the time of spring fishing. In a few days some of the cottages will be open, and by June there will be the usual rush.

SIASCONSET, APRIL 30, 1897.

Aug. 28, 1897.]

SOME FISHING WHIMSEYS.

SIASCONSET, Nantucket Island, Mass. — It is here that fish do abound. At this season they are of the blue persuasion and all are birthright members. They hold protracted meetings in front of the village. They gambol on the "rips." I can't find it in my heart to disturb them in their innocent pleasure of carrying destruction into the serried ranks of the mossbunkers and other small fry. The mossbunkers don't enjoy the experience. They are not built that way.

The gifts of Providence are dispensed differently. Some men have the genius for catching fish; others the talent for eating them. Let others catch. The bluefish can't say it is I who ruthlessly break up their home circles. All I do is to eat them when caught by other men who have less tender sympathies. I neither fish nor cut bait. To this I attribute a fair reputation for truth and veracity in circles where I am not too well known. There is an occult relation between going a-fishing and lying about it afterward. Writers on ethics have not given the subject the consideration it deserves. I can't account for it except on the supposition that the writers are fishermen and do not wish to write in self-condemnation. Every liar is not a fisherman. The few fishermen who do tell the truth prove the general rule to be the other way. I used to believe that fishermen did experience pleasure in the sport. It was a generous illusion. It has been dispelled by close observation. I now know that the only inducement for men to go a-fishing is for the pleasure of lying about it afterward. This statement applies to amateurs. Men who gain their subsistence as toilers on the waters do it as a business. It is pelf, not pleasure, they seek.

The average amateur fisherman says he loves the sport. He travels off ten miles to whip a trout stream. He sits on a bank and holds a rod and line with one hand and fights mosquitoes and black flies with the other until nightfall. He anchors himself on a rock or a bridge with a drop line; at intervals he mournfully hauls in and spits on his bait and throws it out again. He sits in a small boat in waters where striped bass or sheephead sport in sweet communion and eat their neighbors. In solemn silence he awaits the coming of an unsuspecting fish which he hopes will be tempted by the bait he has thrown to allure his hankering maw. He does all these things, even in a drenching rain or a pinching cold. He does it, too, with a foreknowledge that his friends will wonder when they next see him whether he is recovering from the chickenpox or has been applying a blanket blister plaster to his face for a toothache, involving the entire force of his teeth on the retired list. He may come home without a scale of his own raising. That "don't makes no difference." He will speak in rapturous praises of the delights felt in the silent communion with nature. He will descant on the poetic emotions inspired by gazing upon the landscape or listening to the cadences of the rippling waters. He will tell of the healthful effects on mind and body that come from rest to the brain, and breathing in the air free from the noisome exhalations of urban surroundings. But the climax comes when he tells of the wild ecstasy he feels when the fish strikes the hook and the struggles that ensue when drawing him from his native element. How mortals do deceive themselves!

Quiet and sentiment don't pay for the loneliness, the annoyance and the fatigues inseparable from going a-fishing. Else why do fishermen never raid the waters without a pocket filled with highly concentrated fluid consolation? A man who enjoys the experience, *per se*, doesn't need to reinforce the pleasure by removing the cork from the business end of a bottle. It is when his spirits droop that he invokes other spirits from the vasty shoals of that pocket companion. They bring him solace and give him courage. They prepare him for feats of romantic narrative. If he catches no fish he buys them at the market, and exhibits the stock as the result of his skill. If he brings in a pitiful string of light weights, he smuggles it into the house. Then he goes outside. He tells a story, in which he triples the number and quadruples the weight of the catch. That is bad enough. But no fisherman's story is believed without confirmatory proofs. In nine cases out of ten he drags wife, daughter, son, cook and chambermaid into the abyss of mendacity to sustain his story. The chief of the Department of Ethics in the Census Bureau writes me that he was astounded himself at the disclosure by the statistics of the number of wives and mothers whose home life had been beautiful and characters without reproach, who began downward careers in a reluctant affirmation of their husbands' exploits as a fisherman. In each case, the initial step taken, her conscience became seared and her course was down, down, until the point of abject depravity was reached. "Then," the chief writes me, "without a blush she would pass hours and hours in building crazy quilts and writing spring poetry." As the chief is not a fisherman, I believe what he says. If by chance a fisherman hauls in a fish of fair proportion he will regale his companions for a half hour in describing the efforts the captive made to escape and the dexterous skill he had to use to land him. Then he will tell about another fish twice as big and four times as gamy that got away just as he got him close to the gunwale or the shore.

A story is told of a fisherman who, for fifteen years, sat on an abutment of London Bridge day after day, rain or shine, holding his rod and line. He was never seen to raise a fish. One day a man asked him if he had caught anything that day. He answered no, but that three years before he had

had a splendid nibble. This was told to illustrate the patience supposed to be the characteristic virtue of the ideal fisherman. I don't believe it. No man would sit day in and day out so many years to experience the perpetual joy of catching no fish. He could drop a line into his cistern, go off and read the "Pandects of Justinian" or "Baxter's Call to the Unconverted," or some other equally exciting work, and find just as many fish waiting when he should return home and pull in the line. If, for argument, I admit there was such a man, I know what his answer would have been. He would have told the marvelous number he had caught the previous day or week, followed by a bill of particulars of the number and weight of the fish he had landed. If further proof of the absurdity of the story were needed, its author fails to chronicle that the man was not seen to take a drink during the whole fifteen years. That is conclusive.

I think I have shown that fishing and telling incredible stories about are intimately connected. I am convinced, too, that the paucity of the catch and the stories told about it are always in inverse ratio one to the other. The smaller the catch the bigger the story, until zero is reached. Then lying, *ipso facto*, touches the boiling point. I didn't cipher on this out until I came to Siasconset. Here and elsewhere on the island a man can nearly always catch enough to satisfy moderate wishes and sometimes the wildest ambition. I have seen a fisherman pull into his dory, a few hundred feet from the beach, from thirty to sixty fine bluefish in a single afternoon. When cod "strike on" in the spring and fall he can go out in a dory and sometimes bring in from fifty to one hundred off a single tide. From Sesachacha Pond a boy or girl will often average a perch a minute until tired, to say nothing of an occasional eel that will seek the favor of being caught to vary the entertainment. A man has scarce ever a chance to lie in telling fish stories here. His enthusiasm for the sport is chilled. His spirits are depressed. Inverting the bottle will not dispel the gloom. He leaves for other waters where there is some margin left for extravagant story telling. He never thinks of Siasconset except in the privacy of self communion.

There is one apparent exception to the broad statement I have made. It is apparent only. Those who go sharking wrestle with a game they are not familiar with either in theory or in practice. They neither know the sharking grounds nor how to catch the fish when the ground is reached. They rely upon the practical man who furnishes boat and tackle and bait. He it is who baits the fisherman's hook; throws out the line; tells him when a shark has struck; when and how to haul in; does nearly all the work; persuasively hammers the shark on his nose to overcome his scruples against getting into the boat; pulls him on board, and finally lands him on the beach. Matters are lively for a time. The fisherman may perhaps do one-tenth of the work; but for the contributory aid he does render he feels that he is a hero. Then comes the temptation to lie. When the time comes he will tell his friends that he did it. That is to be expected. Perhaps he did, but it was on the principle of *qui facit per alium facit per se*. On the question of weight, however, he must take advice. There is no scale on the beach where the carcass is to be buried. The owner of the boat comes to his rescue. He has an eye to business. He knows the weakness of his patron and wants further employment. If he shall say that a consumptive shark that might lift the beam at 200 lbs. weighs 800, the fisherman is more than satisfied. On that authority he will tell his friends that he caught and landed a shark that weighed nearly a half a ton. As the statement is not above the average of a fisherman's stories it will probably not be found recorded against him on the day of judgment.

EDWARD F. UNDERHILL.

GODEY'S MAGAZINE

OCTOBER NUMBER, 1897

AN ISLAND AT SEA

NANTUCKET IN BYGONE DAYS AND NOW

By Thomas Morgan Prentice

There was rich reward for the look-out man,
Tobacco for every sail,
And a barrel of oil for the lucky dog
Who'd be first to raise a whale.

FOUR hours' sail across Vineyard Sound, past Martha's Vineyard, and a short run through Nantucket Sound and the ocean, brings the tourist to sleepy Nantucket in time for supper. There is an atmosphere of rest about the old town, apparent as one saunters up the dingy wharf and grass-grown street to his hotel. The island is growing in importance as a summer resort, but not for those in search of gayety and fashion. If, however, a whiff of good salt air and undisturbed sleep are desired, both can be found in Nantucket. The flavor of the oil that once made the old town a famous sea-port has almost departed, although I believe the pinnacle of social fame is still only attained there by those whose fortunes were laid in whalebone and blubber.

Old people appear to be indigenous to Nantucket. A every window wrinkled faces peer out at you. Men who have long since passed three score and ten are met at every turn. Good old souls they are, ready to direct the stranger, and, if he tarries, to regale him by a spicy whaling yarn. There appears no need of a Raines law in the old town. Everybody keeps sober—whether from inclination or pride in his native town, or because liquor is hard to get, I did not determine; but I suspect the latter to be the dominant reason.

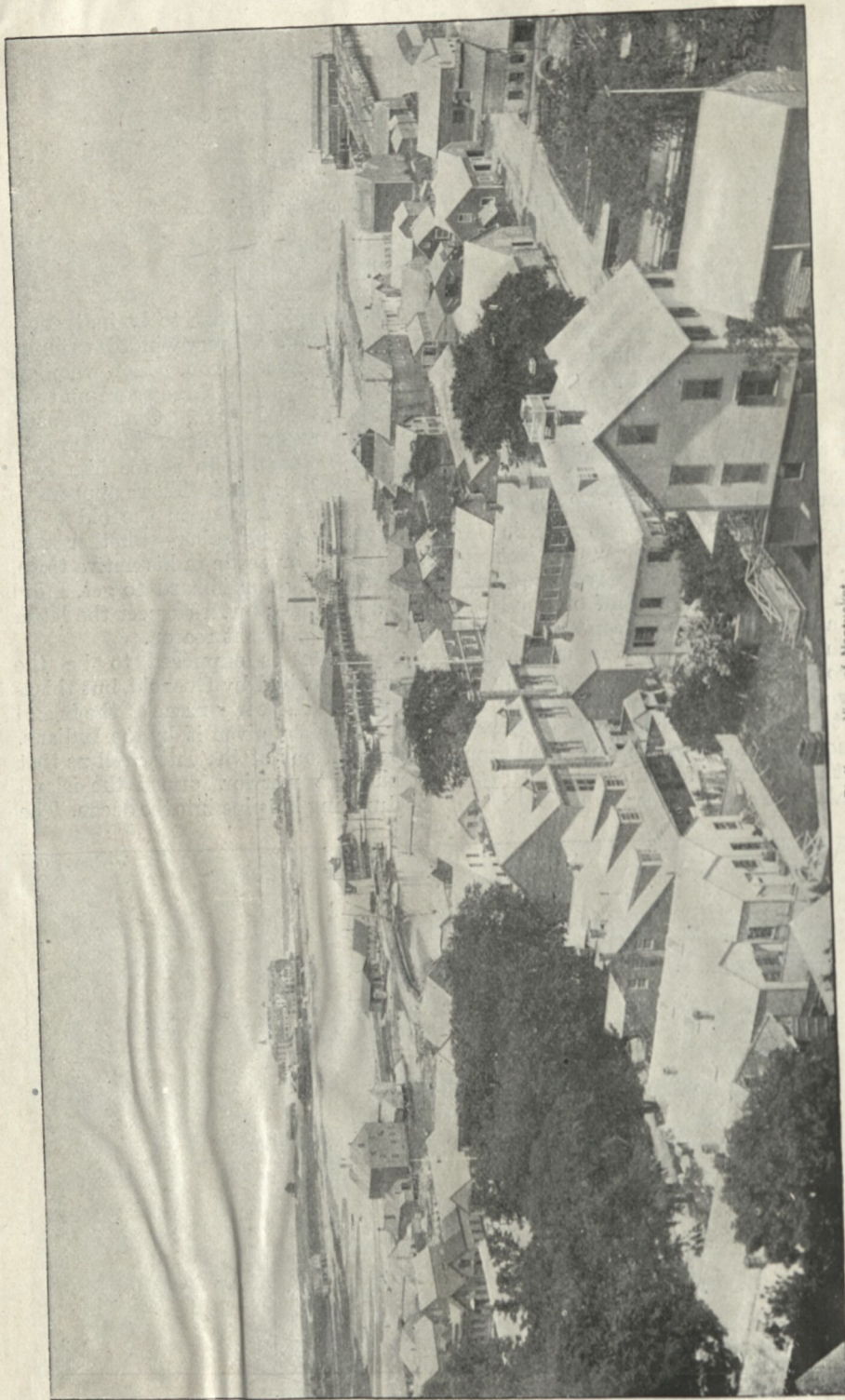
Nantucket is supposed to be the land first visited by Gosnold, but this is disputed. The early name of the island was Mantukes, given it by the Indians. The traditions of the latter tell us that Mashope, a warrior, formed the island by dumping his pipe into the ocean. The



The Harbor.

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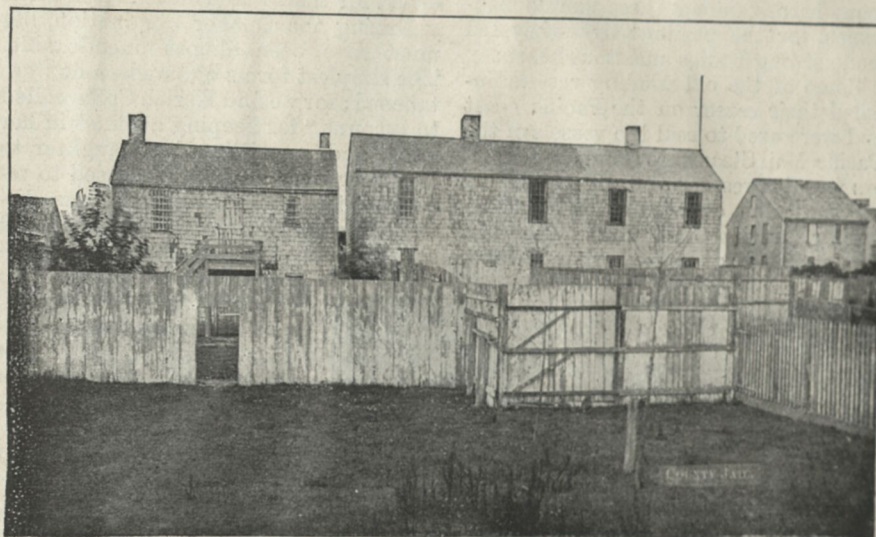


A Bird's-eye View of Nantucket.
Copyright, 1887, by H. S. Wier.

frequent fogs in this section were likewise attributed to the smoke from Mashope's pipe. The entire island once belonged to Thomas Mayhew, to whom it was deeded in 1641 by the Earl of Sterling. Eighteen years later, Mayhew conveyed to nine others equal portions, retaining the section known as Masquetuck Neck. The ancient records show that the consideration received by Mayhew was thirty pounds of lawful money and a beaver hat for himself and another for his wife. The original grantees were Thomas Macy, Richard Swain, Tristram Coffin, Thomas Bar-

middle of the present century, since which the decline has been as steady, if not so rapid.

In 1840 Nantucket had 9,712 inhabitants; at present it contains but one third of that number. The whaling industry that was destined to bring fame and fortune to Nantucket was begun in 1678. The first catches—which were from the shore—were of the "right" whale species. To Christopher Hussey belongs the distinction of capturing the first sperm-whale. This was in 1712. The event was a revelation to the islanders. Vessels were at once



The Nantucket Jail.

nard, John Swain, Christopher Hussey, Peter Coffin, Stephen Greenleaf, and William Pile. The names of these original proprietors are honored ones in the history of Nantucket, and many of their descendants are closely identified with the Nantucket of to-day.

A fact not generally known, or not remembered, is that Nantucket was once called Sherburne and belonged to New York. This was over two centuries ago. About the year 1705 the name was changed to Nantucket, under which name its whale fisheries were developed and the sea-girt isle became known throughout the civilized world. A curious history, this steady growth in population and importance, until the

built and equipped for the capture of sperm-whales. From a fleet of six sloops the industry grew until in 1776 there hailed from Nantucket over one hundred and fifty whalers, and the annual catch was 30,000 barrels of sperm and 4,000 barrels of whale-oil. The brave seamen of Nantucket were known in every port abroad. Oil was sent direct to England and a brisk trade developed with France, Spain, Russia, and even far-away China. These were busy days for Nantucket. The wharves were crowded with whaling ships. The warehouses were filled with merchandise, and coopers, blacksmiths, riggers, and rope-walks did a thriving business. It is hard to picture this busy scene in

the now sleepy town. The wharves are rotten, many of the whalehouses have long since fallen from decay, and grass grows in the streets once thronged by a busy multitude.

There exist many tangible reminders of the heroes who braved Arctic seas and hardships to win a competence for wife and little ones. Many of them never returned to the "Straight Wharf," and the ancient planks could tell many a sad tale of weeping widows and fatherless children to whom the arrival of the good ship brought the tale of a burial at sea. There were many heroes among these simple fishermen, for the perilous lives they led made strong bodies and stout hearts.

Some of the old whaling vessels finished their career on the Pacific coast and were used to coal the vessels of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company. Others found a resting-place at the bottom of Charleston, or some other Southern harbor, during the war. The last whaler sailed out of the harbor in 1869,

and a new chapter in the history of the island was opened.

Strange as it may seem, the Quakers figured in the early history of the island. A ship's crew of them made the voyage to Lisbon, much to the amusement of the Portuguese, to whom broad-brimmed hats and courteous "thee" were strangers. They were bitterly opposed to any improvements on the island, and greatly retarded its commercial progress. They resisted successfully an effort to erect a fortification in the harbor in 1740. In 1757 many Quakers refused to pay the tax levied for the French and Indian War.

During the Quaker domination, life must have been almost unendurable. The simplest forms of amusement were tabooed; for we find Keziah Coffin called to account "for keeping a spinet in her house and permitting her daughter to play thereon." As Keziah refused to renounce the sinful spinet, she was disowned by the Church. Others suffered a like penalty for such offences as "playing cards," "deviating from our principles in dress," "being present at a wedding performed by a priest," etc. This rule of bigotry continued for a century.

Peleg Folger was one of the old-time sea worthies who made many successful cruises in the sloop *Grampus*. His log was interlarded with Latin phrases. This extract from his journal, under date of June 7, 1751, is a fair sample:

We have got one large *Spermaceti* and have met with nothing remarkable. But Content is a continual feast. We are headed north and hope to be home soon. *Deo volente atque adjuvante*.

Another skipper who figured in the early history of Nantucket was Tristram Gardner. He reached the high latitude of 79° in the ship *Penelope*.

Macy, the historian, relates that "the inhabitants



A Nantucket Lane.

live together like one great family. They not only know their nearest neighbor, but each one knows the rest." The latter statement will apply to the Nantucket of to-day. The inhabitants are very well informed regarding their neighbors.

During the Revolution the old town preserved a passive neutrality. From its isolated position it was an easy prey to invasion by sea, and lacked even the simplest fortification. It is on record that the town voted "to disown every hostile proceeding toward the British forces and servants of the King."

It was a troublous period for the islanders, and the whaling industry, as well as the contraband trade, which had been profitably carried on, was greatly interfered with. Nantucket was not slow, however, in showing her loyalty to the Colonies, for shortly after peace was declared, the Nantucket whaler Bedford, flying the American flag, entered the harbor of London.

A visit to the little custom-house at the foot of Main Street will repay the tourist. Here are many venerable lances and harpoons, pictures of famous old whalers, and many other mementos of the palmy days of Nantucket. Here you will always find a group of old tars, who swap yarns over their odorous clay pipes. Very courteous are they to the stranger, and if he is in quest of information it is cheerfully given. If you tarry a half-hour it is to be regaled with a nautical tale or two that will make you whistle. Captain Obed Swain can spin a yarn that will make a landsman's teeth chatter. Captain Toby Merritt is a good second; his specialty is dreams—regular nightmares they are, too. If they are not around, Captain Warner is equal to the occasion. His great story relates to the last whale that he and Captain Zeke Bradley captured in the harbor.

The older houses of Nantucket are curious, low-roofed structures, with sides shingled and devoid of paint. On the roofs are railed platforms, from which many an anxious eye was directed toward the sea, when some whaler, long overdue, was daily expected. For many



The Old Mill.

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years the streets were nameless, but sections were known as West Cove, or North Shore. If some prominent islander lived on the street, the stranger might be directed to Tristram Bunker's street. In more recent years they have been dignified by names, and we find Whale Street, Wharf Street, and Beach Street as reminders of the proximity of the ocean, while others, such as Broad, Washington, Pearl, and Centre have been borrowed from the mainland.

The ancient windmill on the hill is a landmark at Nantucket. It was built in 1746, and suggests the mills so familiar to visitors at Easthampton, L. I. It has ground corn for many generations of Nantucketers, but, like the whaleships, has outlived its usefulness. It serves as a target for all the amateur artists during the summer, and visitors never tire of the ramble through the ancient interior.*

The oldest house on the island was built in 1672, and no one questions its antiquity.

A drive of seven miles brings the visitor to 'Sconset, and a queer old place

* The following from the New York Sun of August 6th, is interesting and timely:

For the second time in its existence of one hundred and fifty years the historic old Nantucket windmill was sold yesterday. Once it was bought with the intention to destroy it, but the purchaser changed his mind. This time it was bought with the intention to preserve it, for the Nantucket Historical Association has got possession of it. From the date on the stone doorstep it appears that the windmill was put up in 1747. Ellahem Swain built it. His son Timothy carried on the business after him. During the Revolution a cannon-ball from a British vessel passed through the walls. In 1828 Jared Gardner bought it for \$20, believing it to be worth more than that as firewood, into which he proposed to convert it; but he found the building so staunch that it went against the grain to destroy it, and it stood. From generation to generation it came down until its last owner died two years ago. The sale followed.



The Swain House, built in 1672.

it is. The houses are all one-story affairs, built to weather the wintry gales which sweep in over the "Shoals." The latter are the resting-place of many a noble ship and its crew, trophies from which, in the shape of figure-heads and spars, adorn fishing huts and cottages.

The sea breaks over the shoal in huge white-crested breakers, which comb beachward and spend their fury on the beach. A storm at Sconset is an impressive sight, as the seas sometimes roll up over forty feet, dashing furiously against the bluff. When the sight is especially fine, the venerable town crier announces the fact, and the Nantucket cabbies reap a harvest.

Sankaty Head lighthouse stands like a huge sentinel, whose rays penetrate far out over the Atlantic. It is a light of the first magnitude, and when constructed was the most powerful on the coast. It stands a welcome warning against the dreaded Shoals, and to its vivid flash many a mariner owes his life.

A unique possession of Nantucket is the bell in the tower of the Unitarian Church, which has a romantic history. It was purchased by Captain Charles Clasby in 1812, and brought to Nantucket by Captain Thomas Cary on the schooner William and Nancy. It remained in the cellar of the Captain's

store until 1815, when it was sold for \$500 and placed in the tower. The following inscription in Portuguese is on the bell:

Ao Bom Jezus do monte completao seus votos os devotos de Lisboa, offerecendo Lhe hum completo jogo de seis sinos para chamar pos ovos odoralo no seu santuario. Joze Domingues da Costa ofez em Lisboa noanno de 1810.

The Portuguese vice-consul at Boston has furnished the following translation.

To the Good Jesus of the Mountain the devotees of Lisbon direct their prayers, offering Him one complete set of six bells, to call the people and adore Him in His sanctuary. José Domingos da Costa had done it in Lisbon in the year 1810.

An odd inscription for the Unitarian Church, but the good people of Nantucket think no less of the bell because of it. Many years ago the Old South Church at Boston made a handsome offer for the bell, stating that their bell was cracked and they desired this one for the tower, as they possessed a very fine clock. In reply, the Unitarian Society said that "as they had a very fine bell, at what price would the Boston folks sell their clock?" The bell, mellowed with age, is heard over the meadows and dunes, calling the present, as

it has the past, generations to service on Sunday. Many a veteran whaling master has been laid to rest as the old bell tolled his requiem.

The streets of the old town are peculiar to itself. Many of them, according to tradition, are paved with cobbles, which have disappeared from view, and grass grows in their place. As a result the surface is delightfully undulating, as one is painfully aware when rattled over it in one of the ancient chariots of the island. Across the island are deep-rutted roads in which the wheels sink to the hubs; the verdure is luxuriant. Such queer roads cannot be found in any other section of the country.

An interesting fact is the finding of shells over fifty feet beneath the surface. Clam shells of the variety known as quahaugs have frequently been dug up. The ancient annals relate the finding of the bones of a "right" whale many feet underground at 'Sconset, but this flavors of one of Obed Swain's yarns.

The hills of the island abound with wild flowers, blue heather, and wild daisies. Wild cranberry vines are plenty, and there is good grazing for sheep. The flocks are a pleasing feature of the landscape, and the annual sheep-shearing was once an event on the island. Many of the shearers were gathered from around Cape Cod and were known as

"coofs." This was the opportunity for the Nantucket lass, and heroic efforts were often made to capture one of these "off islanders."

Ancient records show the isolation of Nantucket during the severe winters. In 1780 the ocean was frozen as far as the eye could see, and no communication was effected for over forty days. This was repeated in 1837, and again in 1857, when the blockade lasted thirty days.

Although whales have disappeared as a Nantucket commodity, fish there are in abundance. The city markets are supplied with millions of bluefish caught off the island, and cod, mackerel, swordfish, and haddock are there in plenty. Frequently a school of blackfish is driven ashore by the fishermen in their dories and the entire school captured.

A curious custom at Nantucket is the disposing at auction of any surplus stock at the butcher shops. The meats are displayed on a bench in front of the store and after the town crier has gathered a goodly audience the sale begins. The buyer has first choice of a lot and, after making his selection, the sale goes on. Potatoes and other produce are auctioned off in the same way, whenever there is a glut in the market. There is no floating population on the island to consume the surplus stock, and no ten-



A Street Scene at 'Sconset.

ement districts, on which it can be unloaded at a sacrifice. These auction sales appear to be a very old custom at Nantucket, and the results are so successful that frequently a sale is held every evening.

A unique figure on the island is the town crier. He is an important personage. A lettered band on his cap denotes his calling, and his stately and measured tread is familiar to every man, woman, and child at Nantucket. His duties are manifold, for in addition to the multitude of announcements—a fresh arrival of porgies, an extra edition of the *Cape Cod Budget*, or a minstrel show—which he makes up and down the narrow lanes, he rings the old Spanish bell at seven o'clock in the morning, again at noon, and at nine in the evening, the last a signal for the natives to blow out the candle and go to sleep.

In the early evening the whole town clusters about the post-office. In the summer season a motley crowd surges about the entrance and over the narrow sidewalk. Fashionable young women

in white skirts jostle old salts with a strong flavor of fish about them. Some of the natives have not received a letter during the last decade, but they gather nightly, just the same.

As much activity is exerted to capture summer boarders as was shown in the early days when a whale was sighted to leeward. With the approach of summer, paint and whitewash are liberally applied; the shutters are opened and Nantucket awakens from its winter's lethargy. The popularity of the island increases each season, and the reason why is no secret. There is plenty of good salt air; sometimes it has a flavor of clams and salt fish, but it is bracing and a good tonic. Then the drives are picturesque, the popular ones being to Sconset, Surfside, Sankaty Light, Wauwinet and Sachacha Pond; and there is an abundance of excellent sea-food, fresh from the "briny"; but, above all, you can idle away the day in a negligée costume with nothing to disturb your reveries, and enjoy an unbroken night's rest with the swash of old ocean the only murmur that invades your room; all this too, at a moderate price. The mammoth hotel, with the attendant bustle and excitement, is unknown at Nantucket, and to many this is one of the charms of the place.

The only excitement at Nantucket is when the steamers arrive in the early



The Town Crier.



After a Storm at 'Sconset.

evening. Then everybody parades to the pier, then to the post-office, and then goes home and to bed; for, remember, there are no late hours on the little island.

Among the throng at the pier you will find many pretty girls in white flannel and natty yachting caps, likewise the college chap and Boston swell in white ducks; these are indigenous to the summer watering-place. Drawn up on the pier is a motley array of ancient vehicles, with a crowd of jehus anxious for a fare.

Nantucket cannot boast of any important historical events. I fail to find any house where either Washington or Lafayette lodged, and the nearest approach to such an event is the tradition of a sterling patriot who hid his fair daughter in a pile of flax during the occupancy of the British. There are other stories of revolutionary heroism, but they suggest Captain Obed's fish yarns, and I forbear.

The chief charm of Nantucket is the



Fishing Dories at 'Sconset.

absence of so-called modern improvements, which, while they please the eye and serve man's comfort and convenience, sweep away the many features so dear to the antiquary and lover of nature. Nantucket, without its grass-grown roads, its ancient wharves, and flavor of fish, would fail to charm those who find, in these quaint attractions, a relief from the stereotyped features of the modern summer-resort. Long may it remain as at present, a place where one can gaze undisturbed over the broad expanse of ocean, and picture the doings of Peleg Folger and Tristram Gardner.

NANTUCKET'S TOWN CRIER

HE HAS TWO BIRTHDAYS A YEAR
AND A CRACKED VOICE.

Billy Clark Lost His Clarion Notes
When the News of Cleveland's
Election Reached the Island—Busi-
ness and News Mixed in Announce-
ments—His 99-year Furlough

This is a biographical sketch of Nantucket's town crier, a man who has two birthdays a year and a cracked voice.

The town crier must be nearly 60 years old. His name is William D. Clark. No one ever called him Mr. Clark. The new ministers who are called from time to time to accept the pastorates of the churches on the island call him William for the first week or ten days of their residence there, but with that exception the town crier is just plain Billy to those who like him and Billy Clark to those who don't.

Billy's public record dates back to the civil war. Nantucket was the banner town of Massachusetts in the rebellion—that is, it furnished more soldiers in proportion to the population than any other town in the State. Billy Clark was one of them, but only for a little while. He was not like any of the others. As soon as the boat left the island he began to fear that he had made a serious mistake, in enlisting. Before the walks on the housetops and the spars of the whale ships anchored in the harbor had faded from view he was positive that his real duty was at home. All his comrades agreed with him, and long before his company got within gunshot of trouble he was sent home on a ninety-nine-year furlough, granted by his superior officers as a joke, but taken seriously and gratefully by Billy. He has the official furlough papers in his possession now, and shows them with pride to the summer visitors.

From the dangers at the front Billy fled direct to Nantucket and described himself as the first hero to get home alive. He also appointed himself town crier, and in that capacity has served the town ever since. His first public cry was of the news from Bull Run, which he put in the following concise form: "Now, listen—there's been an awful row at Molasses Junction!"

His method is to walk about the town from north to south and from east to west, through every street and lane, stopping every one hundred feet to shout his information. To secure attention Billy blows a long fish horn before each announcement.

He makes two trips a day—in the morning to announce meat auction "on the lower square," bargain sales and entertainments, and in the afternoon or evening to tell the news of the outside world brought by the night boat from the mainland, forty miles away, and incidentally to sell the New York and Boston papers.

It is also Billy's daily duty to "sight the boat." Provided with a powerful spyglass, he climbs to the top of the old south tower every afternoon to watch for the steamboat that is to come from New Bedford.

As soon as the smokestack appears on the horizon the crier notifies the entire town that the boat is in sight by blowing his horn from the windows on the four sides of the tower above the belfry. If it is a foggy day the notification means that the boat will be in in thirty minutes, and there is a rush for the wharf. If it is a clear day the horn blowing means that the boat is still two hours off.

Billy has two birthdays in each year, one in midsummer, when every hotel and cottage is filled to overflowing by stranger, and one in midwinter for the island folk.

Each birthday is announced all over town and one day in advance by Billy himself with the words: "Don't forget to-morrow is your town crier's birthday! Don't forget!"

This announcement in summer tickles the "off-islanders" who hear it, and not a year passes without some of them remembering Billy in a substantial way. One year he received a gold watch from Eastman Johnson, the New York artist, who has a large house and studio at Nantucket. On the midwinter birthday the crier is generally made happy by a barrel of flour or something of that sort, contributed by some storekeeper who takes the loud spoken hint.

Billy's real usefulness as a town crier, however, ceased fourteen years ago. His clear voice was ruined without an instant's warning. The clarion notes that had been heard throughout the town every day, rain or shine, since the day of the battle of Bull Run, gave way to unintelligible sounds that proceeded from Billy's throat in alternate husky gasps and despairing shrieks. It was not a gradual change. The crier's voice simply cracked and gave way all at once. It was on the day following that of the Presidential election of 1884.

From his perch at the top of the tower Billy sighted the boat fully an hour off, and knew at once by the prearranged signals with the flags that Cleveland had been elected.

For the first time in his life he forgot to announce that the boat was coming by blowing his horn from the tower. He rushed down flight after flight of spiral stairs and reached the street red-faced and out of breath. Then, as the story was told by an eyewitness, he tried to cry too soon. After exhausting what little breath he had left by blowing a deafening blast on the horn, he attempted to shout. He yelled "Cleve—" with success, but the strain was too much and the overworked voice cracked on "land."

The damage was permanent and only a few of the townsmen had heard, in hoarse whispers, of Cleveland's election, when the boat arrived with the newspapers containing the news.

The crack in Billy's voice did not induce him to resign the office of town crier. He has startled the town twice a day ever since, but no one objects, for his services were only modified. Instead of circulating the news, he now affords amusement. Since the accident in his throat he has depended largely on pantomime to announce the semi-annual birthdays.

Very few persons of the present generation ever understood much of what Billy has said in public, but Mr. Henry S. Wyer of Nantucket, who has mastered strange and difficult dialects, made a careful study of the crier's case last summer and afterward copyrighted a translation of his announcements for one week. The translation was:

"Monday—'Now, there's been a fearful flood out West—the State of Illinois is all under water!'

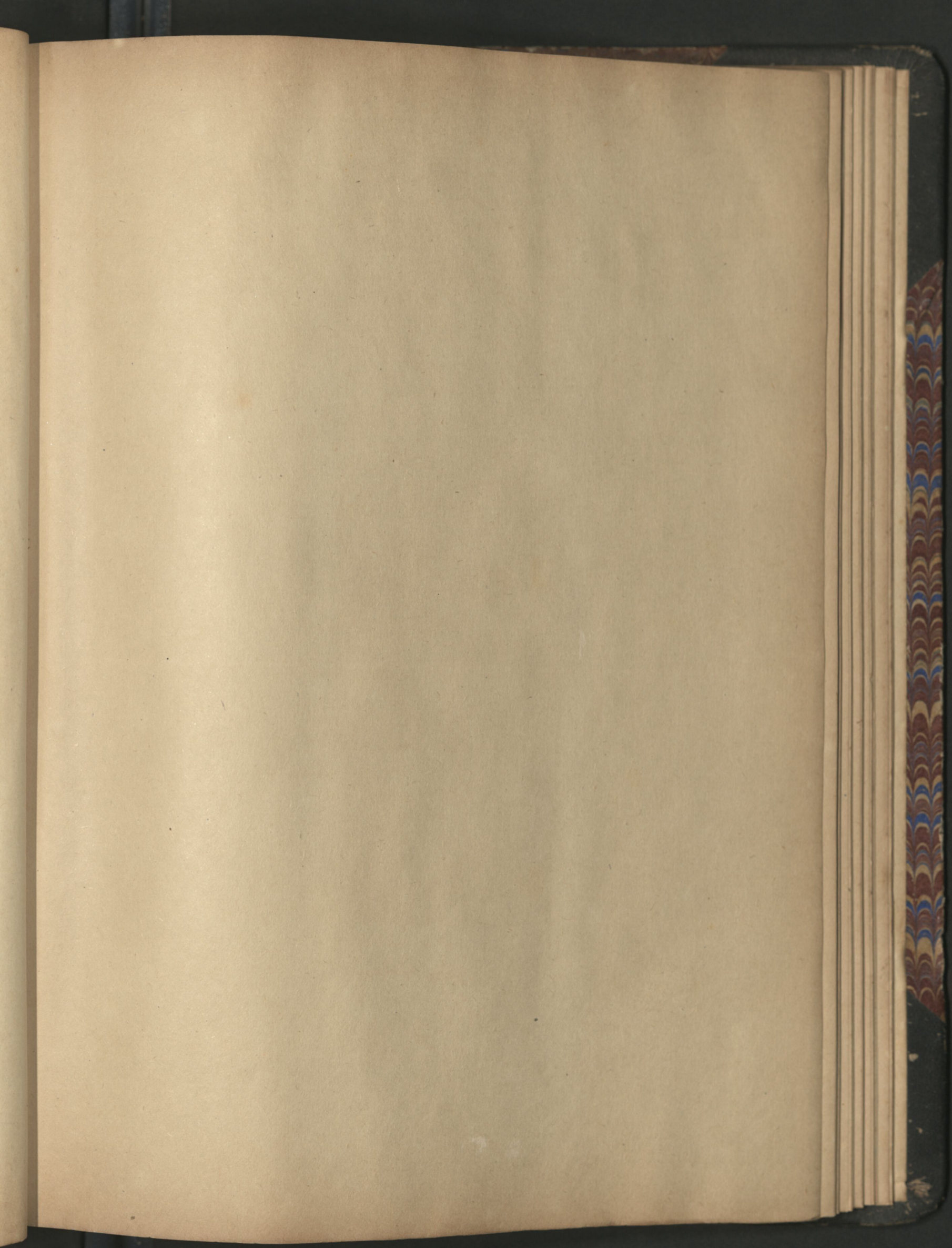
"Tuesday—'There's been a r-r-ripping fire in St. Louis—millions gone! All about the war in Greece! Lots o' news in the paper to-day!'

"Wednesday—'Now, what d'ye think ther've been doin' in Boston? Stole three millions—three millions! What d'ye think? Big surf at Wauwinnet. Steamer Coskoty leaves at 2 o'clock. Yes, marm, wash yer windows to-morrow morning—very busy—very busy now!'

"Thursday—'Now, what d'ye think o' Smith? He's gone—died last night! Awful explosion in New York! Now, there'll be a concert in the Athenaeum to-night—tickets 25 cents.'

"Friday—'Now, there's been a young woman kidnapped in Boston! A horrible murder in Chicago! There's another wave coming! That's the news to-day.'

"Saturday—'What d'ye think of gold in Alaska? Millions bein' dug out—millions! Now, the 'rangement committee goin' to give a grand ball to-night in Alfonso Hall—t'other end of Nowtown. Tickets for gent and two ladies 50 cents; spectators 15 cents. Moonlight excursion up harbor Monday night! Lots goin' on now! Terrible hot off island—'nother wave comin'. Look out for it! Yes'n—3 cents—3 cents.'

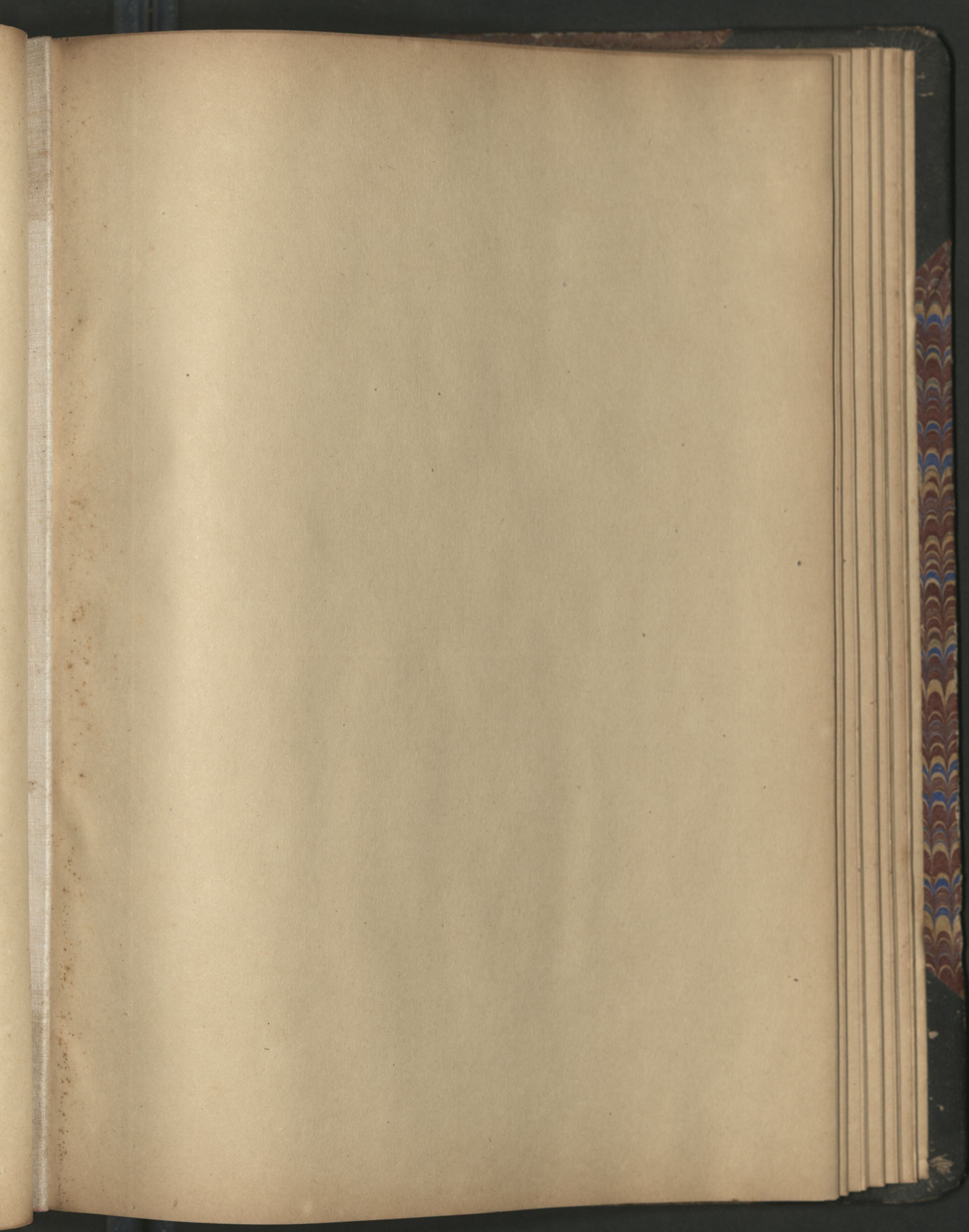


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